ILLUSTRIOUS LIFE OF WILLIAM McKINLEY OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT

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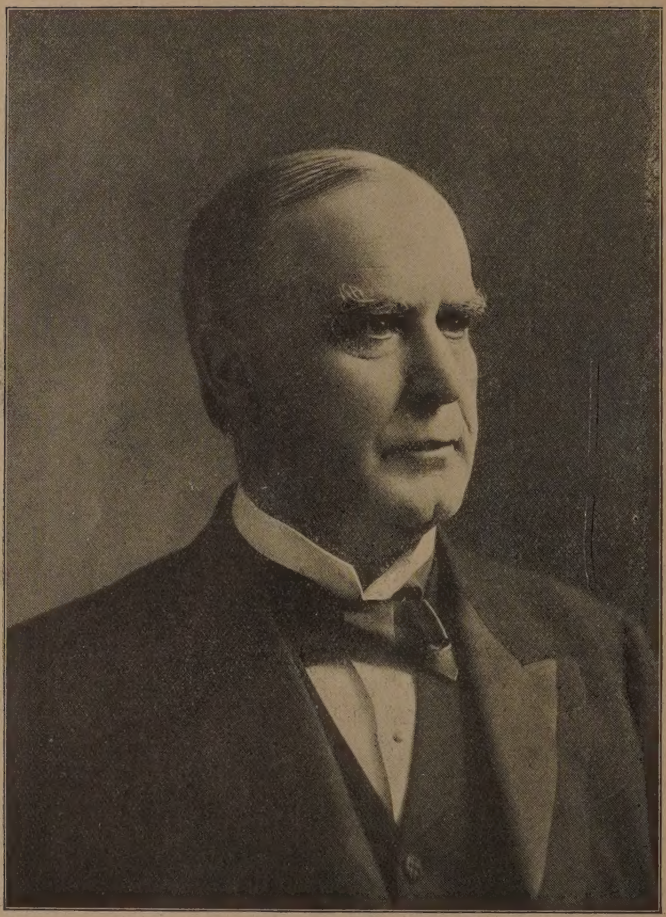
LAST PICTURE OF McKINLEY, THE DAY HE WAS SHOT.

This Photograph of the President Was Taken at His Special Request at 1 O'Clock on Friday, Sept. 6, While with Secretary Hitchcock and Mr. Milburn at Niagara Falls.



THE FAVORITE PHOTOGRAPH OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

THE

ILLUSTRIOUS LIFE

OF

WILLIAM McKINLEY

OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT

BY MURAT HALSTEAD

FOR THIRTY YEARS THE PERSONAL FRIEND OF THE PRESIDENT, AUTHOR OF HISTORY OF THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES, STORY OF CUBA, STORY OF THE PHILIPPINES, ETC., ETC.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION, IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH, PASSING AWAY, FUNERAL CEREMONIES & & TOGETHER WITH HIS ANCESTRY, BOYHOOD, STUDENT DAYS, HIS CAREER AS SOLDIER, LAWYER, STATESMAN, GOVERNOR, AND PRESIDENT, THE PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH HE STOOD AND THE TRIUMPHS HE ACHIEVED, AND HIS HOME LIFE

ANARCHY, ITS HISTORY, INFLUENCES AND DANGERS, WITH A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE ASSASSIN

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED

WITH NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS MADE FROM ORIGINAL PHOTOGRAPHS

Since President McKinley was Assassinated I have written this Book. I never wrote any other covering his Life and Death
Oct 7th 1901 Murat Halstead

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PREFACE.

The Author of this book had the pleasure and advantage of the personal acquaintance and the honor of friendship and confidence of William McKinley for a quarter of a century, and as a public journalist knew the public men of his State—knew the man McKinley at his homes in Ohio and Washington—knew his friends—he had no enemies—knew his relations with men and measures, and there was not a blot on the illuminated pages of that open book, his life.

There has been no embarrassment in the work of biography, from the beginning to the completion, save in the surpassing riches of the material testified by clouds of witnesses. It is a life *illustrious* indeed, without a blemish or a flaw, nothing to avoid, explain or extenuate. His good reputation is the white light of a cloudless sky, no shadow falling to dim the deeds of a day.

The life of William McKinley, twenty-fifth President of the United States, was luminously representative of the better characteristics of Americanism. He was the ninth President re-elected. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Lincoln, Grant, Cleveland and McKinley are the names of that list.

The first recorded leadership of McKinley is that he was the foremost boy of his village to leave school and go for a soldier. He entered the first class in the army, that of the enlisted men, and was a man with a gun for fourteen months on his shoulder on the march, and against his shoulder on the fire line.

When the war was over he was a Major, and always a Major with the majority. He is the only enlisted man in our history who served as a private in the ranks for a year and became President.

He earned the promotions he got in war and in peace. From private to President, he secured no advance that was not coming to him. There is no prouder record written on the rolls of glory.

"It is God's way; His will,
not ours, be done."

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Theodore Roosevelt, recent Vice-President of the United States, has an ancestry going back to medieval times in Dutch history. He had served as a New York Assemblyman, a National Civil Service Commissioner and Police Commissioner for the City of New York, and at the breaking out of the Spanish War was Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He resigned at once and saw service with the Rough Riders in Cuba He was elected Governor of New York in 1898, and won with President McKinley in the campaign of 1900. He is the author of several works of a historical nature.

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Chronology

OF

President William McKinley

BORN NILES, OHIO, JANUARY 29, 1843.

SCHOOL-TEACHER, POLAND, OHIO, 1860.

ENLISTED UNION ARMY JUNE, 1861.

SECOND LIEUTENANT SEPTEMBER 24, 1862.

FIRST LIEUTENANT FEBRUARY 7, 1863.

CAPTAIN JULY 25, 1864.

BREVET MAJOR FOR GALLANTRY, 1865.

ADMITTED TO THE OHIO BAR 1867.

ELECTED STATE'S ATTORNEY 1869.

ELECTED FIRST TO CONGRESS 1876.

RE-ELECTED 1878, 1880, 1882, 1884 TO 1890.

ELECTED GOVERNOR OF OHIO 1891.

RE-ELECTED GOVERNOR OF OHIO 1893.

ELECTED PRESIDENT UNITED STATES 1896.

RE-ELECTED PRESIDENT UNITED STATES 1900.

SHOT BY AN ASSASSIN SEPTEMBER 6, 1901.

DIED BUFFALO, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

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INTRODUCTION.

A rapacity for notoriety seems to be the common characteristic of the murderers of our Presidents. They have slaughtered three of the noblest and tenderest and most generous of men, and it is not certain but the consuming passion of all the bloody miscreants was vanity. Among the assassins of our martyred Presidents the one who was in the greater degree insane was Booth. He had no grievance except that of sentiment. He knew nothing of politics, but was for the section in which he was born. He was not a lunatic, but a madman. He was not at any time a combatant. Among the fighting men North and South was found first, when the war ended, the spirit of conciliation and generosity. They felt that the soldiers arrayed against each other were, after all, countrymen, and their destiny was to live together in their Father's house, that as the war was over, all the soldiers who had been in it should get together as "comrades." There was no rancor in personalities among the heroes of the contending armies. The splendid chapter of history made at "Appomattox" illustrates this, and the heroes who surrendered so honorably were twice vanquished, first by arms and then by kindness. The words current in the States of the fallen Confederacy were that "the South lost her best friend when Lincoln was killed," and will remain the true, settled feeling of those who saw too late the tenderness of the heart of the President and the wisdom of his good will "with malice toward none, charity for all." The first martyred President was the victim of a vengeful folly and fury without understanding, and the loss to the whole country of the life put out in a frenzy was incalculable and everlasting. The wound is not healed and the scar can not be effaced.

The murderer of President Garfield was a most ignoble creature, who distinctly belonged to the criminal class. The man was a strange mixture of vindictive vanity and vicious incapacity. He was of the most insignificant class of office seekers, especially persistent as well as ludicrous until he became a horror. His anxiety to be rewarded for

services that were a part of his infuriate malady grew upon him. His despondency became malicious. He was a hissing serpent in the weeds. His idea of the public service and politician was embodied in the theory, after he had murdered the President, that he could depend upon others who were disappointed in the distribution of offices to sustain him in his policy of "removal."

There were those who antagonized Garfield in respect to the distribution of patronage (indeed, far the greater number of the faultfinders,) who had nothing in common with the assassin, but a powerful impression that they were called upon to give command and that disobedience was unfaithfulness. The life of President Garfield, before he was shot in the back, to linger from July to September, was troubled by assaults contemptible in origin and purpose. They were meant to annoy and threaten. A campaign of viciousness was opened. There were shots as from an ambush spitting from newspapers, because the President did not admit that his high office was held by a personal servant. After he had exerted himself to make peace subject to the maintenance of his dignity, he was aroused to assert himself without regard to antagonisms. The deluded assassin, through his trial, sought to appear as one who could claim as friends the critics of Garfield. He assumed they had been with him in feeling; that they sympathized with his selfishness and with the infamous origin of the invented grief that made him a murderer.

Booth strode across the stage after entering Lincoln's box, and attitudinized crying *"Sic semper tyrannis."* There was a great army, but no sentinel, policemen or detective to guard Lincoln—it was held impossible that the President should be assassinated. Booth was hunted down and shot in a burning barn. He died deserted and in torture.

Guiteau was displayed as the most deplorable and desperate wretch who, historically striking down a great man, was hanged by the neck with the utmost ignominy. He was the most loathsome reptile that ever ended a noble life, and made the word "removal" a synonym for murder.

President McKinley, the kindliest of men, a hero equipped with all the generosities of manliness, whose titles to public respect and high regard were the most excellent of his era—a man who as a boy carried a musket in the ranks of the army of his country, and was fearless as he was gentle, for "the bravest are the tenderest, the loving are the daring"—is the third President assailed by an assassin! One of the foremost men of all this world, winning not alone the applause of our own people, but

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET AT TIME OF HIS ASSASSINATION.

HON LYMAN J. GAGE,
Sec'y of the Treasury.

HON. JOHN D. LONG,
Sec'y of the Navy.

HON. JAMES WILSON,
Sec'y of Agriculture.

HON. CHARLES EMORY SMITH,
Postmaster-General.

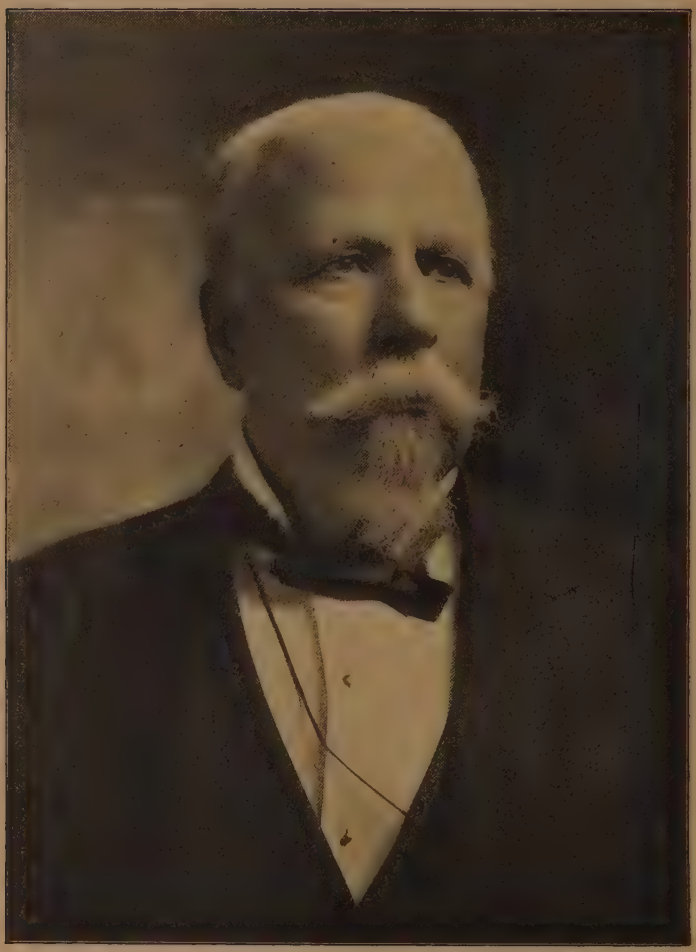
PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

ATTORNEY-GENERAL KNOX.

HON. JOHN HAY,
Sec'y of State.

HON. ELIHU ROOT,
Sec'y of War.

HON. ETHAN ALLEN HITCHCOCK,
Sec'y of Interior.



MURAT HALSTEAD

Mr. Murat Halstead, author of this book, was a personal friend of William McKinley from his first term in Congress; a war correspondent in the war of our States, and in the Franco-German war. He has been an industrious writer for newspapers and of books for fifty-two years.

from all the enlightened nations—one whose rare, high fortune it was to see the principles of public policy he had advocated as a young member of Congress made the law of the land under his leadership—vindicated by the unparalleled prosperity of the people, was the shining mark of organized murder. His steadfast sagacity, armed with the constitutional authority of the presidency of expanding America, including positions to command the greatest of the oceans of the globe—victorious in a wonderful war which was hastened to an early close by an unbroken succession of the triumphs of arms and of diplomacy—made the peace splendid as it was speedy—the humane war was crowded with conquest and covered with glory, but he incurred the hatefulness of the petty and the morose.

This man, re-elected President of the United States honorably, with great majorities in the electoral college and the votes of the people—the event significant of peacefulness and of plenty in the land and the victories of peace not less renowned than those of war beyond the seas—this man who made the workingmen of America conquerors in their own right in the markets of the world—this man of the people, armed with all the graces of candor, confiding in the people as they in him, improved the first chance of leisure in an Administration as strenuous as successful. He crossed the continent from our ocean boundary on the east to the one on the west, going from Washington through the Southern cities to San Francisco, his movement a triumphal procession that will be memorable for the reciprocity of good wishes and the happiness of better acquaintance. This was an obvious and admirable demonstration of peace and prosperity and power in its plenitude. Though half of the programme was omitted because the President's wife became ill, yet the journey was strikingly successful, for the pageantry so simple was yet effective in its simplicity. It was through the heart of the South and touched the shore of the Pacific, the ocean of our archipelagoes in the greatest body of water the earth affords—including as our possessions groups of islands from Siberia to the tropics and the Hawaiian paradise and citadel of the South Sea. Through this thoughtful progress, one of music and waving banners, he was greeted by shouting millions from Old Virginia to the Golden Gate. There was silence and restraint returning, that the President's wife might be wafted to her home in quiet and make him happy by her recovery. This seemed to leave something undone by the President that he had promised the people—and as his

immense labors in good works were so far advanced, the country so brimming with the bounties of the American soil and American skilled labor—the wheatfields golden, the shops rich in orders—even a great strike going on in bitter earnest yet in peace and order, a combat of principle and enlightenment as to the rules and regulations, the lines and precepts of the division of the shares of labor and capital—the President and his wife, away from the affairs of state, rested in their old home in Canton, Ohio, spending there months in a delightful vacation.

This grateful repose was in the very house in which William McKinley, the young attorney, and his bride lived in the days of their youth, and there in the summer time they lived over the days of long ago. There Mrs. McKinley almost realized the fondest dream of her latest years, as she often expressed it to those near and dear to her—that of her husband living in their own precious home for her—the cares of great office put aside; she tenderly would have them put far away forever. She wanted the time to come when her husband should belong to her, and not to the world. The dream had been of the time when the President, the Governor of Ohio, the Congressman, should be a private citizen, and she and he be as they were when young and lived in Canton.

She did not imagine her delicate form, her weakness that was so strong in love, could outlast or leave the strong man, ever so loyally, so helpfully by her side. The house in Canton was doubly dear because, as the President took pleasure in saying, it was a present from his wife's father and that endeared it to them. Not only was there for them no place like home, but no home like that. It was from this charmed spot that at what seemed a call of duty they made the journey to Buffalo, which was to prove so memorable and so sorrowful.

It is said that Abraham Lincoln on the night the assassin killed him, chatted with his wife in the box at the theater where they sat together hardly conscious of the passing play, and discussed plans, for the country was to have peace, and they were interested with each other for they had not been able to think of their own future. The promise of peace to them was especially blessed, and the talk of Lincoln then and there was of going to Jerusalem. It is pathetic, that this seems to have been the last thought in the long burdened brain before the murderer's pistol was fired; his head fell on his bosom and there was for him "Jerusalem, the Golden."

On the next to the last night that Garfield spent in the White House

before the murderer fired into his back and he was tortured to his death, he was asked by a friend how he was in health, for he had not been well for some weeks and there were considerable anxieties in that respect about him. He answered cheerfully, with that grand boyish sense of enjoyment that distinguished him in a pleasing mood, that he was much better, indeed quite well. He had been ill, he said, and the unpleasant controversy that had clung to him, was fatiguing, and he was weary, when suddenly came Mrs. Garfield's illness, and his mind, instead of being engaged with his own affairs that were difficult enough to command consideration, was absorbed with his wife's illness, that was grave enough to give cause for deep concern, and in doing so forgot himself. He said that he ceased to think of the back of his head or the top of it or the action of the heart and the worries over the ceaseless clamors about the appointments; all this was ended, like a storm blown over, and when Mrs. Garfield grew better and could go to the seaside to await his leisure for a trip to New England he found that he was quite well, and said that when ill it was the best medicine to be called away from thinking of one's self.

It will be remembered that on the 2nd of July he was shot in the morning as he was starting to go to Williams College, Western Massachusetts, and the conversation we quote was on the last night of June, and ended a few minutes before midnight.

At that time President Garfield was buoyant and invited a friend to go with him to his old college scenes. He said, "Come, go; it is the sweetest place in the world."

When the fatal shot was fired he was on the way to take the special train prepared for him and his Cabinet and was to meet his wife in her charm of convalescence at Elberon and go on to dine that night with Cyrus Field at his home on the Hudson; and he was to proceed next day to the College. At that hour Garfield felt himself as never before, truly the President of the United States, and the grandeur of his duty gave him for the first and last time a sense of elation.

He regarded his greater trials as over. He was ready to meet opponents as friends. Having declared independence he was solicitous for conciliation. He felt he had the power to make peace with honor; that he was going to see his old friends at a College Commencement that would be to him one of the most enjoyable reunions of his life. While the ghastly little fiend about to murder him was crouching behind the

door at the depot with bulldog pistol ready, the President was driving with Mr. Blaine from the White House, and they spoke of the freshness of the morning air.

The third of our Presidents ambushed for martyrdom, went with Mrs. McKinley to face Fate under the gilded dome of the Pan-American Exposition where the drama of assassination had been rehearsed. The couple were drawn from their home retirement to an outing—a festivity; it was part of the entertainment to see the great Pan-American display, that indeed of a Congress of Nations so instructive as a collection of object lessons; and it was part of the superb entertainment planned to hear the ever solemn music of Niagara.

It has been said innumerable times in respect to the vast majority of the people who come to us from Europe that they are not the less American because born abroad, that indeed they are more than welcome to come to our country and find homes and the happiness of laborious and thrifty lives on our expanding lands; that we should not forget that people who come to us express in doing so a preference for the country that is commendable in spirit, while native Americans have no choice about it and should be careful in claiming superior merits for an involuntary situation. It is time to classify the anarchist as an outsider, an invader. He is a man who has no country and redhanded against all men not of the school of murder.

He feeds on false and foolish phrases, and though he may be born on this soil he is not an American. In the case of the assailant of President McKinley, he is the product of the worst of foreignism, though he was born in one of the cities on the Lakes; he comes of the despotism of Russia and the oppression of Poland and is as alien in his nature as in his nomenclature. It is worth thinking about as a dispensation that no American can pronounce his infamous name.

The hostile spirit that this damnable assassin displayed against the one he called the "Great Ruler," as if it were a burning wrong to perform great functions, and a wrong demanding punishment of death to be inflicted by stealth. This litany of the Devil was taught by the wicked demagogy that is formidable in this country and seeks to classify people and incite classes to hostilities—that preaches anew the ancient impracticabilities of a so-called Socialism that is tenacious because it feeds on ignorance and the rankling poisons that envenom reptiles. The latest Presidential assassin should not be allowed to pose as a hero, or come

in contact with those of his kind that they may be sympathetic and hatch more snakes' eggs. He is a murderer by profession and confession. He should be treated with humanity but with severity, and the more absolute solitude he has the better, with the exception of the sentinel's guard who sees that he does not console himself with self-destruction. It may be well to detain him a while for the use that may be made of him as an example.

When the circumstances surrounding the Buffalo horror are calmly considered, it is obvious that the baffled assassin had accomplices; that his character and intentions were well known to a large circle. He was in funds to travel comfortably, to make the journey from Chicago to Buffalo, to put up at a hotel and to go to the lurking places of his fellow-serpents where they coil in infernal communion, but unhappily do not sting each other to death. He followed the President day after day, ready and resolved to slay. It is a part of the sworn obligation and faith and criminal pride of this wretch who fully accepts the anarchial doctrine that he shall say and adhere to the old, familiar, easily told, formal, prescribed story that he had no accomplices. His life contradicts it. He surely had accomplices and sympathizers and presently they will be wanting to make public expressions of their fellowship with the murderer of the President.

He had a choice in taking upon him what his accomplices call obligations, to deny that he had helpers or to affect insanity. It is the rule of his order that one thing or the other is to be done in case a great ruler is the victim, and the vanity of this mad adder prevailed with him to seek to grasp the entire responsibility. It is the duty of the people to see that justice is done ironhanded for the protection of Law, Liberty and Life.

The idea of government which prevailed for thousands of years was that the power of the State should be concentrated in the hands of the few and that as to locality it should be centralized. The most enlightened empires did not differ much in this respect from savage tribes. Babylon, Palmyra, Carthage, Rome, were cities that absorbed nations, wielded power from a few palaces; and when the capital city fell the government was disestablished. Constantinople became the rival of Rome in the decline of the Empire; and then there were two Empires to fall.

It was the policy of the fathers of the American Republic to conserve the several colonies as States and remove the seat of Government from

immediate metropolitan influences. Washington City in the District of Columbia was a Southern idea—it was indeed Virginian. President Washington's first inauguration was in New York City, his second in Philadelphia, which was the seat of the general government when the Father of his Country died. The Potomac was the River of Washington. He was born and died near its waters and knew it from its mountain sources to the tidal bay through which it vanished in the sea. Washington's preference largely contributed to the location of the National Capital. The place was a compromise. The location was near the center of population of the United States. It was thought to be not far from the dividing line between the North and the South. It was almost equi-distant from New England and the most Southern group of States. It was believed to be far enough inland to avoid danger from European fleets. The gigantic western growth of the country was not contemplated. The controlling motive for the Southern movement from the Northern cities was that the seat of legislation should not be subjected to molestation by the mobs of cities.

The representatives of the people should retire from the roar of the busy world to frame and command the execution of laws. In Iceland the Parliament of the Icelandic Republic for three hundred years met on the Hill of Laws, a space of a few acres, approachable only in single file by a path between volcanic fissures. The object was that the servants of the people should escape from crowds.

The example of the French of centralization in Paris was necessary to be avoided. Much inconvenience was submitted to with complacency on this account. It has been an element in American pride and confidence that there was no one spot on our widespread soil that if stricken by an enemy would prove to be a fatality to the country. The capture and burning of Washington City was an illustration in point. It has been the vital force of our government that it was based not upon the few but the many—that it was a Dynasty not of one family, but of millions of families and that a Dynasty of millions was indestructible as the union of States was indissoluble and that we were the strongest government in the world or that has ever existed in it, because we have more equal citizens than ever existed in any form of government. That this faith will be signally warranted by the result of the dealing we are bound to make thorough, with a secret and oath bound society of professional conspirators against the general welfare—a society of doctrinal and actual

murderers alternately hiding in their dens and flaunting their banners in the streets—this may be announced without reserve.

It is a necessity of public life that we shall find our system equal to the emergency when our Chief Magistrates are murdered or deliberately fired upon by the sportsmen of Anarchy out of a sense of "duty" and there is sought to be established by the lawless, the reckless and the devilish a reign of terror. We dare not doubt that the American people are equal to the task, for to confess inadequacy would be to admit that there is a fatal flaw in the system we have held as a sure foundation. The declaration of war upon our country by the anarchists must be met by the exercise of the Power that exists in the Constitution and in the People who have the sovereign, inalienable right to guard the Public Safety, even if there should be martial law proclaimed and its sternest decrees summarily executed to destroy the destroyers. This is a plain proposition. Those who praise the dogma of the duty of doing deeds of murder on their impulses according to their sentiments, and the interpretation of Liberty to mean freedom in the use of the bomb, the torch, the knife and the pistol, are lunatics that must be put away that they may not harm themselves or others or they are the sworn and desperate enemies of mankind and the alternative in their treatment is between solitary confinement and the swift and terrible fall of the sword of Justice. The anarchist murderer is the worst of all who shed men's blood without cause. The offense is most deadly and the penalty must be made Capital Punishment and that not hasty, but speedy when the truth is definite and certain.

ILLUSTRIOUS LIFE

. . . OF . . .

WILLIAM McKINLEY

CHAPTER I.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

Surroundings of McKinley's Birth—His Parentage and Army Experiences—The Murderous Assault at Buffalo—All the World Aroused—Hope of Recovery, but the Wound was Mortal—No Skill or Science Could Save—The Work the President so Loved to do was to be Done no More—He Had Finished His Course—The White House He was not Again to See—It was as by Miracle He Had Been Saved for the Wonderful Testimony of His Death—The Last Hours on Earth.

When William McKinley was born at Niles, Trumbull County, Ohio, January 29, 1843, his father was manager of an iron furnace, and the location was in a part of the country that was deeply interested in the iron industry. He got his interest in the protection of American industry at home. One of the many thrilling incidents of his military life was at Kernstown, where his regiment lost 150 men. General Russell Hastings reports the action when the brigade of Colonel R. B. Hayes was forced in the direction of Winchester, and "just then," says Hastings, "it was discovered that one of the regiments was still in the orchard where it had been posted at the beginning of the battle. General Hayes, turning to Lieutenant McKinley, directed him to go forward and bring away that regiment, if it had not already fallen. McKinley turned his horse and, keenly spurring it, pushed it at a fierce gallop obliquely toward the advancing enemy.

"A sad look came over Hayes' face as he saw the young, gallant boy pushing rapidly forward to meet almost certain death. . . . None of us expected to see him again, as we watched him push his horse

through the open fields, over fences, through ditches, while a well-directed fire from the enemy was poured upon him, with shells exploding around about and over him.

"Once he was completely enveloped in the smoke of an exploded shell, and we thought he had gone down, but no, he was saved for better work for his country in the future years. Out of this smoke emerged his wiry little horse, with McKinley still firmly seated, and as erect as a hussar.

"McKinley gave the Colonel the orders from Hayes to fall back, saying, in addition: 'He supposed you would have gone to the rear without orders.' The Colonel's reply was: 'I was about concluding I would retire without waiting any longer for orders. I am now ready to go wherever you shall lead, but, Lieutenant, I "pointedly" believe I ought to give those fellows a volley or two before I go.' McKinley's reply was: 'Then up and at them as quickly as possible.' And as the regiment arose to its feet the enemy came on into full view. Colonel Brown's boys gave the enemy a crushing volley, following it up with a rattling fire, and then slowly retreated."

There was a great deal of hard fighting in that part of the world and Lieutenant McKinley was in the hot places. President Hayes, giving him his clear due, said that "when he joined the regiment he was then a boy and had just passed the age of 17. He had before that taught school, and was coming from an academy to the camp. He, with me, entered upon a new, strange life—a soldier's life—in the time of actual war. We were in a fortunate regiment—its Colonel was William S. Rosecrans—a graduate of West Point, a brave, a patriotic and an able man, who afterwards came to command great armies and fight many famous battles. Its Lieutenant Colonel was Stanley Matthews—a scholar and able lawyer, who, after his appointment to the Supreme bench, the whole bar of the United States was soon convinced was of unsurpassed ability and character for that high place.

"In this regiment Major McKinley came, the boy I have described, carrying his musket and his knapsack."

The first election of McKinley to Congress was in 1876, and he was a member through the four years of President Hayes; and Mr. and Mrs. McKinley had a second home then in the White House. He served fourteen years in Congress and four years as Governor of Ohio.

His life had been one long schooling for the Presidency—first, the

sturdy school boy and teacher, then the army, a student of law, Congressman and Governor. He never ceased to grow and never grew so fast as when President, unless indeed it was when he was in the army. It was not the personal desire of President McKinley to serve a second term for the Presidency, but he was overruled by public events and a public sentiment that could not be denied. He saw his duty and obeyed, but he put a summary end to the gossip about a third term in this conclusive letter:

"I regret that the suggestion of a third term has been made. I doubt whether I am called upon to give it notice. But there are now questions of the gravest importance before the administration and the country, and their just consideration should not be prejudiced in the public mind by even the suspicion of the thought of a third term. In view, therefore, of the reiteration of the suggestion of it, I will say now, once for all, expressing a long-settled conviction, that I not only am not and will not be a candidate for a third term, but would not accept a nomination for it if it were tendered me.

"My only ambition is to serve through my second term to the acceptance of my countrymen, whose generous confidence I so deeply appreciate, and then, with them, to do my duty in the ranks of private citizenship. WILLIAM McKINLEY.

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., June 10, 1901."

In the "Independent," dated the day before the assassination, appeared an article on "The President at Work," contributed by Col. Albert Halstead, a Washington correspondent, who was on the staff of Governor McKinley in Ohio and with him during the campaign of re-election. This article gives an authentic account of the President's home habits and methods of work in the executive mansion. The President ate his breakfast at eight and spent an hour in reading the papers, going at ten to the Cabinet room, where he had his private office. There he found on his desk a typewritten paper, "The President's Engagements," with the date, with the names of callers who had engagements, and a line stating the purpose. When the caller arrived the President waited for him to state his business, and usually remained standing, "but if he sits down it is time to retire when he rises." President Arthur's rule was to keep on his feet to expedite business.

"It is not always necessary, though better, to make an engagement

to see the President. On Tuesdays and Fridays, Cabinet meeting days, he receives no visitors except Senators and Representatives, and these only from ten to eleven. On other week days he is accessible from ten to half past one. Promptly at the latter hour Captain Loeffler, in charge of the door to the Cabinet room, who has been there since the days of Lincoln, enters and tells the President the hour. That is the signal for luncheon. Except in long protracted Cabinet meetings he never fails to start promptly for the dining room, an invariable rule to prevent irregularity and injury to health. Before his severe attack of grip last winter the President often saw callers in the afternoon from three to four. After luncheon he goes to the 'red bedroom,' now a comfortable sitting room facing south and overlooking the Potomac. There he works, either alone or with his secretary, transacting public business, deciding upon appointments and considering other questions. When he is thus engaged the President is not interrupted, even by Cabinet officers, unless they are summoned. When in health Mrs. McKinley was wont to be there with him, busy with some fancy work.

"At four Mr. McKinley goes out driving with Mrs. McKinley, or takes a walk. Sometimes in the morning, when the weather is favorable, he goes walking with some friend or his secretary. On returning from his afternoon outing he sleeps for half an hour, having the faculty of laying aside cares and going to sleep easily. This nap is more refreshing than rest at any other time. It means renewed strength and peace after a troublesome day, a habit that is his physical salvation. The President is not a sportsman. Hunting or fishing have no charms for him. The Cabinet officers and even Justices of the Supreme Court have been known to play golf or tennis, no President has ever done so. Mr. McKinley is fortunate in requiring little exercise. Walking is his only recreation of this kind, and of that he does comparatively little. While for a time he rode horseback, it has no present charm for him.

'Promptly at seven the President has dinner, often with a friend or official who comes informally. After dinner he relaxes. The entrance to the conservatory is his favorite place to smoke with guests or callers, intimate, personal or political friends, who happen in. Public affairs are sometimes discussed, but this is particularly a period of quiet and relief from care, when he enjoys the society of those he likes best or, with Mrs. McKinley, listens to music. About a quarter of ten

the President goes upstairs to look over important letters with his secretary, sign commissions, dictate letters, write a state paper or dispose of other public business until eleven, when he usually retires. During the Spanish war and the critical days of the Philippine insurrection he was frequently busy with his military advisers until early morning.

"Seldom does a State paper go out without the President's personality impressed upon it. If he does not prepare it himself he generally inspires it. When a Cabinet officer prepares a paper for him it is invariably altered by the President in some phrase or expression, better to express or qualify a meaning. When he makes a change it is usually an improvement, no matter who happened to prepare the document. Cabinet officers say in private that they cannot write anything that will pass muster with the President unless he makes some effective correction. He is particularly careful with proclamations. Now, a Thanksgiving proclamation may seem to be easily drafted, but it is a difficult task. It ought to be original, but so many have been issued that originality is almost impossible. Mr. McKinley begins early on such a task, and he may lay the first or second draft aside for a week, but when it comes forth it is a gem, emphasizing that for which the Nation should be most thankful.

"In writing his messages President McKinley takes the greatest pains. His methods of preparation vary somewhat each year. He may dictate almost an entire message, or write most of it himself with pen or pencil. The first draft simply begins the work. Long before it is written notes have been made, thoughts jotted down and a list of subjects is prepared. That is often changed. It is a guide to the message. Every note is so marked as to be easily identified. The President may be in his room, when an idea strikes him; it is noted; he may be walking or driving and a phrase or epigram, exactly expressing some thought, occurs to him; he will write it on an envelope or whatever paper happens to be handy, or if Mr. Cortelyou is with him it is dictated then and there. Thus, wherever he may be, the President is careful that a thought or expression that can be advantageously used is not lost, but is stored away for future use. This is one of his methods in writing speeches."

The interest the President and Mrs. McKinley took in the Pan-American Exposition was very great. Both looked forward to the outing with

cheerful anticipation and proposed thoroughly to enjoy the trip, and they were received with extraordinary enthusiasm by enormous masses of persons; and here the anarchists had arranged their ambuscade in a human wilderness.

Leon Czolgosz, the assassin, was a finished output of the harangues of Emma Goldman, of whom this is the best character sketch:

"Suppose the President is dead," said Emma Goldman, "thousands die daily and are unwept. Why should any fuss be made about this man?"

These were the words of the queen of anarchy when the flag on Custom Building fluttered down to half-mast, announcing prematurely the death of President McKinley.

She was sitting in the "parlor" of the police station annex, with Patrolman John Weber assigned to guard her and Chief Matron Keegan. The latter glanced out of the window by chance just as the flag on the Appraiser's Building at Sherman and Harrison streets was lowered.

"The flag has been lowered! The President must be dead!" said Mrs. Keegan, rising. The woman across from her sat unmoved.

"The President is dead! President McKinley is dead," the matron repeated to Miss Goldman, half angered at the woman's coldness.

"Well, I do not care," came the answer. "There are thousands of men dying every day. No fuss is made about them. Why should any fuss be made about this man?"

"Haven't you any heart?" asked the matron. "Any sorrow for this man who was so widely beloved?"

"I tell you I don't care."

"But as a woman you should at least show some feeling for the wife for whom he has always cared so tenderly."

"There are thousands of men dying every day," repeated Miss Goldman. "I do feel sorry for Mrs. McKinley. But there are other wives who receive no comfort."

This closed the incident.

"That woman had a smile of triumph on her face," said Mrs. Keegan, "the moment I told her. Her face lighted up on the instant." Still this woman is a professor of opposition to violence.

The assassin made a close study of the Exposition grounds, and pursued his purpose to kill the President relentlessly. He was close at hand when the President made his speech. He saw the President ar-

rive and mount to the stand. He stood there in the front row of the hurrahing people, mute, with a single thought in his mind.

He heard Mr. McKinley speak. He reckoned up the chances in his mind of stealing closer and shooting down the President where he stood. Once he fully determined to make the attempt, but just then a stalwart guard appeared in front of him. He concluded to wait a better opportunity. After the address he was among those who attempted to crowd up to the President's carriage. One of the detectives caught him by the shoulder and shoved him back into the crowd.

He saw the President drive away and followed. He tried to pass through the entrance after the President, but the guards halted him and sent him away. He entered the Stadium by another entrance, but was not permitted to get within reach of the President.

On Friday morning Czolgosz waited for the President's return. In the afternoon he went to the Temple of Music and was one of the first of the throng to enter. He crowded well forward, as close to the stage as possible. He was there when the President entered through the side door. He was one of the first to hurry forward when the President took his position and prepared to shake hands with the people.

Czolgosz had his revolver gripped in his right hand, and about both the hand and the revolver was wrapped a handkerchief. He held the weapon to his breast, so that any one who noticed him might suppose that the hand was injured.

He reached the President finally. He did not look into the President's face. He extended his left hand, pressed the revolver against the President's breast with his right hand and fired. He fired twice, and would have fired again and again but for the terrific blow that drove him back.

"Did you mean to kill the President?" asked the District Attorney.

"I did," was the reply.

"What was the motive that induced you to commit this crime?"

"I am a disciple of Emma Goldman," he replied.

The most realistic account of the shooting of the President is this:

A little girl was led up by her father and the President shook hands with her. As she passed along to the right the President looked after her smilingly and waved his hand in a pleasant adieu.

Next in line came a boyish-featured man about 26 years old, preceded by a short Italian, who leaned backward against the bandaged

hand of his follower. The officers who attended the President noted this man, their attention being first attracted by the Italian, whose dark, shaggy brows and black mustache caused the professional protectors to regard him with suspicion.

The man with the bandaged hand and innocent face received no attention from the detective beyond the mental observation that his right hand was apparently injured, and that he would present his left hand to the President.

The Italian stood before the palm bower. He held the President's hand so long that the officers stepped forward to break the clasp and make room for the man with the bandaged hand, who extended the left member toward the President's right.

The President smiled and presented his right hand in a position to meet the left of the approaching man. Hardly a foot of space intervened between the bodies of the two men. Before their hands met two pistol shots were fired, and the President turned slightly to the left and reeled.

The tall, innocent-looking young man had fired through the bandage without removing any portion of the handkerchief.

The first bullet entered too high for the purpose of the assassin, who had fired again as soon as his finger could move the trigger.

On receiving the first shot President McKinley lifted himself on his toes with something of a gasp. His movement caused the second shot to enter just below the navel. With the second shot the President doubled slightly forward and then sank back. Detective Geary caught the President in his arms and President Milburn helped to support him.

When the President fell into the arms of Detective Geary he coolly asked: "Am I shot?"

Geary unbuttoned the President's vest, and, seeing blood, replied: "I fear you are, Mr. President."

It had all happened in an instant. Almost before the noise of the second shot sounded Czolgosz was seized by S. R. Ireland, United States Secret Service man, who stood directly opposite the President. Ireland hurled him to the floor, and as he fell a negro waiter, James B. Parker, who once worked in Chicago, leaped upon him. Soldiers of the United States artillery detailed at the reception sprang upon them and he was surrounded by a squad of exposition police and Secret Service detect-

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THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

The distinguished sufferer looked into the face of his good wife and said in low tones, "We must bear up, it is better for us both." With tears streaming down her cheeks Mrs. McKinley nodded assent.

ives. Detective Gallagher of Chicago seized Czolgosz's hand, tore away the handkerchief and took the revolver.

The artillerymen, seeing the revolver in Gallagher's hand, rushed at him and handled him rather roughly. Meanwhile Ireland and the negro held the assassin, endeavoring to shield him from the attacks of the infuriated artillerymen and the blows of the policemen's clubs.

Supported by Detective Geary and President Milburn, and surrounded by Secretary George B. Cortelyou and a half a dozen exposition officials, the President was assisted to a chair. His face was white, but he made no outcry.

He had been under fire before—in his youth when he was fighting for his country. He was brave as a young man and he had lost none of his courage.

The President sank back with one hand holding his abdomen, the other fumbling at his breast. His eyes were open and he was clearly conscious of all that had transpired. He was suffering the most intense pain, but true to his noble nature his first thought was of others—one other in particular, his wife.

He looked up into President Milburn's face and gasped: "Cortelyou." The President's secretary bent over him. "Cortelyou," said the President, "my wife, be careful about her. Don't let her know."

His next thought was of the cruel assassin who had struck him down. Moved by a paroxysm he writhed to the left, and then his eyes fell on the prostrate form of Czolgosz, lying on the floor bloody and helpless beneath the blows of the police, soldiers, and detectives.

The President raised his right hand, red with his own blood, and placed it on the shoulder of his secretary. "Let no one hurt him," he gasped, and sank back in his chair, while the guards carried Czolgosz out of his sight.

The ambulance from the exposition hospital was summoned immediately, and the President, still conscious, sank upon the stretcher. Secretary Cortelyou and President Milburn rode with him in the ambulance, and in nine minutes after the shooting the President was waiting the arrival of surgeons, who had been summoned from all sections of the city and by special train from Niagara Falls.

One bullet struck the Chief Magistrate on the breast, was deflected by a bone and was soon after extracted without having done much damage, and the other inflicted a wound that appeared to be mortal.

It penetrated the abdomen and could not be found. The would-be assassin had evidently aimed for the heart.

As the first bullet struck Mr. McKinley he lifted himself slightly on his toes, with something like a gasp. This movement caused the second bullet to enter the abdomen. With the second shot the President doubled slightly forward and then sank back. Detective Geary caught him in his arms and with the aid of John G. Milburn, president of the exposition, supported him as he was assisted to a chair, surrounded by Secretary George B. Cortelyou and numerous exposition officers.

Whenever the President was moved his agony was extreme. The assassin had hardly fired the second shot when he was seized and borne to the floor by members of the Seventy-third Company, U. S. A., who had been detailed to the spot. It was only by the hardest kind of work that the man was brought out alive from the seething mass of enraged men, who sought to end his miserable life on the spot. The soldiers and police finally forced back the crowd and got the prisoner into a side room. The throng outside the Temple soon swelled to 50,000. Cries of "Lynch him!" started several rushes to the doors, but these the guards were able to break up. In a few moments detectives slipped the prisoner out and into a carriage and got him to police headquarters, but troops were obliged to clear a path for the vehicle through the crowd, which sought to get the prisoner away from his guards.

The wounded President was swiftly conveyed to the emergency hospital of the exposition, and was on the surgeon's table in eighteen minutes. The President consulted his secretary, Cortelyou, as to the competency of the surgeons, and being assured they were of high standing, took ether, saying: "I am in your hands." The New York Medical Journal, after the termination of the case said:

"At the time of his assassination President McKinley was probably in better physical condition than most men of his age who lead a sedentary life. So far as is known he was free from all organic disease, though his vitality may have been somewhat impaired by the fearful mental strain to which the duties of his office and its responsibilities and anxieties had long subjected him.

"He was suddenly cut down by a cruel wound, but he bore it bravely, and there was little of the condition known as shock. This freedom from shock was correctly interpreted as showing that no considerable internal hemorrhage was going on. Without delay he was taken to a well-

equipped hospital and attended by surgeons of world-wide reputation and vast experience. The operation itself was performed by an exceedingly capable surgeon, who was assisted by others equally capable. It is certain that there was no technical fault in the operation, and it may be said with equal positiveness that it would have verged on madness to prolong the search for the bullet after it had been ascertained that it had not inflicted any very grave injury beyond that of the stomach—ascertained, that is to say, within the limitations of warrantable efforts.

"The operation having been finished without seriously taxing the distinguished patient's vital powers, there followed at least five days of freedom from serious symptoms. This we say with full appreciation of the fact that the record of the pulse and respiration seemed ominous, for the high rate might have been due to any one of a number of conditions not in themselves of grave import. The hopeful view was taken, and quite naturally, that it could be so explained. It is easy to be so wise after the event and to say that in this respect the surgeons were in error; err they certainly did, as the result shows, but to err in such a way argues no incapacity or avoidable lack of judgment—it simply, we repeat, illustrates the fact that the medical man is not a perfect being.

"Gangrene was probably established two or three days before the fatal issue followed, but it could hardly have occurred very early without giving rise to more disquieting phenomena than augmentation of the pulse and respiration rates, which, as we have said before, might well have been due to some comparatively unimportant disturbance. To the wound of the kidney we attribute little importance further than arises from the fact that it made one more traumatic surface to become gangrenous."

Nearly the whole nation partook of the error of the surgeons in being too hopeful. It seemed almost incredible for several days, though the wound was manifestly serious, that the President would not recover.

He partook of the general feeling, asked for the news, asked for a newspaper and a cigar, and insisted upon asking his secretary for news of the world's affairs. The following official bulletins show the character of them without exception up to the relapse in the night, and that meant death was close at hand:

Buffalo, September 8.—The public will be kept fully advised of the actual condition of the President. Each bulletin is carefully and conservatively prepared and is an authoritative statement of the most

important features of the case at the hour it is issued. The people are entitled to the facts and shall have them.

George B. Cortelyou,
Secretary to the President.

3:20 a. m.—The President has passed a fairly good night; pulse, 122; temperature, 102.4°; respiration, 24.

P. M. Rixey,
H. Mynter.

Geo. B. Cortelyou,
Secretary to the President.

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9 a. m.—The President passed a good night and his condition this morning is quite encouraging. His mind is clear and he is resting well; wound dressed at 8:30 and found in a very satisfactory condition. There is no indication of peritonitis. Pulse, 132; temperature, 102.8°; respiration, 24.

P. M. Rixey,
M. D. Mann,
Roswell Park,
Herman Mynter,
Eugene Wasdin.

Geo. B. Cortelyou,
Secretary to the President.

---

12 m.—The improvement in the President's condition has continued since last bulletin; pulse, 128; temperature, 101°; respiration, 27.

George B. Cortelyou,
Secretary to the President.

P. M. Rixey.

---

4 p. m.—The President since the last bulletin has slept quietly, four hours altogether since 9 o'clock. His condition is satisfactory to all the physicians present. Pulse 128; temperature 101; respiration 28.

P. M. Rixey.
M. D. Mann.
Roswell Park.
Herman Mynter.
Eugene Wasdin.
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou,
Secretary to the President.

---

9 p. m.—The President is resting comfortably and there is no special change since last bulletin. Pulse, 130; temperature, 101.6; respiration, 30.

P. M. Rixey.
M. D. Mann.
Roswell Park.
Herman Mynter.
Eugene Wasdin.
Charles McBurney.

George B. Cortelyou,
Secretary to the President.

The President's clothes, worn when he was shot, were removed at the Exposition Hospital, and sent to the Milburn residence, where the pockets were emptied. In his right-hand trousers pocket was some $1.80 in currency. With these coins was a small silver nugget, well worn, as if the President had carried it as a pocket piece for a long time. Three small penknives, pearl-handled, were in the pockets of his trousers. Evidently they were gifts that he prized and was in the habit of carrying all of them. Another battered coin, presumably a pocket piece, was in the left-hand pocket.

The President's wallet was well worn and of black leather, about four inches by five. It was not marked with his name. In it was $45 in bills. A number of cards, which evidently had rested in the wallet for some time, were in one of the compartments.

In a vest pocket was a silver-shell lead pencil. Three cigars were found. They were not the black perfectos which the President liked, but were short ones that had been given to him at Niagara Falls that day. On two of them he had chewed, much as General Grant used to bite a cigar. The President's watch was an open-faced gold case American-made timekeeper. Attached to it was the gold chain which the President always wore. No letters, telegrams or papers were found. There was not on the President's person a single clue to his identity, unless it was to be found in the cards in his wallet, which were not examined.

The President's shirt was cut where the surgeons had ripped it from him in hastily preparing for the operating table.

The following is the official report of the autopsy:

"The bullet which struck over the breastbone did not pass through the skin, and did little harm. The other bullet passed through both walls of the stomach near its lower border. Both holes were found to be perfectly closed by the stitches, but tissue around each hole had become gangrenous. After passing through the stomach the bullet passed into the back walls of the abdomen, hitting and tearing the upper end of the kidney. This portion of the bullet's track was also gangrenous, the gangrene involving the pancreas. The bullet never was found.

"There was no sign of peritonitis or disease of other organs. The heart walls were very thin. There was no evidence of any attempt at repair on the part of nature, and death resulted from the gangrene,

which affected the stomach around the bullet wounds, as well as the tissues around the further course of the bullet.

"Death was unavoidable by any surgical or medical treatment and was the direct result of the bullet wound."

The report was signed by:

Harvey D. Gaylord, M. D.
Herman G. Matzinger, M. D.
P. M. Rixey, M. D.
Matthew D. Mann, M. D.
Herman Mynter, M. D.
Charles Cary, M. D.
Edward L. Munson, Assistant Surgeon United States Army.
Roswell Park, M. D.
Eugene Wasdin, M. D.
Charles G. Stockton, M. D.
Edward G. Janeway, M. D.
W. W. Johnston, M. D.
W. P. Kendall, Surgeon United States Army.
Hermanus L. Baer, M. D.

Dr. E. W. Lee of St. Louis, who assisted in the operation performed on President McKinley in the emergency hospital immediately after the fatal shooting, was in the Fifth Avenue Hotel at the time there was so much confidence the President would recover, and said that, notwithstanding the favorable reports which had come from Buffalo, he felt that the President's condition was far more serious than was generally believed. When pressed for a direct answer as to whether he thought the President would recover Dr. Lee said:

"I consider that President McKinley's condition is serious, very serious. It does not matter where that second bullet lodged. We did not ascertain where it was. It may be in the President's back, or it may be loose in the abdominal cavity. That is not important at present. It has done its work."

Dr. Lee, who was medical director of the Trans-Mississippi exposition in Omaha, was visiting the Pan-American exposition on Friday, and was talking to Colonel William F. Cody on the opposite side of the exposition grounds from the Temple of Music, where the President was shot. A friend who knew that he was visiting Colonel Cody rushed over to Dr. Lee as soon as he learned that an attempt had been made on the President's life, and told him that he was wanted at the emergency hospital.

"The President had been taken to the hospital when I reached there.

"The President had been undressed and was lying on the operating

table when I entered the operating room. There were no outsiders there.

"The operation was performed calmly and deliberately. While we never forgot for an instant that the patient was a magnificent man and our President, our emotions did not in the least hamper our work.

"The bullet hole in the abdomen was about five inches below the left nipple and an inch and a half to the left of the median line. Dr. Mann made a five-inch incision along the line of the wound, through which the line of the bullet was followed until it was ascertained that it had penetrated the anterior wall of the stomach. It was found necessary to turn the stomach out through the incision to ascertain whether the bullet had gone completely through that organ. We then found that the posterior wall of the stomach had also been penetrated. An examination disclosed that the hole made by the bullet in leaving the stomach was much more ragged and torn than when it entered through the anterior wall. Both openings were then closed with an ordinary antiseptic silk suture.

"The stomach and abdominal cavity were washed with a normal salt solution, and a careful effort made to find the bullet in the abdominal cavity. No probing was done. From the probable location of the bullet and the condition of the President, probing was not advisable. We did not find the bullet, but determined that it was probably either in the walls of the back or lying, perhaps lost, in the abdominal cavity. The salt water was again used and the stomach replaced. The incision was closed with a silkworm gut suture, and the entire abdomen bandaged.

"It is plain, even to the uninitiated, that the wound is very serious indeed, and it will be a remarkable recovery if the President gets well."

And he assented to the remark of Dr. Lane of New York: "A wound like the President has received is always dangerous. From what I have been informed I would not be surprised if the President died within three days."

Dr. Lee bowed in silent assent.

Evidently the anarchists associated with the idea of assassinating the President did not count upon the public feeling the event they anticipated would arouse, and there was a feeling of exultation among them and a desire to celebrate, during the days of suspense. The talk of Miss Goldman reflects this condition. She had no idea the matter would seem so

serious. They had an idea that the gangrene of their propaganda had spread more widely than the result showed, shocking as that was. The period of the ostentatious impertinence of the anarchists coincides with that of the unwarranted hopefulness that the President would recover.

Before 6 o'clock Friday, September 13, it was clear to those at the President's bedside that he was dying, and preparations were made for the last sad offices of farewell from those who were nearest and dearest to him. Oxygen had been administered steadily, but with little effect in keeping back the approach of death. The President came out of one period of unconsciousness only to relapse into another.

But in this period, when his mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events of profoundly touching character. Downstairs, with strained and tear-stained faces, members of the Cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near, and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth. This was about 6 o'clock. It was an awful moment for them. One by one they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney-General Knox. Secretary Wilson also was there, but he held back, not wishing to see the President in his last agony. There was only a momentary stay of the Cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears streaming down their faces and the words of intense grief choking in their throats.

After they left the sick room, the physicians rallied him to consciousness, and the President asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway. The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The President in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7:40 o'clock, chanted the words of the beautiful hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and his last audible conscious words as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside were:

"Good-bye, all; good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

Then his mind began to wander, and soon afterward he completely lost consciousness. His life was prolonged for hours by the administration of oxygen, and the President finally expressed a desire to be allowed to die. About 8:30 the administration of oxygen ceased, and the pulse

grew fainter and fainter. He was sinking gradually, like a child, into the eternal slumber. By 10 o'clock the pulse could no longer be felt in his extremities, and they grew cold. Downstairs the griefstricken gathering waited sadly for the end.

All the evening those who had hastened there as fast as steel and steam could carry them continued to arrive. They drove up in carriages, at a gallop, or were whirled up in automobiles, all intent upon getting to the house before death came. One of the last to arrive was Attorney-General Knox, who reached the house at 9:30. He was permitted to go upstairs to look for the last time upon the face of his chief. Those in the house at this time were Secretaries Hitchcock, Wilson and Root, Senators Fairbanks, Hanna and Burrows, Judge Day, Colonel Herrick, Abner McKinley, the President's brother, and his wife; Dr. and Mrs. Baer, the President's niece; Mrs. Barber and Mrs. Duncan, the President's sisters; Mrs. Mary Barber, Mrs. McWilliams, Mrs. McKinley's cousin; the physicians, including Dr. McBurney, who arrived after 8 o'clock; John G. Milburn, John N. Scatcherd, Harry Hamlin, all of Buffalo; Secretary Cortelyou, who, with haggard face, but always firm and imperturbable, gave the first portentous warning of the blow which was to fall in the early morning, when, at 9 o'clock, he handed out the 8:15 bulletin, which said that the President was not so well. "But," said he, "we all expect that the President will be better in the morning." Then came the anxious hours for the doctors, who watched for the first signs of surrender by their patient's refractory stomach. The rain fell intermittently. Returning visitors from the exposition shrank from the pelting drops, and said: "No matter; the President is better."

That was the consolation everywhere. It was heard in the hotels in the afternoon, and it was the answer vouchsafed to travelers alighting from railroad trains. "The President is better." It was a tonic to tired nerves and hearts, a soothing lotion for weary eyes. Not even the saddening 8:15 bulletin was sufficient to destroy the conviction that the physicians must certainly be right in their previous opinions.

As midnight approached there was a feeling of unrest in the Milburn house. Dr. Charles G. Stockton, the bowel specialist, was in attendance. He had the advantage of coming into the consultation with no favorable first impression. He and his medical brethren prescribed calomel and oil to flush the bowels. It was given. The incidents of the day were gone over with.

Recurring calls to the sickroom increased the gravity of the situation. The pulse was high and fluttering, 126 beats to the minute. With a temperature of 100.2, it should have been very much less. The heart began to grow weak. Just before midnight the bowels responded to treatment, and then began two hours of nerve-wrenching solicitude. Would he rally from his exhaustion? The pulse dropped to 120, and this inspired some degree of hope that the worst was over.

Then came a noteworthy test of faith keeping. Should the bold truth be sent across the continent. It was Secretary Cortelyou who broke the stillness.

"Gentlemen," said he, "we have kept faith with the people hitherto. We must continue to do so."

A faint flash of lightning was followed by the distant roll of thunder. It almost seemed as if nature was cognizant of the engrossing topic of the new century. The heavens opened, and the rain, which had been falling in driblets, gushed from the pitchy sky, flooding the gutters and soaking to the skin the policemen and soldiers and newspaper men who, with growing alarm, noted the lights being turned up in the Milburn house.

There was one room where no extra lights were used. Mrs. McKinley was left undisturbed. She was sleeping sweetly.

"The worst has not yet come," said Dr. Rixey, "and there is no necessity for disturbing her."

It was a few minutes after 2 o'clock that Drs. Rixey and Stockton, after looking at the President and trying the heart action, shook their heads decisively and told Secretary Cortelyou that the President was sinking. The end appeared to be at hand. The pulse fluttered and weakened, and the President's face looked like that of a dead man.

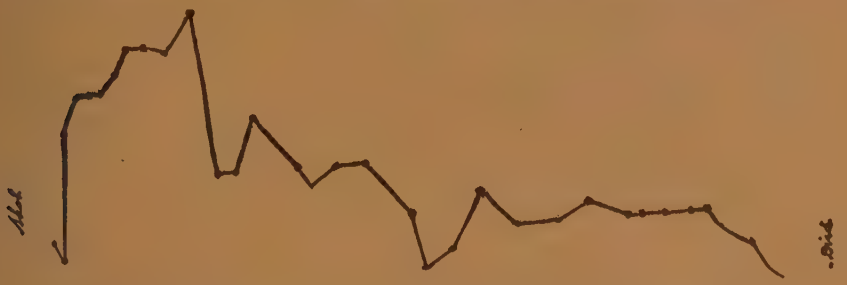
There was no time to be lost. Decisive action had bridged over one dangerous crisis on Friday at the Emergency Hospital, on the exposition grounds, and the doctors met the second one with equal promptness. Digitalis and a solution containing strychnine were administered.

The history-making incidents inside the Milburn house soon reached the telegraphers and reporters across the street. All vapid talk ceased. Weariness was forgotten. Scores of bulletins were thrust upon the overwrought operators.

"Rush this to Roosevelt," was what Secret Service Detective Foster said to the swiftest sender, who was disputing over a point of precedence

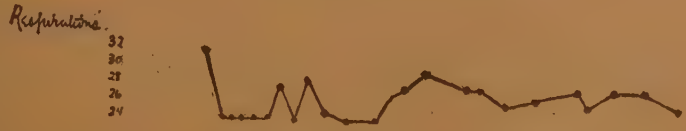
with two reporters. The government levied upon one of the three working wires at 2 o'clock, while rush messages were sent to the Western Union and Postal headquarters down town for extra men. Every messenger who slipped away from the dark portals of the Milburn house was told to hurry.

During the time from September 6th, when he was shot, to the 14th, when he died, the chart of his temperature was from 102.6 on the 8th in the evening to 99.2 when death occurred—94.6 being normal.



The pulse was 130 on the 6th when shot, fell to 110, rose to 146, and declined to 120 on the 7th, and was 100 the night of 9-10th, and was 115 at death.

Respiration was 32 when shooting occurred—24 at lowest point, and was 26 at death.



The chart was prepared by Dr. S. C. Stanton of the editorial staff of the Journal of the American Medical Association from the bulletins

as they appeared in the Record-Herald. Dr. Stanton prepared a similar diagram at the time of Garfield's death. Bulletins were issued by surgeons and attendants several times a day, so a continuous line and one fairly even was possible. Although the chart is of especial interest to medical men, it is also worthy of consideration by the layman.

The Coroner of Erie County, N. Y., issued, September 15th, the following certificate of death of the late President:

"City of Buffalo, Bureau of Vital Statistics, County of Erie, State of New York. Certificate and record of death of William McKinley.

"I hereby certify that he died on the 14th day of September, 1901, about 2:15 o'clock a. m., and that to the best of my knowledge and belief the cause of the death was as here underwritten:

"Cause—Gangrene of both walls of stomach and pancreas following gunshot wound.

"Witness my hand this 14th day of September, 1901.

"H. R. Gaylord, M. D.,
"H. Z. Matzinger, M. D.,
"James F. Wilson, Coroner.

"Date of death—Sept. 14, 1901.
"Age—58 years 7 months 15 days.
"Color—White.
"Single, married, etc.—Married.
"Occupation—President of the United States.
"Birthplace—Niles, O.
"Father's name—William McKinley.
"Father's birthplace—Pennsylvania, United States.
"Mother's name—Nancy McKinley.
"Mother's birthplace—Ohio, United States.
"Place of death—1168 Delaware avenue.
"Last previous residence—Washington, D. C.
"Direct cause of death—Gangrene of both walls of stomach and pancreas following gunshot wound."

CHAPTER II.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The Parting of the Dying President and His Wife—The Scene of the Death of the President—The Emotion of Senator Hanna—The President's Last Words—The Historical House Where He Died—The Shadows That Fell When Lincoln Fell.

During the days of confidence that the President would recover, he was so brave and patient and kindly that his very calmness and courage—the fortitude of his composure—seemed to deceive the physicians themselves and they misinformed the country. In this period of suspense, apprehension and hope, there were many troubled minds, that the recovery of the President would result in setting free the bloody scoundrel, but the President's death changed the scene for the murderer and his accomplices, and there will be a law for the preservation of Presidents rather than to avenge their death when victims of the groups of demons whose rising impudence has been long enough a menace and scandal.

The tenderest scene of the terrible drama at Buffalo was the parting of the dying President and his wife. At the same time, the assassin was informed he had killed the President and said it was what he "tried to do," and he was hurried away from the station house and placed behind the strong walls of the penitentiary.

It was early in the evening, September 13th, that the administration of oxygen aroused the President from a comatose condition, when he opened his eyes and looked about with that kindly, gentle expression which has made all who have been in the sick room love him. They saw that he was trying to say something. They bent over him. "Mrs. McKinley," he almost whispered and then he closed his eyes wearily. It was evident that he knew that the end was at hand, that the time for leave-taking, for everlasting farewells, had come.

She was helped into her husband's room by Mrs. McWilliams, but Mr. McKinley had again fallen into unconsciousness. After waiting a few moments she obeyed the suggestion of those about and went back to her room.

About 8 o'clock Mr. McKinley recovered consciousness again and again he whispered Mrs. McKinley's name. Once more they brought her

and put her in a chair beside his bed. They saw that he was conscious and then turned away—all except the nurse and one doctor.

When Mrs. McKinley had seated herself she took his hand. His eyes opened. He whispered several sentences. Those near caught only one, "Not our will, but God's will, be done."

It was a long leave-taking and the news that it was happening went downstairs and out into the street. It was received everywhere with tears. It was for the moment not the President of the United States, the head of the mightiest nation on earth. It was a husband and lover standing in the dark river and receiving the last look of love from that sad, lonely woman to whom his touch and his smile and his cheerful words were literally the breath of life.

The first time she had borne up well, but now they carried her, half fainting, wholly overcome.

There is another account:

The physicians rallied him to consciousness and the President asked almost immediately that his wife be brought to him. The doctors fell back into the shadows of the room as Mrs. McKinley came through the doorway.

The strong face of the dying man lighted up with a faint smile as their hands were clasped. She sat beside him and held his hand. Despite her physical weakness she bore up bravely under the ordeal.

The President in his last period of consciousness, which ended about 7:40, chanted the words of the hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and his last audible conscious words, as taken down by Dr. Mann at the bedside, were:

"Good-bye, all; good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done."

And this should not be lost.

As Mrs. McKinley entered the room the President emerged from the stupor and smiled at her, the tense lines in his face softening as he did so. He slipped his wasted hand into hers and with his last strength drew her to him. Then there were said words too sacred for human lips to repeat—too holy for human ears to hear again. The white-robed nurses stepped back into the shadows, the faithful physicians turned away and bowed their heads. The President was saying farewell to the woman he loved best.

For several minutes the scene continued. Mrs. McKinley, despite her weakened condition, passed through the ordeal in a way befitting

the first woman of the land. Her white face was set with despair as she was led out of the chamber, but she stifled the sobs.

"For his sake. For his sake," she whispered as they took her away.

She never saw him in life again.

After Mrs. McKinley disappeared into her own apartment the shadow overspread the President's features again. It was the time of supreme anguish, the acme of human pain. His lips moved feebly.

"Nearer, my God, to Thee," he said, and the watchers listened, breathless:

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down.
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

The passing of the life of the President was almost imperceptible. He had been unconscious for hours when he sunk into his last sleep. Gradually his pulse became fainter and fainter. Relatives who had been dear to him in life stood by the bedside watching and waiting.

At 2 o'clock the end was near. Dr. Rixey, a life-long friend, stood with his finger on his pulse. His head was bowed.

At 2:16 a. m. he raised his face. The tears were streaming from his eyes.

"It is over," he said. "The President is no more."

In this trying period, when the President's mind was partially clear, occurred a series of events of a profoundly touching character. Downstairs, with strained and tear-stained faces, members of the Cabinet were grouped in anxious waiting. They knew the end was near and that the time had come when they must see him for the last time on earth. This was about 6 o'clock.

One by one they ascended the stairway—Secretary Root, Secretary Hitchcock and Attorney-General Knox. Secretary Wilson also was there, but he held back, not wishing to see the President in his last agony.

There was only a momentary stay of the Cabinet officers at the threshold of the death chamber. Then they withdrew, the tears stream-

ing down their faces and the words of intense grief choking in their throats.

Dr. Mann, the surgeon who performed the operation of opening the President's body, said as to the end:

"We are in the dark. The President's pulse had been rapid from the start. It had never behaved right. It had steadily and progressively grown weaker.

"For the last twenty-four hours he had been having sinking spells off and on, each one worse and each one harder to bring him back from.

"The President did not believe until late to-day that he would die. He told me this morning he had not lost heart. We were laughing and joking while I was dressing the wound. He said to me: 'I feel that I will get well.'

"This evening he spoke to Dr. Rixey about dying. He said he felt it was almost over. He then asked for his wife. Mrs. McKinley was with him for an hour and a half."

Senator Hanna left Cleveland on a special train that morning at 5:24, and with a party of the President's relatives and friends reached Buffalo in 3 hours and 11 minutes. The schedule time for the crack train over the Lake Shore road between Cleveland and Buffalo is 4 hours and 30 minutes. Senator Hanna's train was made ready in less than two hours from the time the news of the President's relapse reached Cleveland.

The first word received in Cleveland came to Colonel Myron T. Herrick from Secretary Cortelyou, who called Herrick on the long distance telephone at about half past 4 o'clock, Cleveland time. The President's secretary said he had been trying to reach Senator Hanna and could not; that the President's condition had suddenly changed for the worse, and the physicians thought it best that the friends and relatives of the stricken man should come to Buffalo at once.

With Colonel Herrick was Webb C. Hayes. The two made every effort to reach Senator Hanna's house by telephone, but were no more successful than Secretary Cortelyou had been. Then they called a neighbor of the Senator, named Perkins, and succeeded in rousing Mr. Perkins, who sent a message over the way to Mr. Hanna's home.

Senator Fairbanks of Indiana and Justice Day were the guests of Senator Hanna during the Grand Army of the Republic encampment at Cleveland. They heard the bad news almost as soon as it reached their host, and were invited to go to Buffalo with him.

LEON CZOLGOSZ, WHO SHOT PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

The above pictures are snap-shots of the assassin taken just after his arrest.

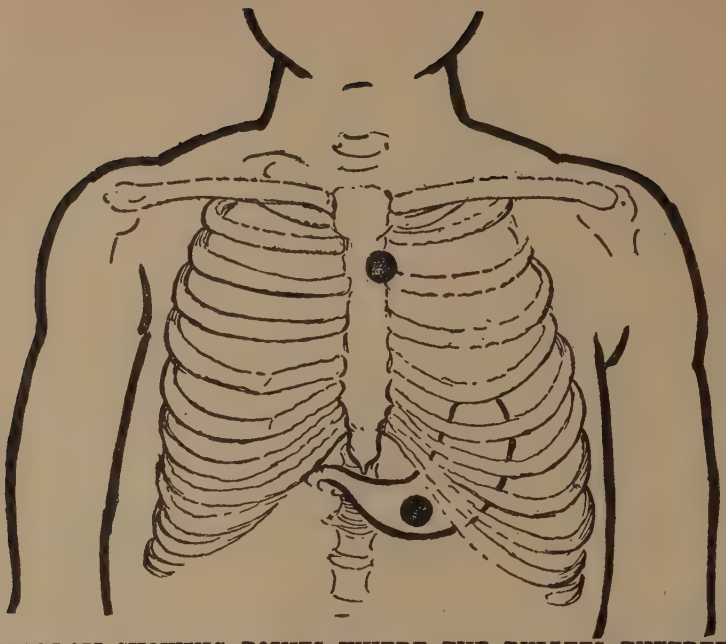
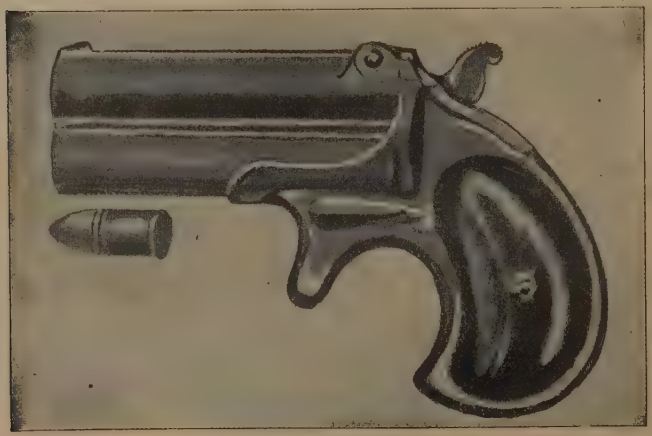


DIAGRAM SHOWING POINTS WHERE THE BULLETS ENTERED BODY OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.



ASSASSIN CZOLGOSZ' DERRINGER.

Actual size of the weapon which carried the bullets.

Dr. Rixey, knowing Senator Hanna's longing to see the President alive, told the four men that they might go into the sick room for a few minutes.

Senator Hanna no sooner looked at the pain-marked face of his friend than he burst into tears and would have fallen to the floor but for Secretary Wilson and Colonel Herrick. He was led from the room, soothed, and soon regained control of himself. Then he said:

"I'm all right now. I'm all right again. I must go in and see him again."

His request for another look was granted. He stood a few feet from the bedside and looked again at the unconscious President.

The President himself before losing consciousness expressed a desire to be allowed to die. The doctors had prolonged life only by the administration of oxygen and he appeared to realize that the battle with death was hopeless.

As to the cause of the sudden collapse of the President there was an irritation of the rectum that forced the giving of food the natural way. Trouble began on the preceding afternoon through the failure of the digestive organs to perform their functions. The necessity for nourishment had been pressing for several days and the partial failure of artificial means had led to the adoption of natural means. The rectum, through which nourishment had been injected previously to Wednesday, became irritated and rejected the enemas. This forced the physicians to try to feed him through the mouth, probably before the stomach was prepared. The first administration of beef juice through the mouth, however, seemed to agree with the patient and the physicians were highly gratified at the way the stomach seemed to receive the food.

Dr. McBurney was especially jubilant over the action of the stomach and the morning before his departure for New York dwelt upon the fact that the stomach seemed to have resumed its normal functions. The breakfast of chicken broth, toast and coffee given in the morning before was spoken of by all the physicians as strong evidence of the President's marked improvement. It was only when it became apparent late in the morning that this food had not agreed with the President that the first genuine anxiety appeared. The first note of alarm was sounded in the official bulletin, which spoke of the President's fatigue.

President McKinley, already weak from the ordeal of the tragedy and suffering, complained of an increasing feeling of fatigue. He had,

theretofore, been so buoyant and cheerful that his complaints were regarded seriously. The pulse was then also abnormally high, 126 beats to the minute. With a temperature of 100.2 it should have been thirty beats lower. The weakness of the heart began to arouse serious concern. Instead of growing better the President's condition after that grew steadily worse.

The staff of physicians, augmented by Dr. Stockton, who had temporarily taken the place of Dr. McBurney, was summoned early in the evening and there was a conference.

It was believed, while the swift surgery in the case of President McKinley was held to be a success, that it had been a wonderful operation. The famous doctor, McBurney, told the Buffalo surgeons, when he first inspected their work, "this is the climax of human skill. You have reached the supreme limit of science. No greater victory has ever been won. If this wound had been inflicted upon a European sovereign he would surely have died. I congratulate you."

It is wonderful that the faith in the recovery of the President was so general, when the evidence that the heart was weak could not be mistaken from first to last. The surgeons, however, were in the habit of referring to a possible "sinking spell," giving no intimation that they feared it would be uncontrollable.

The President's prayer when lifted on the operating table is thus described:

The doctors were ready to administer ether. The President opened his eyes and saw that he was about to enter a sleep from which he might never wake. He turned his great hazel eyes sorrowfully upon the little group. Then he closed the lips. His white face was suddenly lit by a tender smile. His soul came into his countenance. The wan lips moved. A singular and almost supernatural beauty possessed him, mild, childlike and serene. The surgeons paused to listen.

"Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done."

The voice was soft and clear. The tears rolled down Dr. Mynter's face. The President raised his chest and sighed. His lips moved once more.

"Thy will be done"—

Dr. Mann paused with the keen knife in his hand. There was a lump in his throat.

"For Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory."

The eyelids fluttered faintly, beads of cold sweat stood on the bloodless brow—there was silence.

Two of our martyred Presidents were shot on Friday and one on Saturday. The dates are as follows:

President Lincoln, shot on Friday, April 14, 1865.

President Garfield, shot on Saturday, July 2, 1881.

President McKinley, shot on Friday, September 6, 1901.

The lessons taught by the tragedies of the murderous martyrdoms of Presidents, are that public opinion must be formed—active, organized and aggressive—for effective war upon anarchy, or the glory of our government of ourselves will decline. There is more than the assassination of our first citizens and officers, more than the murders and attempts at murder of Presidents, that is involved. It is the liberty of the land that the anarchist strikes with his assassin's hand. Liberty and order must be inseparable. It is anarchy that is the foe of freedom, that is the everlasting enemy of free government.

The motives of the murderers who succeeded in shooting Lincoln in the back of the head, and Garfield in the small of the back, and the assassin of McKinley, firing in front while holding his hand, were widely different, but had one thing in common—a grand passion and frantic zeal for distinction—a rabid appetite to be talked about—a fanatical vanity, that would lead them to give life itself to obtain the attraction of the world.

Abraham Lincoln in the early days of assured victory in war for the Union, at the close of that dire conflict, was shot through the brain by a tragical actor, maddened by one of the fanaticisms of malignant growth in the strife of the Nation and the Confederacy; and this vain artificial lunatic killed the President as he would have slain the personification of a hero on the stage with the mouthings of a melodrama.

This is a characteristic of Anarchists. It is a ferocity for bloody advertising. The anarchist proposes to imprint himself upon civilization with dynamite. He says he is poor and claims that his poverty is another's crime, yet is one who loafs but asserts his partnership with Labor. His doctrine is that he must destroy. It is Labor's mission to create.

There followed the death of the President the gloomy pageants of the funeral in three cities, and there was in and upon our land and all the nations of the earth the Shadow of Death. It was no phantom, but

an awful reality. The darkness was felt. It was overwhelming and oppressive. One of the foremost men in the world's affairs, the well-loved Chief Magistrate of the United States, had fallen. He was a man of peace, not a war President, for it was his duty to accept war. He had been reviled for his good works and slaughtered because he kept his oath to preserve the Constitution. So deep was the Shadow on the day of the final funeral ceremonies that it was agreed upon by all—a spontaneous suggestion—that all wheels should cease to roll, all wires be silent, and ten minutes given to meditation by millions. It was done and even the mighty cities were silent. The children wept in the streets. Bells tolled for McKinley around the world. And here is a scene in the time when the Shadow of Death was upon the city of Chicago:

The crowd was something grand and terrible. Women shrieked and grew faint in the maelstrom and men seemed to be fighting for place of escape. It was in the midst of this bedlam that a tall horseman in the parade suddenly reined his horse.

He doffed his helmet, and, waving it above the turbulent crowd, shouted: "Hats off!"

At once the sea of struggling men and women became calm. They stood transfixed and silent in their places. Hats, withdrawn, were held across hearts, and women bowed their heads in silent prayer. The murmurs died away. The cannon that was booming a President's salute spoke no more. The trumpets hushed the funeral fanfare, the muffled drums were still. The men with arms stood at salute like statues. The long column halted. And the wordless panegyric which then became eloquent for five full minutes seemed to have more meaning in it than all the rhetoric, and all the music, and all the black and purple mourning trappings that the world had lavished upon the memory of the great dead. As by some incomparable sympathy the multitude seemed to know that at that moment the grave at Canton was closing forever upon the murdered President, that the ultimate time had come for memory and tears and prayers.

When the clock showed that the half hour was five minutes old, the sound of singing voices coming from the balcony of the Chicago Club intoned the first line of "Nearer, My God, To Thee." Quavering at first and thin, the chant arose. One by one the men and women in the streets took up the chorus till the volume of song, piercing and strong by very contrast with the late silence, rose into a mighty diapason of melody

that was vocal with sorrow, worship and hope. Along the marching column the bands caught the spirit of the stately hymn, and the wave of music that swelled in unison then was like the sound of a great "Amen."

The whole character of the day's ceremonial in Chicago was marked by the most extraordinary decorum. It spoke in the subdued voices of the people, and shone in the grave little faces of the children. The lowering skies added to the somber aspect of the city, and the sad or spiritual motive of the music enhanced the meaning of the demonstration with a rare and exquisite tenderness.

An hour before the funeral pageant had passed away a gentle rain began to fall in fitful showers. The wind sprang up again and whistled dismally among the wires. But the crowds, steadfast in their quiet sorrow, remained in their places till the last rank had passed.

The center of the Shadow was in a house known to be one of gracious and generous hospitality in Buffalo—the Milburn house—henceforth forever to be a landmark in history—and as it was in this house the sorely wounded President found shelter, the country should know the host of the house.

George Milburn, in whose beautiful home the wounded President lay dying, recently became known in every quarter of the globe where there is sympathy or anxiety for William McKinley. It is something that Mr. Milburn would not have sought or desired under ordinary circumstances, for he has always disliked everything that approached parade and notoriety, and has never put himself in the way of public applause.

For twenty years or more John G. Milburn has been known as one of the ablest lawyers in the western part of the State. In Buffalo he has belonged to that class of men who do not intrude themselves into public matters, but whose opinions, when given, count for much—the sort of man whom the newspaper reporters fly to when the soundest judgment upon the gravest affairs is to be had. When the business men of Buffalo decided to build the Pan-American Exposition it was this sort of man they wanted at the head of the great undertaking, and they selected John G. Milburn because he was a giant intellectually, a gentleman always and honest beyond the suspicion of any man's doubt.

By birth he is an Englishman. He was born in the North of England fifty years ago and started in life as a mechanical engineer, a profession

in which his father gained considerable prominence as the builder of the high level bridge at Berwick-on-Tweed, the Tyne docks at Newcastle, and other works. But young Milburn had made up his mind early in life that he wanted to be a lawyer, and, taking hasty and unexpected leave of the draughting room, he sailed for America in 1869, and soon found an opportunity to study law in the office of Wakeman & Watson, at Batavia, N. Y. In 1873, after four years of the most laborious preparation, he passed the bar examination, but was not permitted to practice because it was discovered that he had not been in the country long enough to gain citizenship. His case was taken up by a number of influential men in the State, and a bill was introduced in the legislature to waive his alienage and give him the privilege of full citizenship. The introduction of the bill aroused intense opposition, and, after a protracted storm of anti-British oratory in the Senate, the measure was passed and became Chapter VII of the Laws of 1874. Thus it is that this alien is to-day repaying the efforts of those who aided in making him a citizen by the tenderest care of the nation's chief ruler that human hands could bestow.

In appearance he is a type of the sturdiest manhood, both physically and intellectually. He is six feet tall, well-proportioned, with broad, regular features and the impress of character and determination upon every line. His manner is pleasant and cordial always, with a style of candor and deliberation that adds much to his force as a speaker, whether in serious argument or in lighter vein. As a public speaker he has enjoyed great popularity for years, and is usually chosen for the most conspicuous duties of this character at all important affairs in Buffalo.

As a lawyer he has for the last fifteen years been a member of the firm of Rogers, Locke & Milburn, the leading law firm in Buffalo, and has been retained in most of the important civil cases in the local courts in the last decade. He was within the last year retained by the defense to argue the appeal in the Molineux case, and he made a powerful argument for his client against David B. Hill, who appeared in the case for the District Attorney of New York.

Although a man capable of great achievement and a hard worker always, yet he has the sublime faculty of taking life easy, and no matter how many the burdens upon his shoulders, or how great the mountains of work before him, he never fails to find time for a pleasant, deliberate

word with the man who drops in upon him. His beautiful home at No. 1168 Delaware avenue, is a palace wherein there is ever good fellowship and a hearty welcome for him who enters. Often it is a workshop of the busiest sort, but always it is John G. Milburn's home, and that means it is a place where whole-souled hospitality belongs with the atmosphere.

Nor is he alone the maker of the atmosphere of hospitality in the Delaware avenue home. Mrs. Milburn is a woman of the kindliest disposition, and has much of her husband's sturdiness of character. They have three sons, John George, Jr., and Devereux, who are in Oxford University, England, and Ralph, who is much younger. The Milburn home is situated in one of the most delightful sections of Buffalo, on a broad avenue, where the morning sun and the fresh air from the park reach it unobstructed, and in all the land the unfortunate President could not have fallen in a spot where his every need would have been more carefully supplied.

Never but once since his coming to America has Mr. Milburn had his residence outside of Western New York. Shortly after being admitted to the bar he went to Denver, Col., where he formed a law partnership with United States Senator Edward Wolcott, but he did not like the West, and after a year's residence in Denver returned to Buffalo, where he has since lived.

John G. Milburn came to America a poor boy, and the success he has achieved has been due wholly to his own industry and strength of character. After he had begun to make some headway as a lawyer in Buffalo he sent for his younger brother, Joseph, in England, and started him on the road to the legal profession. But Joseph did not take easily to the law, and, turning his mind to more serious things, studied for the ministry, and is now a successful pastor of a church in Chicago.

The people have had in mind through the days of the Shadow the dark days after Lincoln fell at the hour when his great heart and head were most needed by his country—when the North lost the leader and the South the best friend. And now, when we think of Lincoln we think of Washington, and go back from the Valley of the Shadow of these September days to the gloomy December of 1799, and turn over old leaves to see how the people mourned for the Father of the Country.

CHAPTER III.

ANARCHY—ITS HISTORY, INFLUENCES AND DANGERS.

Leon Czolgosz, the Assassin of the President—The Story He Told of His Movements Previous to the Assassination—The Creed of Assassination—The Cunning Displayed by These Red-Handed Assassins—How the Anarchists Select and Slay Their Victims with Ferocity.

First of all it is to be said the anarchist faction in this country has no warrant in the form or administration of our Government. The effort to incite hostility culminating in assassination against those responsible through office for public affairs is a most lamentable perversity.

Three Presidents of the United States have perished by violence, but McKinley is the first killed according to the decrees of the anarchical order. Lincoln fell by the hand of a theatrical egotist. Garfield's slayer was a disappointed office seeker. Leon Czolgosz, who assassinated McKinley, is of the rankest type of anarchy. He represents the history, influence and danger of the anarchical organization and his crime is according to his doctrines, and the culmination of the teaching of false and fatal dogmas.

President McKinley has been thoughtlessly blamed for exposing himself to hidden dangers. Of course, he did not avoid the people, but enjoyed being in touch with them. Monarchs who command immense armies, and can and do often hedge themselves with bayonets, do not escape the assassins. Alexander, the emancipator of Russian serfs, had his legs blown off with a bomb because he was brave and benevolent. The ruler of the greatest Empire and the Chief Executive of the greatest Republic, the emancipator of American slaves, were the shining marks for the anarchist and were slaughtered. The graceful Empress of Austria was stabbed to death when walking in Switzerland, for no better reason than that she was the wife of an Emperor who has been the most beloved and competent of the European monarchs for half a century. A President of France was stabbed to death in his carriage because he was a gentleman representing the best tradition of his country, and was seriously a patriot. Edward VII. of England was before his accession shot at in the railroad station at Brussels, and saved by the nervousness of the would-be assassin. The Emperor William I. of Ger-

many was fired upon as he was riding in a carriage along the principal street in Berlin, and showered with pellets of lead, suffering severely from wounds, saved from fatal mutilation by holding his left hand in the position of military salute, so that the hand saved the features. William II. was assailed by a man conveniently disposed of as insane, who hurled a fragment of iron with such aim as to bruise the Emperor's face. This monarch was not the man to take this insolence as a simple case of insanity, but referred to it as an expression of the existence of desperadoes, and threatened his own Capital in an address to his Guards, with the swift vengeance of the troops if the issue came between Anarchy and Empire. There is no safety in shrinking from the most public places and avoiding the massed people when they are so multitudinous they can not be controlled by any common-places of the preservation of order and mere decorum.

The history of the movements of the assassin of President McKinley before the murder will be studied wherever there is a community of civilized people. It is an element that must be considered that so great are the capacities of the railroad system that the size of audiences has been enormously increased of late years. Where there were thousands a generation ago, there are tens of thousands. The trolleys pour into the great steam roads like rivulets into rivers, and it may happen whenever there are remarkable attractions that there may be collected people in such numbers that they must manage themselves, or they will not be manageable. Everybody has the news nowadays. A cent will buy a paper that tells all that is going on of chief concern. The assassin who took the President's life had been taught by a woman to meditate on the murder of rulers—especially "Great Rulers"—and he saw in a paper that the President was going to Buffalo, and began to stalk him to kill him as if he were some monster, and the pursuit continued for several days. The chance of effective shooting in the midst of the shifting scenes was coolly calculated and rejected by the infernal expert in killing. A hungry, fiendish watch was kept for an eligible opportunity to commit murder and it was found. The assassin stood near while the President was speaking at Buffalo—the last speech then and there—glaring at him, and was afraid of failing to murder the "Great Ruler." Still the man hunt continued, and the tragedy was not only planned but rehearsed in the President's presence, an accomplice being ahead of the anarchist assassin in the cue. The murderer was anxious to be picturesque.

There was a bloodhound keenness in keeping on the track of the President, knowing from time to time where he would be at certain hours and minutes—the places where the hunted game would ride and where he would walk—and the ways were examined, close calculations made. The multitudes, careless or enthusiastic, swept by like the assassin, desiring to see close at hand the man who had so eminently worked for the people, and the prosperity of the country was the harvest. At last there was the reception under the Gilded Dome, the spot selected by the anarchists to make murder an impressive, educational ceremony, as this monstrous infatuation would have it, and there it was announced the President would shake hands with the people. The President was placed face to face with the assassin, a well dressed person, disguised by his accomplices to be accounted a citizen of respectability. His vanity had been excited, and he had been pampered for what the anarchists regard the reform role of murder. He had been helped to good clothes to do a deed of treachery and savagery, horrible as any traitor's crime in the long annals of stealthy, murderous crime. The assassin was slender of build, an inconsiderable person, not bulky or slow, but alert, urgent, crowding. He knew where the hand-shaking would take place, and he was early in the line as he cared to be, and he was preceded by a dummy to clear the way for bloody murder and the President was in a trap to be slaughtered.

The huntsman had the victim he had followed like a lean wolf. There was one chance for the President to avoid the appointed assassin. There were detectives present—men, educated in suspicion, with trained eyes for criminals, with schooled suspicion, glancing at all comers—and there were others, masters of ceremony. How was it that no one noted the Hidden Hand? If a man had pressed forward with his right hand in his pocket, it would have been the duty of a detective to see that hand or crowd away the man, and detain him if he resisted. If the murderer drawing near had in either hand a parcel, it was the detectives' duty to know what that parcel meant. Parcels in such places are suspected property. There might be hidden in a sheet of paper a bomb to be hurled on the floor with fatal results. It is one of the terrors of the anarchistic murderers that they are usually ready to die if they can take the "Great Ruler" with them, and they will throw the dynamite where their own legs will be shattered, if the great ruler can be destroyed. This pupil in the school of assassins seems not to have quite reached this point. He

had been taught by anarchist lectures, by inflammatory sheets, smeared with foul doctrine, that he had a "duty" to perform, that to commit a murder of a ruler was a matter of heroism, that this country was the greatest of frauds and the worst of despotisms, the most wretched, false and horrible of lies, that he would at one stroke lift himself to immortal fame. He was a man with his hand within the breast of his coat—his right hand. It was a shrewd trick. Some scoundrel is gloating over that as his idea, but it will never work again. That handkerchief was an appeal to sympathy. It was a false pretense of being a crippled person, and there was evidently an easy way for the man with a wounded hand. What a chance that was for the men on the watch, and thought to be able to outwit the criminal class, who have been so highly cultivated in modern lines. The President's Private Secretary was at hand, but not so expressly to be a guard as a helper in communication with the people. He has been of uncommon usefulness. His remembering the right thing at the right time has been remarkable, and the country owes him a great debt for his masterly management after the President was stricken. His information as to surgeons, his intuition as to the correct thing to say and do, the personal aid and comfort he has been to the President—these are things not to be forgotten.

It seems that it might have been the duty of the detective nearest, when he saw a man with a concealed hand, to make inquiry. The art of the scoundrels engaged in the plot was displayed in the conspicuity of the hand that was bandaged, but the accepted explanation was that the man's hand was wounded. It contained a powerful weapon meant for face to face encounters, one sufficient for rapid and conclusive firing. The instrument of death was self-cocking, and, therefore, it was necessary to be coolly attentive to keep the hammer free from the folds of the handkerchief. The President shook hands in a manly, hearty way, putting out his right hand, with his left on his breast. It was his habit and pleasure to give each person who clasped his hand a look, and often his eyes found those he knew, and all hand shakers were agreeably touched if the President remembered and recalled a pleasant memory with a glance or word. He saw a slender, whitey faced young man he did not recognize, who seemed disabled, possibly some young mechanic who had been nipped in the right hand by machinery! That was the make-up. The President's kindness was in all his acts, and, extending his right hand, met the left hand of a man who confronted him with fixed eyes. The

President felt his hand given to the stranger firmly gripped; and that hurtful impoliteness is not rare. All public men who have withstood receptions know the fellow with "the glad hand," who makes a display of his muscular force. This to the President was a case of that sort, and in an instant there was the crackle of two pistol shots. The President, from whose breast one bullet glanced, received the other eight inches below the left nipple, and the conical missile passed through the stomach. The President felt he was shot, and asked in three words whether it was so and was told the truth, and after an effort to maintain his footing, sank into a chair, asked that the assassin should not be harmed, having the presence of mind to know it was important he should be saved that the truth about him and his associates might be ascertained. Then the President desired that the incident should not be rashly told to his wife in an exaggerated way, and regretted that his presence had been unfortunate for those whose guest he was. This was calm, considerate, most thoughtful and manly, and he continued in this temper to the end.

Czolgosz, the name of the man who shot President McKinley, offers a lingual problem to nine-tenths of those who attempt to pronounce it. It is one of those names which the English alphabet cannot spell phonetically, and which the average English-speaking person stumbles over in trying to express after hearing it spoken by a Russian. Written according to its sound, the name Czolgosz, or its nearest equivalent, is "Tchollgosch," or more broadly speaking, "Shollgosch."

The former pronunciation is the one given by Sergeant Ter-Isaian of the Detective bureau, who is a Russian and who is familiar with the varied dialects in Polish Russia, from whence the parents of Leon Czolgosz came to this country.

"Cz" is represented in the Russian alphabet by a character which is pronounced much the same as though one were suppressing a sneeze—"tsch." The next two letters—"ol"—are pronounced in combination as though written "oll," and the remaining letters of the name—"gosz"—may be given the sound of "gosch."

The story of the assassin in brief is that he was born in Detroit, of parents of Polish blood, twenty-six years ago. He received some education in the common schools of that city, but left school and went to work when a boy as a blacksmith's apprentice. Later he went to work at Cleveland and then went to Chicago.

While in Chicago he became interested in the Socialist movement.

When he went back to Cleveland his interest in the movement increased. He read all the Socialist literature he could lay his hands on, and finally began to take part in Socialistic matters. In time he became fairly well known in Chicago, Cleveland and Detroit, not only as a Socialist, but as an Anarchist of the most bitter type.

After returning to Cleveland from Chicago he went to work in the wire mills in Newburg, a suburb of Cleveland. He says he was working there up to the day he started for Buffalo to kill the President, thus contradicting letters written by him from points in New York.

A few weeks ago Czolgosz attended a meeting of Socialists in Cleveland, at which a lecture was given by Emma Goldman, the woman whose anarchistic doctrines have made her notorious all over the country.

The King of Italy was murdered by a man sent for the express purpose by a society of anarchists in Paterson, New Jersey, who have been at pains to make known their identity, and have been reported as celebrating the assassination of the King, the charges against him being fanciful and malignant. The vagabond who slew the King was not treated to dainty food and social distinction, made to believe himself a heroic personage, or even sent to execution, so as to give him a chance to pose as a King Killer. He was not executed at all, but placed in solitary confinement, and the anarchists have not been pleased with his treatment, and have claimed loudly, as though some good man had been ill treated, that he was forced to take his own life to escape the horrors of solitude in a dungeon. In fact, the fate of this murderer does not encourage anarchical aspirations, and there have been threats that all the crowned heads of Europe shall soon be slaughtered because the prison was not made to the slayer of the King of Italy a pleasant and dignified abode. In the place where he died he did not receive applause, not even bouquets. Still, he has had his sympathizers in this country.

It has been suggested that President McKinley had been too much in the habit of answering the calls of the people to shake hands with them and speak to them—to go about in crowds unguarded. It is true that he had not had so much interest in the possibility of being a mark for an assassin, as many have insisted upon having for him. The taking of official precautions for the safety of a man high in office is almost certain to be distasteful to him, and it is often a question not easily decided what can be done or attempted.

When Abraham Lincoln, owing to the pressure of war business,

could not leave Washington in summer-time, he found pleasant quarters in a cottage near the soldiers' home, and the military authorities would have him guarded to and from the White House to the cottage by a squad of cavalry; and it was said of him he thought the ceremony absurd, and laughed about his body-guard. It is now known that there was then a plot to capture him, secrete him in a cellar, and run him to Richmond along a line of contraband and medical supply transportation. President Harrison was opposed to the efforts made to shield him from dangers in the dark, but he persisted in his habit of walking about the city, and going without giving notice, when, where and how he pleased.

The last time President Garfield dined out was with Secretary Hunt, of Louisiana; he drove to the White House between ten and eleven o'clock, with Postmaster-General Thomas L. James, who, returning to the Arlington Hotel, met a friend and asked him whether he had seen the President. The friend answered no—he had been over to the White House to make a call, but the President was out driving. James replied that the President had just returned and would be pleased to have a late call, as he meant to drop public cares to go to the commencement at William's College. Upon this, the call at the Executive Mansion was repeated and the President was most agreeable and exceedingly interesting. As the visitor left, it was nearly the middle of the night, and passing out he saw there on guard a familiar face, and asked the question, "Were you not on watch here in Lincoln's time?" "Yes," was the reply. "Many a night before he went to bed, he would walk over to the War Department to see if anything had come in the way of news from the armies." "And," said the watchman, "I often took pains to walk between the old man and the trees—the same trees you see here now—because I had a fear there might be an ambuscade, and some devil would shoot him. The old man never seemed to think anything about possible murderers being about, but walked right along. Sometimes it was quite dark, and I felt sort of responsible for the old man, and I was glad when I got him back and had the door shut on him."

The caller on President Garfield, who had just seen him for the last time, said to the watchman, as the trees were dark and the walks silent, "I think it would be well for you to keep a sharp lookout now, for there are queer people about and strange things said—excitements about what the President has done and will or won't do. It would not be a bad idea to watch carefully now."

The reply was simple and sensible—"These are not war times. Nobody would hurt the President now." Three days later the shot of the assassin gave the President a mortal wound. Of course, that which suggested to the visitor to warn the watchman to be vigilant, was the face of the man who had guarded the footsteps of Abraham Lincoln, and the story of the walks at night, under the history haunted trees. It turned out in the testimony in the case of Guiteau, that at that hour the murderer was prowling in the shrubbery in Jackson Square, between the White House and the Arlington House, seeking a chance to shoot the President, having possibly dogged his footsteps and knowing he had gone out.

CHAPTER IV.

ANARCHISTS' AGITATION AFTER THE ASSASSINATION.

American Anarchists Assume to be Defiant—Astounding Development of a Political Policy of Assassination—Is a Penal Colony for Cranks Needed?—A Shocking Array of Incidents—The Canker of Anarchy Displayed.

Whatever anarchists may say, or in whatever form they may deny, that their doctrines promote and demand murder, and that their heroes are assassins, they have not, as they profess in their cant sayings, killed tyrants, but they have slaughtered the best men of those they call "great rulers." They are not enlightened persons, but basely ignorant of human affairs and perverse as to history. They have not been known to kill the vicious; they have slain the amiable. The cases of Lincoln and Alexandria are in point.

The students of the news of the day, since an assassin sneaked upon McKinley and shot him, have had occasion for surprise that there have been so many expressions of sympathy with the miscreant murderer, and it is not difficult, many times, to point out that the sympathizers have been perverted by the political harangues that incite hatreds between "classes," and then seek to show that we are classified in a way that is an indurated injustice. Children are being brought up to believe that some are born to privation through wrongs that have no remedy in law and others to an opulent inheritance of privilege. But one ought to be able to go a long way with error without coming to the conclusion that our Republic is the worst of despotisms. We have a good many people in our midst of anarchical propensities, but they are not the majority. We are ruled by majorities. Some of our statesmen have urged the passage of a law in this country to restrict the immigration of anarchists. But the anarchists are at our doors. What they need is expulsion, and we have a few Asiatic islands to which they might be deported. Let there be no mistake about it—there are many of these people. It is not worth while to bother about importation unless we can devise an effective system of exportation.

There is a colony of anarchists in Spring Valley, Ill., and a letter, dated September 15th, 1901, says:

FOSTER AND IRELAND.

Secret service men who captured President McKinley's assassin.

EMMA GOLDMAN.

High' priestess of American anarchists, to whom Czolgosz had listened.

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JAMES B. PARKER.

The colored man who prevented Czolgosz from firing a third shot at the President.

"There are from 300 to 500 anarchists in this place, the colony being only second in the United States to those at Paterson, N. J., and Chicago. These anarchists publish a paper, L'Aurora, and from time to time have public parades.

During the week just passed approval expressed for the assassination of President McKinley has been open and insolent. An editorial published in L'Aurora last Friday was unusually arrogant. The indignation of Spring Valley citizens came to a climax to-day, when a union service of the churches was held at the Congregational Church, at which the Rev. R. W. Purdue, the pastor, preached on anarchy, and in the most scathing manner excoriated the methods and doctrines of anarchism and called upon all loyal citizens to join in a movement to drive the anarchists from the town.

"The sermon was interrupted frequently by applause. Anarchist representatives who were in attendance left the church.

"A movement is on foot to canvass every male citizen with petitions to the State Legislature and to Congress for the suppression of anarchy. Every man refusing to sign is to be classed as an anarchist, and thus a basis for ridding the town of its dangerous citizens is to be obtained."

That which is the greatest surprise about these people is their insolence. Antonio Maggio is an anarchist prophet and he some months ago predicted the death of McKinley. He got his anarchist education in New Orleans, and when it comes to a vote the anarchists do not prevail. They are at least as scarce as monarchists.

There is evidence of the existence of an anarchical organization, and the head of it is believed to be in the city of Paterson, N. J. A correspondent of the Chicago News writes at Paterson, N. J., September 20th: "No sooner had the anarchist, Czolgosz, shot the President of the United States than the anarchists of Paterson called a mass-meeting. Assembling, 400 strong, in the dance hall back of a saloon kept by one of the 'fraternity,' they congratulated one another upon the activity of the order at Buffalo.

"Here was a public meeting held in approbation of the murder of the President of the United States and to arrange for more murders. The murder of the King of Italy was by a man sent from Paterson. The Goldman woman is a frequent visitor in Paterson, and the 'writings' which inspired the assassin were contributions over her name which ap-

peared in the principal organ of anarchy in this country, La Questione Sociale, published in Paterson.

"Paterson, indeed, is to the anarchists of this country what New Orleans is to the Society of the Mafia, what Havana is to the Naningoes, what Paris is to the Comprachicos. The 'silk' city of New Jersey is the capital of all the 'reds' in the United States. It is the seat of a kind of university for the training of regicides. Here Bresci, the killer of Humbert, was trained. When the assassin's knife sunk into the breast of Elizabeth of Austria, in Geneva, the secret service bureaus of the world sent extra men to Paterson. Recently, the life of Maria Pia, the Queen of Portugal, was threatened. It was a sign from Paterson. At the funeral of the Empress Frederick at Cronberg a stronger guard than usual surrounded the Kaiser. The German police were thinking of a city in New Jersey.

"At 355 Market street, on the top floor back, you will run down the king creature, the leader of the 3,500 Italians comprising the society called Dritto All' Esitensa (Right to Existence). This chief of Italians is a Spaniard named Pedro Esteve. In his rooms on the top floor back is published La Questione Sociale. Editing this weekly paper is Esteve's ostensible occupation. His real life work is sharpening the knives of regicides and fattening the purses of royal undertakers. Here are some of the tools of his trade: 'Killing a king makes people think. We want to exterminate evils by force. We never consider consequences. We are opposed to government, which means political tyranny. We do not believe in religion, laws or individual ownership of property.' Esteve exhibits these tools in the columns of La Questione Sociale and gives lessons in their use.

"The day the news was received of the attempt upon the life of Maria Pia of Portugal Pedro Esteve was found in his office on the top floor back, type cases to the right of him, portraits of Herr Most to the left of him, anarchist typesetters and printers before and behind him. Indignation gave a parboiled expression to all of his face not covered by his black beard, fanaticism clouded his very evident intelligence.

"'You say we of Paterson sent over a man to remove that queen. You say that at the time Bresci sailed to remove the King of Italy thirty-nine others sailed with him, all with orders to do or die. Now, these things are not so.' He banged the table with his knuckles. 'It is the newspapers that make all the trouble. We did not draw lots to kill

Humbert. We work each man for himself. And none knows what plans his neighbor may be making. Bresci did not kill the man Humbert; he removed a king, a tyrant. He rendered a service to 30,000,000 Italians. But another king has killed Bresci, and a life for a life—it is what we expect. We strike, but we never run away.'

"They say in Scotland Yard, England, that there has been a steady stream of European anarchists flowing toward the United States for the last six or eight months. These are mainly theorists—not active anarchists—although they are equally dangerous in influencing susceptible persons.

"A majority of them carefully avoid touching England when they are bound for the United States, knowing that descriptions of them would be sent to their destinations. On the other hand, there has been a considerable increase in the anarchist population of England recently owing to the activity of the French police, who are taking measures of precaution in view of the Czar's visit."

This is an indication that they have some detectives in England and France who detect—which is encouraging, for the anarchists are so scattered they demand international action.

Here is a strange and sinister bit of information from Kansas:

Wichita, Kan., September 8.—Anarchists at both Chicopee and Frontenac, small towns 100 miles east of here, held jubilation meetings to-day and gave thanks over the attempted assassination of the President. The meeting at Chicopee was held in a coal mine beneath the ground and could not be broken up by officers.

The fact that these people get under the ground to rejoice shows that they are not quite easy in their minds.

The famous hatchet woman of Kansas, Mrs. Nation, was mobbed at Rochester, N. Y., because she sympathized with the murderer of McKinley. She had to wait three hours at Rochester, and when she appeared on the platform someone happened to remember that Mrs. Nation had been reported as having rejoiced at Coney Island last week over the shooting of President McKinley. A cry that "the old wretch" should be lynched threw the mob into a frenzy. She was hustled into a hotel for protection and the crowd surged behind her and filled the air with cries of "Lynch her!" "Get out of town, you old hag!" and "She was glad McKinley was killed; let's kill her." She was shoved by policemen into a barroom.

At this instant a loud crash was heard as the crowd, surging forward, broke through the line of police at one point and wrecked the big glass window in the front of the saloon. Mrs. Nation was taken to a room on the second floor and locked in, two policemen standing guard outside. Ten minutes before the train was due to start she was escorted back to the station by the police, who were forced to draw their clubs to protect her from bodily injury.

She had lectured at Coney Island and she said the President was a friend of the rumsellers and the brewers and therefore did not deserve to live.

The audience, which was a large one, hissed her, whereupon she reviled them as "hell hounds" and "sots." Then, in disgust, the entire audience left the hall and when they got outside gave three cheers for McKinley.

Another account says: "After a characteristic harague denouncing police, saloons and dance halls, she unexpectedly switched off onto an attack against the President.

"I have no cares for this McKinley," she said. "I have no sympathy for the friend of the brewers. I have no—"

The rest was drowned out by hisses and hooting from her audience. She started on the same subject three times more, but each time was interrupted by the crowd.

This seems to show that Mrs. Nation is a victim of the anarchist's weakness—that of a mania of vanity. Senator Wellington of Maryland has also the same style of regarding his personalities as providential, because they are little things of his own. He was quoted as saying:

"McKinley and I are enemies. I have nothing good to say about him, and under the circumstances do not care to say anything bad. I am indifferent to the whole matter."

The attention of the Senator was directed to the interview, with a request of a denial or affirmation of the words attributed to him. He flatly declined to give either.

There was, on the 8th of September, a celebration by anarchists of the shooting of McKinley—this at McKeesport, Pa. A dispatch dated the 8th said:

"While all the world is waiting with bowed head and heaving breast for the latest news from the bedside of the beloved President of the United States, the Guffey's Hollow group of anarchists was celebrating

and lauding the act of 'Comrade Czolgosz' and was elated at the apparent success of his crime."

Guffey's Hollow is a narrow ravine leading back from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad into the Westmoreland County hills. It is about ten miles east of McKeesport, and is the home of one of the largest, if not the largest, regularly organized groups of anarchists in the United States. More than 200 Italian coal miners are drinking in the doctrines of anarchy here. Until recently the leader of the Guffey's Hollow group was Ciancavilla. He edited an Italian paper which was locally known among the English-speaking residents as "The Firebrand."

Ciancavilla found there was no fortune in editing an anarchist paper in Guffey's Hollow and removed to Chicago, where he continued the publication of his paper until a short time ago, when it was compelled to suspend for want of patronage. Ciancavilla is now in Spring Valley, Ill.

Canova, an Italian merchant of this city, who was well acquainted with Ciancavilla, said this afternoon:

"It would be well for the police to look this man up. When Bresci murdered King Humbert this man knew all about it in advance, and he exulted over the act. He talked to me about it at the time, and to a number of Italians who were in my store. He wanted us to cheer for Bresci (the writer is a correspondent at McKeesport of the Chicago Inter-Ocean) and I ordered him to quit talking that way in my place of business. He said Humbert was only one; that the President would get his turn, and that it would be well for all the leaders and rulers of men to have a care, for 'we have them marked,' as he put it. After that I ordered him out, and he wanted me to go take a drink to Bresci's health, and the hope that it would be but a short time until others would follow him. Ciancavilla had a big following at Guffey's, and his paper was read there by all the Italian miners.

"How many of them agreed with him I do not know, but certainly a large number, as there are several hundred Italians there, and they all took his paper. I do not know if Czolgosz was ever at Guffey's Hollow or not. He may have been. They are always holding meetings and making plans, and constantly talking about killing some king or president, and they are in touch with other anarchists in the country. They always seem to know everything that is going on in that respect."

At the time of King Humbert's assassination Ciancavilla and his fol-

lowers called a meeting in the old school-house, where they met and passed a series of resolutions lauding " Comrade Bresci" for his "noble act" for the cause of humanity and indorsing the annihilation of kings and rulers. The resolutions were carried to Pittsburg and published in the papers of that city. Ciancavilla said at that time that it would not be long before America would have equal cause to rejoice with Italy in the removal of a "tyrant," as he called President McKinley.

As showing the renewed activity of the anarchists all over the country immediately following the assassination of President McKinley, the following newspaper dispatches from various points, both east and west, are here reproduced:

MCKINLEY'S NAME ON LIST OF DOOMED.

Indianapolis, Ind., September 15.—Government Secret Service officers have been mingling for several days among the Italians employed in elevating the tracks of the Panhandle road in the neighborhood of Hartford City, and are engaged in running down a sensational report regarding threats against the life of President McKinley.

Since his assassination it was learned that one of the Italians exhibited a letter in which was a list of persons in Europe and America who had been doomed to death by the anarchists, and McKinley's name was on the list.

The man who had the list was an anarchist, and the reason given by him for the presence of President McKinley's name in the list was the fact that the government had lent all possible aid in ferreting the associations and antecedents of the man who assassinated King Humbert.

ANARCHIST PREACHER TARRED AND FEATHERED.

Huntington, Ind., September 17.—Joseph A. Wildman, a United Brethren minister, was tarred and feathered by a crowd of 100 last night and turned loose to wander back home. Sunday night he rose in a prayer meeting in one of the city churches and said:

"I suppose there have been more lies told from the pulpit and sacred desk to-day than was ever known before. While I want to give all

honor that is due Mr. McKinley, still when he was living he was nothing but a political demagogue."

At this juncture a number of people became so indignant that they arose and left the church. Yesterday the citizens decided on the above summary action and carried out their plans. Wildman has no regular charge.

ANARCHISTS FORCED TO MOVE.

Pittsburg, September 17.—Thirty armed men, imitating the movements of the Ku Klux Klan, raided the anarchists of Guffey Hollow, Westmoreland County, Sunday night and forced twenty-five families to take their departure from the town before daylight. The raiders surrounded the houses and terrorized the anarchists by firing Winchesters and revolvers and yelling like Indians.

During a lull in the fusillade one of the anarchists, who could speak English, ventured from his house under a flag of truce and held a parley with the invaders. The result of the conference was that the anarchist agreed to be responsible for the immediate removal of the whole colony.

By the terms of the capitulation the foreigners were to leave the vicinity with their wives, children and all their belongings before daybreak. They kept their contract, and before the sun rose every house in the settlement was deserted. The only favor they asked in return for their exodus was that their lives should be spared.

TWO ANARCHISTS CLUBBED.

Newark, N. J., September 15.—Two anarchists received a sound clubbing from the police and came near receiving worse treatment at the hands of an angry crowd to-night.

Mrs. John Soslosky of 4 Charlton street went to the saloon of John Drozdowsky at No. 20 in the same street to look for her husband. Victor Gasscoe, 38 years old, of 231 West Kinney street, was delivering a fiery anarchistic harangue to a crowd of men. He wound up by drinking to Czolgosz's health, and August Britton, 17 years old, of 13 Clayton street, joined in the toast. Mrs. Soslosky cried "Shame," whereupon Gasscoe struck her in the face.

She hurried to the Fourth Precinct Station, and when Captain Edwards heard her story, with Patrolman Romseicks he went to the saloon, and as Gasscoe was still haranguing the crowd, he seized him by the scruff of the neck, and with a couple of violent swings had him on the street. Romseicks did likewise with Britton. When the prisoners showed fight they were handled without gloves. All the way to the police station, which was only a hundred yards, they continued to shout that they were anarchists. A great crowd gathered in a few minutes and tried to get at the prisoners, but the reserves held them at bay, while those inside the station house closed and locked the doors and windows on the ground floor. The prisoners were placed in separate cells and nobody has been allowed to see them.

REJECTS FLAG; MOB TRIES TO LYNCH HIM.

Guthrie, O. T., September 19.—Because George Bradshaw, a carpenter, declared he would not march under an American flag, an Oklahoma City mob of 500 formed this morning and started to lynch him. They were prevented only by the local militia. Excitement is still high and the mob is hunting for Bradshaw, who is concealed. If found he will be lynched.

James G. Dorsey pleaded to the police in Bradshaw's behalf and became an object of the mob's wrath. Sheriff O'Brien spirited Dorsey away and locked him in the County Jail for protection.

ANARCHISTS IN WASHINGTON.

Washington, September 16.—The Secret Service men of the United States believe that there are anarchists in Washington. The police of the city have been considering ever since the assault on President McKinley the chances of anarchists being here, and have so laid their lines that if any are here they will not be able to escape. Least of all will they have a chance to show their heads during the approaching funeral ceremonies in this city.

A Chicago newspaper has secured photographs of half a dozen or more anarchists from the police here, which are being used in the investigations. Copies of these important photographs are also in the hands

of the Secret Service agents. The two departments have also complete records of every known or avowed anarchist who has been in this country during the last fifteen years. Some of these were conspicuous during the Cleveland administration.

MRS. BRESCI IS DEFIANT.

New York, September 18.—Mrs. Bresci, widow of the anarchist who killed the King of Italy, and who was yesterday ordered by the police to move from her home at Cliffsides, N. J., says she proposes to defy the authorities.

"If President McKinley was alive he would repudiate this persecution of a lone woman and her children," said Mrs. Bresci to-day.

"My husband suffered enough for his crime. Why should I be treated as an outcast, hounded wherever I go and my children made to suffer?

"I am not an anarchist. I don't advocate anarchism and don't believe in it. I am an American woman trying to bring up my children in an honorable manner and to enjoy all the benefits of this country. The men who were to have come here Sunday to hold a meeting were not anarchists. They desired only to raise funds to assist me and my little ones to make life more comfortable for me. I intend to stay here, and any attempt to remove me will be met with severe treatment."

DENOUNCE OLNEY'S COACHMAN.

Falmouth, Mass., September 18.—According to the affidavit of a citizen of this village Michael Conway, a coachman for Richard Olney, former Secretary of State, in commenting upon the shooting of President McKinley, said: "It is a good thing President McKinley was shot; he should have been killed long ago."

The affidavit was made by George H. Godfrey in connection with an indignation movement of the citizens, started when the remark became known. Mr. Olney was advised of the matter and he discharged the coachman. Not being able to verify a report of such action 100 citizens, representing about one-third of the voting population of the village, determined to give Conway a coat of tar and feathers last night. Not

finding Conway, the men marched to Mr. Olney's home to find out whether the coachman was still there.

The former Secretary of State refused to appear at their demand. The crowd sang "Nearer, My God, To Thee," and "America" and made repeated but fruitless efforts to bring a response from Mr. Olney.

At length the citizens started for the town hall, where they organized by electing Andrew W. Davis as chairman and selected Edwin S. Lawrence secretary.

A resolution was unanimously adopted, saying that the course pursued by Mr. Olney "at a time when the nation is in mourning is an insult to American citizenship."

After the meeting the citizens prepared an effigy of Conway, which they hung on a telegraph pole.

Falmouth, Mass., September 18.—Richard Olney, who was Secretary of State under Grover Cleveland, has become unpopular with his neighbors in this town by his failure to aid a mob seeking a man charged with approving of the assassination of President McKinley.

So serious is the feeling against Mr. Olney that at a mass-meeting attended by 200 residents of this city last night the following resolution was adopted:

"Resolved, That it is the sense of the citizens of the town of Falmouth that the course pursued by the Hon. Richard Olney at a time when the nation is in mourning is an insult to American citizenship."

Michael Conway, coachman for Mr. Olney, is the man responsible for all the trouble. A vigilance committee of 200 members searched the country about here last night prepared to treat the coachman to a coat of tar and feathers. He was hanged in effigy when the mob failed to find him. Conway is said to have exclaimed, on hearing of the shooting of President McKinley: "It's a good thing President McKinley was shot; he should have been killed long ago."

It is claimed that a week ago, when several persons were discussing the shooting of President McKinley, Conway, who had been in Mr. Olney's employ for many years, joined the group in the grocery store and uttered the words quoted.

The following affidavit was made in this connection:

"Falmouth, September 16, 1901.—We hereby certify that we, Zebrina B. Godfrey and George H. Godfrey, did, on Wednesday, Septem-

ber 11th, hear one Michael Conway of Falmouth publicly say: 'It's a good thing President McKinley was shot; he should have been killed long ago.'

"Zebrina B. Godfrey,
"George H. Godfrey.

"Sworn to before me this 16th day of September, 1901.
"Russell S. Nye, Justice of the Peace."

Charles S. Baker of Teaticket, being among those who most strongly resented the coachman's remark, interviewed former Secretary Olney, explaining the matter to him. Mr. Baker declares that Mr. Olney promised to have the affair investigated. As nothing had been heard from Mr. Olney up to last night, the citizens determined to take the matter into their own hands.

It was decided that a coat of tar and feathers should be the punishment of Conway, and at 7 o'clock a large number of men gathered in front of the post-office, waiting for Conway to appear as usual. He didn't come; Patrick J. Flannery, another servant of Mr. Olney, appearing to get the mail.

John H. Crocker drove up and said he had come from Mr. Olney, who had told him he had discharged Conway. This did not satisfy those in the crowd, and they immediately formed in line and marched to Mr. Olney's summer home on Surf Drive, a mile from the post-office. Having arrived there they sang "Nearer, My God, To Thee." Then they knocked on the door, but nobody appeared.

After several futile attempts Mr. Baker addressed the gathering, defying Mr. Olney to appear.

The men proceeded to sing: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," and resumed their efforts to see Mr. Olney, but met with no success. The party returned to the hall and held an indignation meeting. Andrew W. Davis was elected chairman and Selectman Edward F. Lawrence secretary of the meeting.

On motion of Charles F. Baker a committee of three was appointed by the chairman to draw up resolutions to express the sentiment of the citizens. The chair appointed Charles F. Baker, Dr. Asa L. Pattee and Leon L. Rogers, and they presented the above resolution, which was adopted.

The meeting adjourned, and as soon as possible a stuffed figure representing Conway was prepared and the effigy was hanged to a telephone pole. The crowd then dispersed.

MENACE DR. MARY WALKER.

Syracuse, N. Y., September 18.—"The State of New York if it electrocutes the assassin of McKinley is just as great a murderer as he is. President McKinley was a murderer because he killed the poor Filipinos."

Dr. Mary Walker, the exponent of woman's rights, made this remark in a railroad station at Oswego this morning and narrowly escaped being lynched. Only the fact that she was a woman prevented her from being roughly handled by a crowd of angry workmen. A brawny laborer stood near the doctor at the ticket window in the station when she made the remark. The doctor was dressed in male attire as usual. The laborer was angered in an instant and was about to grab her by the throat when he recognized her and drew back his arm.

"If you were not a woman," he exclaimed, "I would knock you down. What right have you got to go about the country making such remarks? You ought to be lynched."

"Lynch her!" cried one.

"Yes, let us string her up!" added another. The doctor by this time was in a state of great terror. But the threats were not carried out, owing to the intervention of cooler heads. One of the men who had intervened for her turned to her and said:

"You are in the same class as Emma Goldman and Carrie Nation. You all ought to be put out of the way."

"Oh, she's crazy; let her go," interjected one man. This sentiment met with approval and the doctor was allowed to board her train without being molested.

CHURCH PEOPLE PUNISH A MAN WHO SPEAKS AGAINST MCKINLEY.

Omaha, Neb., September 8.—Church service was deferred in the little town of Fairmont, Neb., to-day while the younger members of the congregation chastised H. D. Gosser, a detractor of President McKinley. Gosser stood in the center of a group on the steps of the Presbyterian Church and took part in the conversation on the common theme. He remarked that the parishioners were simply kissing the hand of their op-

pressor in expressing regret at his overthrow. It afforded him pleasure, he said, to see a promoter of trusts come to a violent end.

A party of young men interrupted Gosser rudely at this juncture and carried him to a small pond a short distance away. The victim was repeatedly doused until he was nearly drowned. He was then set astride a rail and headed a procession along the road. His captors dumped him into a thicket and returned to the church.

The congregation awaited the outcome outside the building and upon the return of the party entered the church and began the service an hour behind the usual hour.

BURN THE DOG.

Czolgosz, the assassin, was burned in effigy at State and Madison streets at 10 o'clock, September 20. The crowd which gathered around the burning figure became noisy and the police dispersed the people and cut the dummy figure of the anarchist down.

It was shortly before 10 o'clock when several men dragged a figure fully dressed to the electric light pole, threw the rope to the top, and hoisted the effigy. A sign was suspended across the breast which read:

CZOLGOSZ.

We don't want anarchists in this country.

One of the spectators lighted a match and set fire to the image. It had been soaked with kerosene and it burned fiercely.

"That's right, burn the dog," cried an excited man.

"Every one of them should be lynched or driven out of the United States," yelled another.

Policeman John Moriarity climbed the pole and cut the figure down. The crowd jeered his efforts, but he dragged what was left of the effigy to the alley back of McVicker's Theater and then dispersed the gathering.

SAYS HE KNEW IT BEFOREHAND.

John Bitting, 43 years old, was arraigned before Magistrate Connorton in the Flushing Police Court on September 14 on the technical charge of being a suspicious person. He was arrested at Bay Side, L. I., where he had worked as a barber for Leo Rosalino for less than a week. It is said that Bitting had declared to several people in the town that he had known four weeks before the assassination that President McKinley would be shot. Frederic A. Storm, a son of Congressman Frederic Storm of Bay Side, notified the police.

Bitting was represented in court by Counsellor James A. Gray of Flushing. The examination was adjourned until Wednesday. The Secret Service men were notified of the arrest and Bitting's record is being looked up. It was found that he came to Bay Side from the employment agency of Louis Geyer of East Thirty-fourth street, and that he was formerly head barber at the insane asylum at South Norwich, Conn. He appears to be perfectly rational.

GLAD MCKINLEY WAS SHOT.

Burlington, Vt., Sept. 15—Private Devine of Troop H, Eleventh United States Cavalry, stationed at Fort Ethan Allen, is to-night the most despised man in his regiment. At retreat, one week ago last night, when the men were informed of the attempt to assassinate President McKinley, Devine expressed great satisfaction over the event, and applied an uncomplimentary epithet to the President.

Devine's comrades were furious, and he was roughly handled and placed in the guard house. There, in a darkened room, he has been supplied with short rations, awaiting the outcome of the attack on the President's life. He was tried by court-martial to-day and sentenced to imprisonment for a long term—the officers at the fort refuse to say how long, but it is generally understood that it was for twenty years. He will probably be taken to Governor's Island.

FUNERAL TRAIN IN PERIL.

Rochester, N. Y., September 17.—All agents on the Allegheny division of the Pennsylvania Railroad received this important and highly sensational dispatch on Sunday night:

Men were seen tampering with the track near Ischua late to-night. Instruct all track men to remain on duty until after the funeral train has passed.

Creighton, Superintendent Allegheny Division.

It is believed that anarchists had perfected a plot to wreck the Presidential funeral train and that they made the attempt on Sunday night, acting upon incorrect information regarding the time of its departure from Buffalo and probable hour of passing Ischua. Ischua is a small station in this State, 57 miles from Buffalo, on the Allegheny division of the Pennsylvania road. Sunday night a number of men were seen in the vicinity of Ischua placing obstacles on the track. The fact was reported to the Pennsylvania Company by two men who witnessed the work of the train wreckers in time to warn the agent at Ischua. The latter saw to it that the obstructions were promptly removed. The Ischua agent saw the men at work when he approached the spot designated by his informants. The train wreckers discovered the agent before he was close enough to get a view of their features and made good their escape.

On the stretch between Frankville and Olean the Washington special makes a speed of 60 miles an hour. The anarchists chose a point for their work which would have made the wreck complete and would inevitably have destroyed a large number of lives.

THREATENED LYNCHING IN MINNESOTA.

St. Paul, Minn., September 18.—Rev. Albert Dahlquist to-night barely escaped being lynched by a howling mob of about 1,000 persons, who demanded that he be hanged.

Dahlquist is alleged to have made a speech in Minneapolis a few days ago in which he referred to the assassination of President McKinley as "a noble deed." The man is an itinerant preacher and has been holding meetings on Payne avenue in a district largely inhabited by Scandinavians. Many of these persons had heard of his Minneapolis speech, and when he appeared at the hall to preach a crowd of over 1,000 had assembled.

As soon as Dahlquist appeared a rush was made for him and threats of hanging and other ill treatment were made on all sides. He had

anticipated trouble, however, and a squad of policemen acted as a body-guard. They had great difficulty in protecting the man, and at last he broke away, jumped out of the window and ran down the street with the mob at his heels. Dahlquist outfooted his pursuers, however, and escaped.

QUICKLY SENT TO JAIL.

New York, September 18.—At the Essex Market Police Court this morning a man in the crowd of spectators openly sneered at the badge of mourning which the police magistrate wore around his coat sleeve out of respect for the late President. Two minutes later the stranger was on his way to Blackwell's Island to do a sixty-day sentence to "give him time to reflect over the next insult he might offer to the memory of Mr. McKinley," as the magistrate put the case.

Alfred Danschaal, a Dane aged fifty-two years, was sent to jail at Plainfield, N. J., for sixty days in default of a fine of $60 imposed for abusive language directed against the late President McKinley.

WAR AGAINST THE ANARCHISTS.

Newark, N. J., Sept. 18.—The war of extermination against anarchists in Newark, which has been instituted by the police and the grand jury, was continued to-night by the executive board, which, on complaint of a police captain, voted to reject the application for a saloon license made by the men charged with harboring the anarchists, Zolkowsky and Cesceo, who were arrested Saturday night in the saloon while drinking a toast to the health of Emma Goldman and Czolgosz and commending the assassination of the President.

The board also adopted a resolution to the effect that any saloon-keeper possessing a license who shall be charged by the police with permitting anarchists to assemble in his place of business and make demonstrations against the government or the good order of the community shall suffer the revocation of his license and shall not again receive a license.

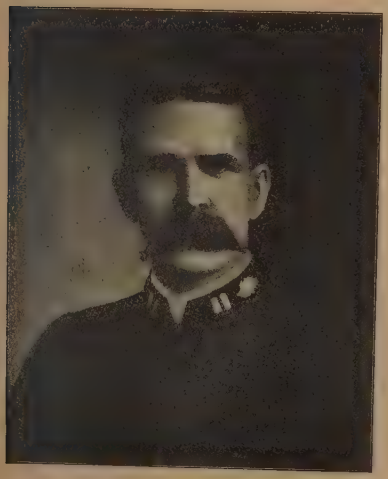
Stanberry, Mo., Sept. 18.—A mob to-day captured Perry Marsh, who had said that he wished President McKinley would die, and taking

JOHN G. MILBURN.

President of the Pan-American Exposition and President McKinley's host. He was standing at the right of the President when the shots were fired.

GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

Private Secretary to McKinley—was the first to reach him after he was shot.



DR. P. M. RIXEY.

Family physician of the McKinley family.

MISS GRACE MACKENZIE.

The Philadelphia nurse who attended President McKinley during his last hours.

RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT MILBURN OF THE PAN-AMERICAN EXPOSITION, BUFFALO.

(Where President McKinley died.)

MILBURN MANSION (REAR).

The windows indicated by X are those of the room occupied by President McKinley after the shooting.

him to the city park threatened to lynch him. Marsh apologized humbly, his apology was accepted by vote and the crowd dispersed. Marsh, who is a laboring man, left town.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 18.—Frank Idings, who a few days ago said that he belonged to a society that would give $50,000 to any man who would kill President Roosevelt, was to-day ordered turned over to the board of managers of the Ohio penitentiary by Judge Kennedy of the central police station. Idings was identified as a paroled convict. He was sentenced to the penitentiary in March, 1898, to serve five years for burglary in this city and was paroled in December, 1898. He will now serve two years more in the state prison.

Norman, Ok., Sept. 18.—Citizens of Norman are demanding the resignation of Police Judge A. Overstreet because he is reported to have said that it was a shame to arrest Emma Goldman and that it would have been better for the poor people if McKinley had been killed long ago.

Marshfield, Ore., Sept. 18.—John Peterson, who says he is a Norwegian, was run out of Marshfield to-day on account of utterances derogatory of the late President McKinley. Two men living on Coos river are reported to have expressed satisfaction at President McKinley's assassination. A party has been formed to visit them to-morrow.

ANARCHIST IS SHOT DOWN.

Sharon, Pa., Sept. 18.—John Martina, a sympathizer of Leon Czolgosz, the assassin of President William McKinley, is lying in a critical condition at Coaltown, the result of being shot last night for anarchistic utterings. Martina and several of his friends got into a heated discussion over the shooting of President McKinley, when Martina exclaimed that Czolgosz did right and ought to be cleared. This unpatriotic utterance started the fight, revolvers were drawn and Martina was shot. It is feared that he will not recover.

Evansville, Ind., Sept. 18.—Robert Walsh was taken before the police judge and sentenced to the county jail for three months for making a remark to the effect that he was glad McKinley had been killed.

Quenemo, Kan., Sept. 18.—William Graham, a section hand who

made remarks against the late President McKinley, was ordered by the Mayor to leave town at once. If he is here to-morrow the people say he will be tarred and feathered.

TRY TO STRING UP MCKINLEY'S MALIGNER.

Chicago, September 19.—But for the timely interference of the police of the West Thirteenth street station Frank Hemlick, 903 West Nineteenth street, would have been severely dealt with by the employes of the Heywood & Wakefield Rattan Company, Taylor street and Western avenue.

Hemlick was at work Saturday morning when one of the men working with him remarked that it was a shame to kill so good a man as President McKinley. Remlick, it is said, remarked that it was a good thing he was out of the way, as it would give a good man an opportunity. This remark was overheard by a number of employes, who immediately congregated about Hemlick and threatened to do him violence. One said it would be a good thing to hang such an unpatriotic fellow as Hemlick.

Three of the men brought a rope and were intent on fastening it about Hemlick's neck when they were stopped by John De Roche, a brother of Detective Sergeant De Roche, who told them they were acting foolishly.

"Boys, you had better report this affair to the superintendent," said De Roche, "and let him handle the matter. He will use his own judgment, and it will be good judgment at that." This satisfied the men and word was sent to Superintendent Colvin Hill, who on hearing the story immediately discharged Hemlick.

NEW JERSEY GOVERNOR WARNED.

Trenton, N. J., Sept. 18.—Governor Voorhees to-day received a postal card postmarked Hoboken, N. J., which read as follows: "You want to keep quiet and keep your detectives away from here or you will get what McKinley got. We are looking for your kind." The card bore no signature. It is thought that it came from Anarchists at Hoboken.

ASSAULT IN A MISSOURI TOWN.

Springfield, Mo., Sept. 18.—Several Anarchists live here and the Chicago police a few days ago requested that they be watched. To-day three men went into a trunk factory, dragged the proprietor, Fred Young, into the street, and assaulted him. Young says he is a Socialist and not an Anarchist. His place is under police protection and further violence is feared. H. M. Tichenor, editor of the New Dispensation, a publication with Anarchistic tendencies, has left the city on advice of the police.

Delaware, O., Sept. 8.—Former City Commissioner R. O'Keefe and Farmer Le Fevere engaged in a fierce battle yesterday, one with a pistol, the other with a stone cutter's hammer. O'Keefe was working fifteen miles east of here, when he told Le Fevere of the President's injuries.

Le Fevere said the President should have been shot four years ago, whereupon a fight ensued, the farmer being nearly beaten to death. O'Keefe secured the pistol from the farmer and brought it here last night.

Squire Wheeler refused Le Fevere a warrant for O'Keefe's arrest.

Cincinnati, O., Sept. 8.—Quivering with emotion he tried in vain to suppress, protesting passionately that he was innocent, Mounted Patrolman George Huessman was compelled to stand before a crowd in the office of Superintendent of Police Deitsch while Inspector Casey took from him the insignia of a member of the police department. The man failed to convince the superintendent that he did not mean what he said when, on Saturday morning, he is reported to have remarked to Patrolman Bell that he was glad McKinley had been shot, and that McKinley, Hanna, and the rest of the trust crowd ought to have been shot long ago.

WAS ON HIS WAY TO KILL ROOSEVELT.

New York, Sept. 14.—Charles Miller, who was arrested at the Grand Central station last night by Central office detectives, was taken from the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital to Yorkville court to-day and formally returned to the institution for mental examination.

Miller left Berlin, N. H., yesterday morning, saying that he was

going to Washington to kill Mr. Roosevelt. The police of this city were notified and when Miller alighted from a train last night he was arrested. The police believe the man is insane. Frequently Miller waved his hands about him, and to all appearances acted as one insane.

While the clerk was drawing up the affidavits Magistrate Brann said to the prisoner:

"What objections have you got to this government?"

"It would be better," shouted Miller, "if we had an emperor. I want to know," he continued, "what the police mean by getting after me? It costs me a lot of money to get away from them, for they are always after me."

Asked if he believed in Anarchists, Miller replied:

"You people don't know what you are talking about. I am not an Anarchist. Can't I read what the Most and Emma Goldman say without being an Anarchist. I am a great reader. I don't know what you all want with me."

Detective Sergeant Rheaune undertook to quiet the man by saying that he should not talk so much, and that he had been treated very nice last night.

"I don't want to be treated nice by your people," was Miller's reply.

By this time the affidavits had been made out, and Magistrate Brann signed the order of commitment. In Miller's pockets the police found a newspaper clipping telling of the arrest of Most.

Johann Most, who was arrested Thursday on the charge that he had printed a seditious article in his paper, the Freiheit, was released to-day on $1,000 bail. He will be examined in a police court next Monday.

When the fact of the shooting of President McKinley became known, there was no Socialist with the taint of Anarchism in his or her blood who did not hasten to talk as if an editor or a seeker of notoriety by habit, to write or shout that the murderous assault must have been made by a lunatic. One can see in the matter gathered from all quarters and presented in this chapter that there is an Anarchist organization in this country, and that the denials that the assassin of a representative of government of any kind anywhere are not the high blossoms of the system are falsifications, an ambuscade of words that are woven into a fiction. It is a part of the system to hold fanatical gatherings, to make themselves frantic about public affairs, and that the climax of it is to intro-

duce murder as a factor in politics. The Government of the United States is threatened by the assassin. When an Anarchist is sufficiently maddened to make up his mind to do murder for his cause, he goes off on his bloody errand—is provided with means to travel, to eat and drink, and arm himself for the slaughter; and the test above all others of a true Anarchist is to deny that he has any accomplices. He always makes that denial. It is his highest duty as a member of an organization to deny that there is one, and the greatest sacrifice to membership to say he has no friends. The special weakness of the Anarchist when he takes the highest degree of Anarchism, that of self sacrifice to the "duty," assassination, is his vanity. Of course he is fundamentally foolish, but his grand possession is egotism. That was what overcame the infatuation of the assassin of McKinley. When he had shot the President and was safe in jail, he was in a state of exaltation and talked. He denied all stories and theories that he had assistants. He wanted the fame all to himself, but he pointed out the woman who indoctrinated him. Of the theory of the distinguished Dr. Talmage that the thing to do with the assassin of the President was to have beaten his brains out on the spot, all the Anarchists would have rejoiced, and all who have incited public hatred as a political element would have insisted upon the insanity of the wretch. It is the desperate effort of a mob always to disfigure one destroyed by their sudden violence. If the assassin of McKinley had been so mutilated and disfigured as not to be recognizable, the Anarchists would never have recognized the remains. It would have suited them if there had been established a mystery of murder. The people at large of the United States will read this chapter with surprise, because it shows a considerable number of persons and places where the assassination of the President was in various ways approved—when the President was visited in his dying agony, and the assassin sustained for the horror that he was fool and blind enough to describe as a "duty."

CHAPTER V.

ANARCHY AS A DOCTRINE.

Proposed International Remedy—The Inflammatory State of the Public Mind—Incidents of a Warning Nature—Senator Depew on the Exposure of Our Presidents to Extraordinary Risks—The Necessity of Safeguards.

It is Washington news that the necessity of international co-operation for the suppression of anarchists has several times been brought to the attention of the administration.

Germany and Austria recently suggested an international agreement under which the nations would jointly and separately proceed to stamp out the pest. The time is at hand, representatives of European nations assert, when the governments must organize and adopt an effective method of preventing the spread of anarchism.

The assassination of President McKinley may result in the advances of Germany and Austria being encouraged, and an international agreement may be reached at an early date.

Mr. John W. Mackay, who arrived on the St. Paul the day after President McKinley's death, ordered the Commercial Cable offices in London, Paris, New York and other cities, with the Postal Telegraph offices, draped in honor of the dead President. He expressed the deepest sympathy for Mrs. McKinley and said the life of her husband was "worth more to the country than all the anarchists that could be piled up between here and perdition." The feelings of the passengers on the ship, he said, were too deep for adequate expression. Every one favored the immediate passage of a law by Congress that would hang the guilty anarchists and drive their upholders out of the country or put them at work on some island.

"They should be dealt with severely," said Mr. Mackay. "We never had so good a government in San Francisco and Virginia City as during those years when the vigilance committees were in control. Every offender was tried by a jury of twelve good men, and, if found guilty, executed on the spot. Bad characters left the country instantly on receiving warning from the committee. It did not have to be repeated.

"I hope the newspapers and public officials will urge immediate ac-

tion. This shooting down of good men like President McKinley is a serious matter. It makes no difference how brave a man may be, some cowardly assassin, with a noiseless gun, may shoot him from a roof at some unexpected moment. Guards amount to nothing. Men have been assassinated in the midst of their soldiers.

"Summary justice properly executed will do the work. Drive the anarchists out of America. Hang every one of them caught in these crimes without delay. Let the movement begin with vigorous action on the part of the community, and they will disappear when they find we mean business. Every anarchist arriving in this country should be sent back by the next steamer. The European police will attend to them. They are shadowed everywhere and they should be kept over there—hunted down and promptly exterminated.

"The time has come for business men to take hold of this matter and settle it in good shape. There should be no half-way measures. Let the papers help the movement along, force Congress to make a proper law at the earliest moment and have officials see that it is executed. Public sentiment will do the rest. The country will sustain such a movement and make anarchy a thing of the past."

Regarding the financial outlook, Mr. Mackay said: "I believe that Mr. Roosevelt will make a good President. He is a man of experience and sense; and, better than all, a patriot and a thorough American. He knows just what we want, and he will do his best to shape things accordingly. He has natural executive ability, and I believe his policy will be conservative and wise—and always for the best interests of business and the country.

The way a melee began in New York on the night after the death of President McKinley shows how likely there is to be fire when there is so much fuel and the sparks are flying. A crowd attacked the building at No. 185 Henry street, where an anarchistic paper, the Arbiter Stimme, is published, with threats to lynch the editor and a band of fellow-anarchists who were gathered there. The anarchists fled up three flights of stairs to the roof and escaped to the street through another building. The crowd broke all the windows and battered down the door with paving stones.

One of the anarchists, said to be A. Janowsky, editor of the paper, was later found in the neighborhood. A crowd of young men chased him yelling, "Kill the anarchist." He ran through Clinton street to East

Broadway and sought refuge in a restaurant. The proprietor ordered him out and delivered him into the hands of the crowd. He was knocked down, kicked and beaten until he was nearly insensible. The crowd left him lying upon the sidewalk. None of the anarchists have since ventured to return to the Henry street place.

About 200 boys, headed by a drummer, paraded up and down Henry street. Suspended from a tree at No. 226 Henry street was a figure labeled "Czolgosz," and as often as the boys passed beneath they yelled and groaned and pelted the figure with stones. They visited the office of the Frei Arbiter Stimme to make sure the anarchists had not returned. Windows and doorways were crowded with people who expected there would be trouble.

A reporter asked one of the boys how the attack on the anarchists was precipitated.

"We made a man out of straw," he said, "and hung it to the lamp-post in front of the house because we knew they were anarchists. One of the men came out and ordered us away. We asked him if he was an American, and he said no, that it was no use to become a citizen and that he was an anarchist. Then the trouble began."

Dr. M. Rosenthal, who owns the house and leases the basement to the anarchists, said:

"I never in my life saw such an angry mob. There were men as well as boys in it and they seemed to have lost all control of themselves. If they had caught those anarchists when they broke in I believe they would have torn them to pieces."

Victor Gasscoe, 38, of No. 231 West Kinney street, and August Briscow, 17, of No. 13 Clayton street, Newark, two avowed anarchists, are prisoners at the Fourth Precinct Police Station in that city. They were captured while having a frolic on hearing of the death of President McKinley. They will be arraigned before Judge Lambert in the First Criminal Court, charged by Police Captain Edwards with uttering seditious language and with brutally assaulting a woman who displayed courage enough among a crowd of boisterous men to cry "Shame!" at them.

Gasscoe and Briscow were arrested late Saturday night by Captain Edwards and Patrolman Rommeihs in the saloon of John Drozdowsky, No. 20 Charlton street, whose place has long been suspected of being a rendezvous of anarchists.

The captain was walking along Springfield avenue, when he came upon Mrs. John Soslosky of No. 43 Charlton street, who was weeping from the pain of a swollen and bruised face. A bystander informed the captain that Mrs. Soslosky had been assaulted by a man in Drozdowsky's saloon because she denounced him for saying that the assassination of President McKinley was a justifiable act, and also for drinking a toast to the health of the murderer, Czolgosz.

Mrs. Soslosky said she had entered Drozdowsky's saloon in search of her husband. She found the place crowded with half-drunken men, who were listening with apparent approval to a harangue which Gasscoe was delivering. According to Mrs. Soslosky, Gasscoe declared the President to be the embodiment of tyranny, and that his death had been too long deferred. Briscow approved the sentiments of Gasscoe, and these two arose and drank beer to the toast of "Long life to Czolgosz, the hero."

Mrs. Soslosky bravely faced Gasscoe and cried:

"Shame on you for saying such words!"

Gasscoe's answer was a blow which struck Mrs. Soslosky in the face and knocked her down. Nobody interfered and the woman left the saloon to search for a policeman.

Captain Edwards, Patrolman Rommeihs and Mrs. Soslosky went to Drozdowsky's saloon. Approaching Gasscoe, Captain Edwards said: "So you are an anarchist?"

"Yes, I am an anarchist, and I am proud of it," replied Gasscoe.

The captain seized him and dragged him from his chair. Gasscoe showed fight, but was subdued by a blow in the face. Captain Edwards faced the crowd of other anarchists, who fell sullenly back. Patrolman Rommeihs arrested Briscow.

An immense crowd followed the prisoners to the Fourth Precinct Station-house. Realizing the danger and hearing the cries of "Lynch them!" the policemen hurried to the station-house with their captives.

One thousand angry men and women gathered about the station-house. There was talk of storming the building, and Captain Edwards was forced to order out the reserves to disperse the mob.

Paul Wurz, living at Haledon, N. J., got into an argument at the Bellevue Hotel Saturday after Mr. McKinley's death over the assassination of the President.

"He never was any good!" shouted Wurz. "He ought to have been shot long ago!"

In a twinkling the spectator was lying on the floor. A minute later he was rolling in the gutter outside. Wurz picked himself up, smashed a window with a stone and ran away, but he was caught hiding behind an anarchist meeting hall at No. 325 Straight street by Policeman Fields. Later in the day Wurz was taken into court and fined $25 for his seditious words and $6 for breaking the window.

Senator Depew thus reported on his visit to Buffalo, where he was at the time of President McKinley's death:

"I went several times to the Milburn house. At 4 o'clock, although the report came that the President had rallied, the committee of railroad men with whom I had been consulting decided to postpone the exercises for Railroad Day. On my visits to the Milburn house I found no especial alarm. What was apparently an extreme attack of indigestion was considered to have been relieved. Later in the day almost the old hopefulness had its sway. Upon an evening visit, however, I found the gloom of a death chamber. I met Senator Hanna, who was quite unnerved, and he told me that the President was dead.

"I was among the men who were near Lincoln when he died and was by, also, when Garfield died. Those about Lincoln were in a wild rage for revenge. Garfield was so short a time President that beyond the general horror and sympathy there were no evidences of deep feeling. At the Milburn house on Friday night a stranger would have said that the Cabinet officers, the judges, the Senators, and the distinguished men who were associated with President McKinley were members of his family and were feeling in his death the loss of a most cherished member. The poignancy of the grief manifested was extraordinary and showed what a tremendous hold the President had on those who came in contact with him.

"Secretary Root is not an emotional man. His severe training at the bar has taught him to curb his feelings and given him a marvelous control over his emotions, but at the inauguration of Roosevelt, in an effort to make a simple announcement that the Cabinet desired the Vice-President to at once assume the presidency, Mr. Root's battle to prevent himself giving external evidence of grief intensified by its failure the broken sentences he uttered. I have witnessed most of the world's pageants in my time, where fleets and armies, music and can-

non, wonderful ceremonials and costumes enchanted the onlookers and fired the imagination, but that all seems to me in recollection tawdry and insignificant in the presence of that little company in the library of the Wilcox house in Buffalo. It was apparently a gathering of professional and business Americans, coming hastily from their vocations to the meeting.

"There was an interregnum of a few hours in the Chief Magistracy of the Republic. The long silence in the library which had become painful was broken by a few scarcely audible words of the Secretary of War. A brief pause and then the emphatic announcement by the Vice-President of the continuance of the policy of McKinley for the peace, progress and honor of our beloved country lifted every one out of despair. Roosevelt, with his youthful and his magnificent, athletic personality, and the terrible earnestness of his little speech, seemed to personify the indomitable vigor of that American conquest and industrial and commercial evolution, and its continuance, of which McKinley, in the public mind, was largely the creator and wholly the representative. In repeating the words of the judge administering the oath, Roosevelt extended his hand over his head to the full length of his arm. He closely followed each sentence, and his ending seemed almost as if it was a salvo of artillery: 'And so I swear.'

"That little company had only a few minutes before left the house of the murdered President, and now they were extending congratulations to his successor who had assumed the greatest office which man can hold, and had become Chief Magistrate of the most powerful country in the world."

Commenting upon the act of the assassin at Buffalo, Senator Depew said:

"It is singular that the United States, possessing the freest government the world has ever known, its Presidents, with the exception of Washington, all having come from the humbler conditions and the tenure in the Chief Magistracy ending in four years, in thirty-six years three of them should have been assassinated. Autocratic Russia is a hotbed of conspiracy against the Czars, yet only one ruler in Russia has been murdered in the period covering the life of the American Republic. The 600 years of the Hapsburg house and nearly as many of the Hohenzollern dynasty have been free from the tragedy of assassination. Only one member of the house of Savoy, King Humbert, fell under the assas-

sin's hand. The English throne has been free from these crimes for a thousand years. In France in thirty years one of her Presidents has been assassinated; with the exception of Henry IV, none of her kings or emperors. The immunity of rulers of Continental Europe is ascribed to the care of guards. There are no special precautions surrounding the movements and residence of the English sovereign.

"The murder of Lincoln was not the act of an anarchist and was as deeply regretted by the South, whose wrongs Booth thought he was avenging, as by the North. Had Lincoln lived, the reconstruction of the South on lines satisfactory to its intelligence would have come much sooner. The assassination of a ruler has always defeated the purpose of the attack by intensifying the power of the government assailed. The assassination of Garfield was the crime of an addle-brained egotist seeking notoriety, without accomplices or sympathizers.

"President McKinley was the most beloved of our Presidents. Beyond any of them, he possessed the affection of the whole American people. Parties and partisanship had ceased to have any enmity toward him personally. He was not only the best friend of the workingman and the wage-earner who ever filled the place of ruler of a great country, but they all knew it and so regarded him. Notwithstanding these facts, this most popular of Presidents fell a victim to a conspiracy. His death was brought about as a result of teachings of a political school which, so far as they dare, approve and applaud the crime.

"The conditions which give comparative safety to European rulers and make the position of President of the United States the most hazardous place in the world, must be considered in the protection to be given in the future to our Presidents. All Continental governments by concert of action among the police of the several countries locate, identify and exchange descriptions of anarchists and anarchist groups. They arrest them on the slightest pretext, and in various ways endeavor to make life unbearable for them. The reds have in the main fled from these countries to find asylum only in Great Britain and the United States. They work a vigorous propaganda through their publications for use on the Continent. The Scotland Yard police keep the London anarchists under constant surveillance. The anarchist leaders in Russia are all foreigners, as with us, with the exception of one or two. The leaders in Great Britain order that no outrages be committed there. They know that any attempt on the life of the sovereign would lead to the expulsion of them all.

"The reds have discovered that in the United States there is such absolute freedom that there is no law, Federal or State, under which anything worse can happen than brief imprisonment if unsuccessful, and execution only if successful, to the member of their society upon whom the lot falls to assassinate a President, a governor, a judge or a policeman. The chief tenets of the anarchist organization being revolution of society by killing those who carry out its laws, now how can we protect our President and have him as safe from these assaults as European sovereigns?

"In the first place, President Loubet of the French Republic does not attend public meetings, speak from the platform or railway cars, move around in an approachable and conspicuous way to fairs and expositions, nor hold open levees for the shaking of hands. Whenever he appears he is guarded by secret police. They know his route, and, themselves inconspicuous, keep a constant watch on the President and those near him. Our Presidents are in the habit of shaking hands with everybody who wishes wherever they temporarily stop or have been staying. Can we afford, when the life of the President is so important to every interest of the country, to have him continue this ceremony without restriction or limitation? The American people number 77,000,000. It would be almost impossible for a President in his four years in office to shake hands with 50,000 persons. Considering that some one person in this insignificant proportion of our people might precipitate a tragedy that would plunge the whole country into grief and disturb commercial and industrial conditions, the question arises, Can we afford to continue to imperil our Presidents?

"We must begin at the fountain head and stop the reservoirs of European anarchy pouring into our country. Such certification of immigrants must be had as will establish a proper environment and association abroad before they pass our immigrant inspectors. Supplementing this, there should be under proper safeguards the power lodged somewhere to expel known enemies of our laws and country. Legislation should also be adopted by the Federal Government and all States that will take attempts upon the life of the President which fail out of the category of mere assaults."

Senator Depew's remarks about safeguarding Presidents should have the most respectful attention, for they are founded on information.

CHAPTER VI.

McKINLEY'S BOYHOOD AND EARLY MANHOOD.

McKinley's Boyhood as Told by His Mother—His Steady Rise to Leadership—How He Studied and Grew Strong—His Early Tariff Speeches—The Law that Bears His Name—The Object-Lesson He Gave the Country in His Journey Across the Continent—A Story of Him as a Boy-Soldier—His Story of His Own Regiment.

There has been no man of great prominence in our history, against whom the cry of establishing a class of rulers other than our citizens, native and naturalized, and doing something to abridge the liberties of the people at large, was less applicable in reason, than to President McKinley. He always was for the largest extension of manhood suffrage, and for the protection of the ballot and the ballot box—the acceptance of all honest votes and their counting as voted. There never was an utterance of his touching this fundamental theme that was not clear and large in its liberality, and this was a lifelong recognition in the broadest sense of the supreme sovereignty of the people of the United States.

In his boyhood, in the district of manufacturing industries of Ohio, he studied the problem of the protection of American labor as a question that came home to the house of his father, who was a workingman, in the literal use of the word; and one of the first things said of him, as he became known after his war experiences, and was a lawyer, is that he did that unusual thing—made a protectionist speech "interesting." The famous Thomas Corwin, the great wit and orator of his time, found nothing so difficult as to interest the people of the West about the tariff. The tendency of public speakers on that subject was to employ too many figures, and give them in combinations of intricacy. Young McKinley put the mathematics of the matter on the anvil, red hot, and hammered the metal into implements, making the sparks fly. He was strong-handed, and was deeply grounded and minutely informed. He addressed the men of toil in the fields and shops, and had the excellent and commanding quality of sincerity. No man heard him who did not know that whatever errors there might be in his sayings, he was speaking his own convictions and was smiting the iron when it was hot, doing it heartily, and in a masterly way putting a fine finish on his work, beginning with blows

like those delivered by a blacksmith and touching it up at last with strokes that gave symmetry to the blade he fashioned and added an edge.

The mothers of Washington, Grant, Garfield, and McKinley saw their sons Presidents, but Washington parted with his mother never to see her again, when on the way to be inaugurated the first time. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Benjamin Harrison lived to have the honor of seeing their fathers as guests in the White House. Nancy Allison McKinley gave this account of her illustrious son in a conversation reported by the Journal of December 27, 1896:

"Don't think my bringing up has much to do with making my son William the President of the United States. I had six children, and I had all my own work to do. I did the best I could, of course, but I could not devote all my time to him.

"William was naturally a good boy, but he was not particularly a good baby. He began to take notice of things when very young. He was a healthy boy.

"We lived in a village and he had plenty of outdoor air and exercise. He was a good boy in school and his teachers always said he was very bright. He had his little squabbles with his brothers and sisters, like all other children do. I guess I never paid much attention to that. He was always obedient, however, affectionate and very fond of his home.

"We were Methodists, though we never went to the extent of curbing the innocent sports of the children. William was taken to Sunday school about the same time that he began his studies in the village schoolhouse. He continued a faithful attendant every Sunday till he went away to the war. I brought up all my children to understand that they must study and improve their minds.

"My ideas of an education were wholly practical, not theoretical. I put my children into school just as early as they could go alone to the teacher, and kept them at it. I did not allow them to stay away. As you may imagine, I had little time to help in their studies, though I kept track of their work in a general way through the reports of their teachers. I did most of the household work, except the washing and ironing, and made nearly all the children's clothes; but I saw that the children were up in the morning, had breakfast and were promptly ready for school.

"That was the way the days of every week began for me. Ours was

a hard, earnest life. My husband was always an early riser and off to his work. I am now speaking of our life at Niles. At Poland he was away from home most of the time, and the whole burden of the family cares fell on me.

"We moved to Poland when William was about eleven years of age. We went there because the schools were better. My husband was a foundryman and his work kept him at Niles.

"William was a great hand for marbles, and he was very fond of his bow and arrows. He got so that he was a very good shot with the arrow and could hit almost anything that he aimed at. The thing he loved best of all was a kite. It seems to me I never went into the kitchen without seeing a paste pot or a ball of string waiting to be made into a kite. He never cared much for pets. I don't believe he ever had one.

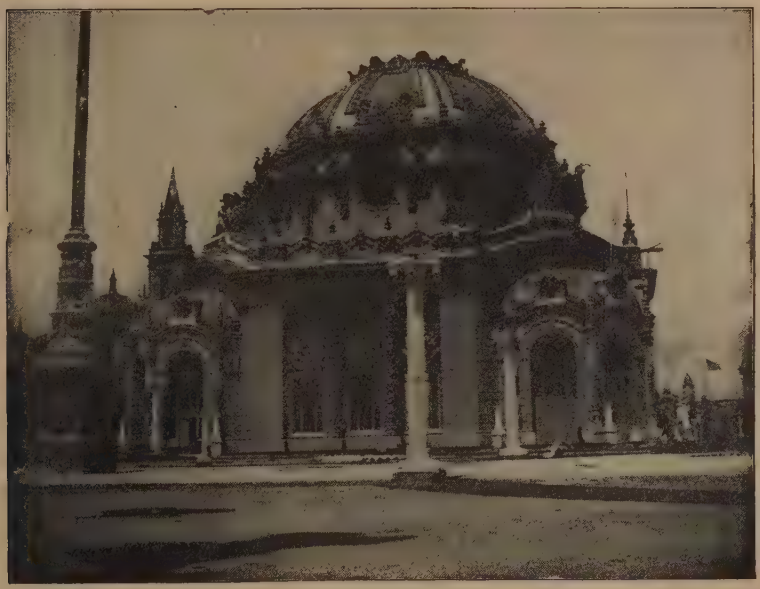
"We did not own a horse, so he never rode or drove. He was always teasing me to be allowed to 'go barefoot' the minute he came home from school. In 'going barefoot,' when he stubbed a toe or bruised his foot, he was as proud as a king in showing the injury to the other boys. When summer came he always had a stone bruise. His shoes came off before the snow had left the ground.

"Although William had no taste for fishing, and rarely, if ever, attempted the sport, he was fond of swimming in the deep pool on Yellow Creek, a little way above the dam. The swimming hole was reached by the left bank of the river, after crossing the bridge, and was shaded by a large black oak that spread its branches far over the water. Here the boys used to go after school on warm summer evenings and splash in the water for some time.

"Our first home in Poland was on the main street, just east of the corner store. It was—and still is—a frame building, painted slate color, and was not as large as the houses we afterward dwelt in. Our second residence was further down the street, toward the mill, where Dr. Elliott now lives. The third house, now occupied by Mrs. Smithers, was on the other side from the other two, and we had a veranda along the entire front of the house.

"William was promptly entered at the seminary and developed strong inclinations to study. In time he became a member of the literary association in the Poland Union Seminary, and I frequently heard of his taking part in the debates and other literary contests. Mrs.

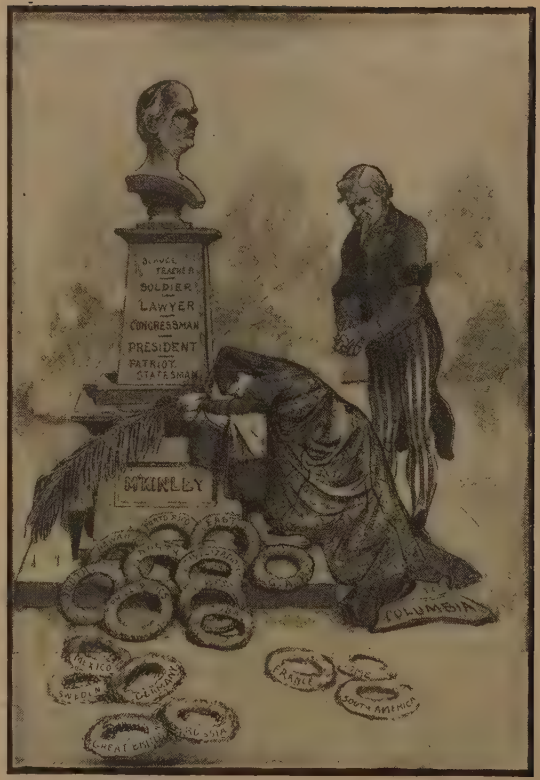
McKINLEY HOMESTEAD—CANTON, OHIO.



TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

(In which President McKinley was assassinated.)

TIME TO DRAW AND STRIKE.



ALL NATIONS MOURN PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S UNTIMELY DEATH.

Morse, who was his teacher, says that he excelled in the study of languages, although he was fairly 'good at figures.' I know that he was a constant reader, and by the time he was fifteen he began to read poetry, being especially fond of Longfellow and Whittier, and, I believe, Byron. From this time of his boyhood he gave up most of his sports except ball playing, swimming and skating. The boys played ball on the common behind the seminary.

"Practically, the McKinleys were very strong abolitionists, and William early imbibed very radical views regarding the enslavement of the colored race. As a mere boy he used to go to a tannery kept by Joseph Smith and engage in warm controversies on the slavery question. Mr. Smith was a Democrat, and so were several of the workmen about the tannery. These disputes never seemed to have occasioned any ill-feeling toward William, because he was always popular with the very men with whom he had the most controversy.

"This fact was shown by his being selected as a clerk at the little postoffice. As William grew older he developed fondness for the society of young men. This was encouraged by me. He had always shown great affection for his sisters, often preferring, as a boy, to remain indoors with them on holidays rather than to join in sports with other boys on the common.

"His boyhood days ended when he left home to go to the war. That took him out into the world in the broadest sense. Except for a few weeks spent at Allegheny, this, his first absence from home, was spent in a camp of war.

"What do I regard as essential in bringing up a boy to be President?

"I can scarcely say; there are so many things to teach boys. They should be taught to be honest in dealing with their fellow men. They should win the respect and confidence of all. Then boys should be brought up to love home, if you want to make good men, or Presidents either, of them.

"The home training, such as is inculcated in the true American home, is a great safeguard to the lads of this country. Boys, to be good men, must be good to their parents. Any boy who wants to be President should be honest and truthful, and he should love his home, his family and his country.

"No boy will ever be President who is afraid of hard work. I think religion is a great benefit to a boy. I know William was a bright boy

and a good boy, but I never dreamed that he would be President of the United States.

"After all, I don't believe I did raise the boy to be President. I tried to bring up the boy to be a good man, and that is the best that any mother can do. The first thing I knew, my son turned around and began to raise me to be the mother of a President."

The age of William McKinley when he enlisted as a soldier of the United States was seventeen years. Once, in the first term of his Presidency, he corrected a statement by a lady that he and Senator Foraker were of the same age when they entered the army as enlisted men. The President said that at the date of beginning military service the Senator was a year his junior; and a parallel of interest could be drawn as to their promotion and occupation, when they returned to civil life.

Their intelligence, business capacity and soldierly enterprise, bravery and solicitude for chances of daring, and energy in improving them, showed that they did very well, considering they were not pressed into high places by personal influences vigilant to call attention to their merits. They were not of the same army, Foraker being identified with the Western and McKinley with the Eastern lines of operation. They were high-spirited young men, and gained early the consideration of capable officers. McKinley was a private in the regiment commanded by Colonel, afterwards President, R. B. Hayes, and an early episode in his career would indicate that of a disposition to assert his rights as a boy carrying a gun, to have a good gun issued to him. An American soldier generally knows something about a gun, and objects seriously to handling a weapon inferior to that in possession of the enemy. This was observable at the opening of the Spanish war, when the Spanish had Mausers and smokeless powder, while some of the United States troops had Springfield rifles, asserted by the dissatisfied to be antiquated. This, it is to be remembered, was a state of things conspicuous in front of Santiago.

It was one day in an Ohio camp of instruction, before McKinley's regiment was ready for the field, that the boys were aroused and full of wrath because they had served to them guns of inferior quality. There was no disorder, but there were manifestations of dissatisfaction that caused protests to be made hardly in strict accord with military discipline, and McKinley was one of the boys who stood up for a better gun. He had very little to say, but was in the front line, when Colonel Hayes came to the rescue, and made a brief speech that was not forgotten

for a long time. The Colonel admitted that the guns were not fit to be given to the regiment, but were the best, indeed the only, guns that could be found for them. He called attention to the fact that in the Army of the Revolution the arms were often not suitable to be taken into active service. After reciting familiar anecdotes of the experience of the fathers, he invited the boys to take notice they would need a good deal of drilling before the firearms would be used on the battlefield, and that by the time they were sent under fire, they would have rifles that would be satisfactory, if they could be provided by the Government, which was making the utmost exertions to equip the men who were going forth to fight for the country, in the most becoming manner for efficiency. In conclusion, the Colonel mentioned the oath taken when mustered into service, and with stern words, but a kindly manner, adjourned the meeting, and the boys labored assiduously with the old muskets, until there was an exchange that was agreeable. The speech of Colonel Hayes on the gun question did much to make the officers and enlisted men acquainted, and they liked each other all the better.

Major McKinley attended often the reunions of his regiment, the Twenty-third, and was in high favor with his comrades. In 1877 his share of the encampment was to read a history of the services of the regiment, which was as follows:

MCKINLEY'S HISTORY OF HIS OWN REGIMENT IN THE CIVIL WAR.

The complete history of any one of the active veteran regiments from Ohio is almost the history of the war itself. The grand march of Sherman to the sea has its full record of events written in many Ohio regiments. Grant's great army of assault against Richmond finds its struggles and sacrifices, its defeats and its victories, fully told in Ohio's part in the war, while Sheridan's brilliant triumphs in the Shenandoah Valley cannot be written without Sheridan and the Ohio regiments.

The Twenty-third Ohio, whose first enlistment was for three years, was one of the first original three years' regiments mustered into the United States service from Ohio at Camp Chase, on the 11th day of June, 1861. In July, 1861, the regiment commenced active service in West Virginia under General Rosecrans, and from this time to its muster out in the summer of 1865 was for the most part engaged in active campaigning. Its first battle was that of Carnifax Ferry, September 10, 1861, famous to us chiefly because it was our first battle,

and enjoyable because our part in it was neither difficult nor dangerous, and for the additional reason that Floyd, under cover of the night, accommodated us by evacuating his stronghold, thus sparing us a renewal of the conflict in the morning. I will not pause before sterner events, which were soon to await us, to detail our experiences during the winter of 1861 and early spring of 1862. The expedition to Princeton, always in the advance; the burning of the village by the Confederate forces, the almost daily skirmishing with a retreating foe, the battle with General Heath, against fearful odds; the want of supplies, our beautiful camp at Flat Top mountain—the simple suggestion of these scattering incidents will bring a crowd of memories to your mind, and fill up the gap which my limited time forces me to omit in this narrative of the regiment.

WITH ARMY OF POTOMAC.

From these experiences, in August, 1862, with General Cox's division, we pass to the Army of the Potomac, and you will long remember that famous march, averaging over thirty miles per day for three days, to the boats that were waiting to transport us to our railroad connections. From Washington we moved on to Frederic, where, after little resistance and some fighting, we entered that beautiful city. There on to Middletown, and just fifteen years ago to-day, in this very month, and upon this very day of the month—September 14, 1862—Cox's division fought the battle of South Mountain, the Twenty-third taking an active and conspicuous part in that engagement—a battle which for the skill and adroitness of its management, the fury and intensity of its execution, has few parallels in foreign or domestic wars—the real courage displayed then and there, by both officers and men, was an example of the after brilliant career of the regiment and division. Three bayonet charges were made, following in close succession up the steeps of that rugged slope, and, although the lieutenant-colonel commanding the regiment, to whom all looked for inspiration and direction, fell severely wounded at the head of his command, and two hundred of our brave comrades "fell where they fought," to the right and to the left, undaunted and unchecked you followed your new commander until Cox's division was master of the field and the situation. South Mountain was a splendid victory, though achieved at great cost.

AT BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

Quickly followed Antietam, one of the great battles of the war. Cox's division, on the extreme left, constantly and severely exposed, maintained itself throughout the day's desperate fighting and charging. The colors of the Twenty-third, shot down, are quickly replanted, a new line formed, another charge and the enemy retires. Conspicuous in the movement which carried the enemy's position at the famous stone bridge on the National right—the death trap of the Antietam battle-field—was the Twenty-third. The Kanawha division had done its duty well—it was thanked in general orders. Cox was made a Major-General, the eagle gave place to star on the shoulders of Crook, Scammon was alike promoted, and our wounded Hayes, to the delight of officers and men, was made the Colonel of the regiment he had so long commanded. Back again to the Kanawha; but before we reach its beautiful river and picturesque valleys the Confederate General Stuart gives us a little chase into Pennsylvania.

The winter quarters at the mouth of the Great Kanawha—thence back to Charleston in March, 1863; the movement against Raleigh; the whirl through Ohio after John Morgan, the first at New River bridge, its burning, the crossing of Salt Pond mountain, the latter forbidding description; a rocky, mountain pass, where every boulder in the road was like a little mountain; it was enough to appal the stoutest hearts. But the battle of Cloyd Mountain, under General Crook, famous in the regiment's history, must command a passing word. Skillful and furious, it tried the metal of the best men of the command. The Twenty-third was on the right of the First Brigade, and over the beautiful meadow which intervened, the troops move grandly at a double quick—the ball and canister of the enemy having little perceptible effect upon their well-formed line; down to the ugly stream which interposed its obstruction, in full sight and range of the Confederates. Without a halt, on they dash into it and across it. "Then with a yell, amidst shrapnel and shell," the ascent is commenced—quick and furious the charge is continued amid heavy fire of musketry; the enemy's works are taken, their artillery captured, and another great victory is added to the regiment's scroll of fame. Staunton is at last reached, and here the term of service of the regiment expires.

Although a hard and dangerous campaign is before us, the bulk of

what was left enrolled themselves for another three years with unfaltering devotion to the great cause, and with the determination to remain at the front until treason was destroyed and the unity of the Nation was established. Not pausing at Brownsburg and the resistance which everywhere greeted us, nor at Lexington and our triumphal entrance into that city after the Confederates had destroyed the bridge, on to Lynchburg we march, meeting and driving the enemy at every point, capturing their artillery, moving like the resistless current of a mighty river. Acknowledging no impediments and yielding to no resistance, nothing could then have stood between our advance column and Lynchburg but command to halt from one higher in command than a Crook, a Hayes, or a Duval. Lynchburg, that coveted prize, was within its grasp; but lo! in the morning it was too late; the shades of night had safely guided re-enforcements from Richmond to that beleaguered garrison, the opportunity of the previous night was gone, and we were at the mercy of the enemy. The command fought with the highest possible courage, but overpowered by excessive numbers, surrounded on all sides, it took the genius of a Crook, the steady, vigorous hand of a Hayes, and the thorough discipline of the troops to save us from complete capture or a dreadful slaughter. Two days and two nights, without sleep or rest, part of the time wholly without food; fighting and marching and suffering, it seems to me, as I recall it, almost unreal and incredible that men could or would suffer such discomforts or hardships; but, my friends, it was all real—indeed I have not told half the suffering that was endured upon that retreat. Without flinching, the regiment obeyed every order that was given, unfalteringly it moved wherever duty summoned, without a murmur of complaint or a word of dissatisfaction—silently, grandly, patiently, and courageously they bore it all. Big Sewall mountain is reached, and, though we had sat at its base and viewed its summit many times before, we gave it thrice welcome, for here was rest for the footsore and weary soldier and food for his almost exhausted body.

WITH SHERIDAN AT WINCHESTER.

From here we were ordered to Martinsburg with General Crook, thence to Cabletown, and now comes a day of supreme peril—the fight and surprise at Snicker's gap. The Twenty-third and Thirty-sixth Ohio are completely surrounded by two divisions of Confederate cavalry; but,

with a courage born of desperation, they mow down the solid column which stands between them and safety, and again are ready for a new encounter, which they find at Winchester on the 24th of July, 1864. This battle-scarred and war-beaten place was to be the theater of another engagement, which to us proved highly disastrous. Our regiment, three times recruited, lost over one-sixth of its force, but never its old spirit and discipline, and when at Martinsburg Crook ordered an attack upon the rebel cavalry, it was done with the old shout of triumph, and they were sent whirling back to their reserve—the infantry.

I must hasten on. Sheridan comes with a re-enforcement of cavalry and infantry and is placed chief in command. Now commences a waltz up and down the valley, fighting and skirmishing, first at this point, and then at another, intrenching ourselves for a little while here and then over yonder. Halltown becomes the scene of a sharp and decisive conflict between Hayes' brigade and Kershaw's division, resulting in a marked victory, routing the enemy and capturing many prisoners. I witnessed nothing through the war more plucky and determined than the affair just mentioned. It was the dash of sublime and wicked audacity. Skirmishes were the order of the day, until September 3d, when the night battle at Benyville was fought by Crook's division, continuing until after 10 o'clock. It was a grand spectacle! the flashes from the musketry and artillery illuminating the field with the brilliancy of a thousand gas jets. I pass over and on to the battle near Winchester, September 19th, called officially, I believe, the battle of Opequan. This was a general engagement in which the forces on both sides stubbornly contested the field. For a time the fortunes of war waned, when at last our line received a shock which secured the Confederates an advantage. Crook's army was then hurried to the front, and, in reaching its assigned place, Hayes, impatient of delays and obstructions, dashed into that deep and insurpassable morass, never before traversed by the foot of man, his horse sinking almost from sight; now dismounted, he leaps to his saddle again, and, floundering, struggling, and wading, he reaches the other side in safety; then at the word of command the Twenty-third followed its old commander over the dangerous marsh, determined to go wheresoever he led them. Then into line; charge after charge is made; desperate and more desperate they grew, grape and canister were fast thinning out our ranks; another assault, and the ponderous columns met in the shock of

the battle; then the death grapple and the shouts of victory went up from Sheridan's forces, as when storms the welkin rend.

We had won the day. Winchester was ours with the key to the valley of the Shenandoah.

Following here was Crook's brilliant flank movement along North Mountain and the enemy's left, by which they were dislodged and driven from their stronghold in utter rout and demoralization. Thinking only of personal safety, they left camp, equipage, artillery, and stores, giving us undisputed possession of what was believed to be an impregnable position. Strategic in its conception, impetuous in its execution, it stamped General George Crook as one of the foremost Generals in the war. This was thought to be the last of Early, but it was not. His silence and seeming inertness following Fisher's Hill were only the cover of a well planned and skillfully executed assault upon our lines upon the morning of October 19, 1864, at Cedar Creek. Memory cannot soon forget Cedar Creek. The complete rout, the sweeping disaster of the morning—the glorious, grand victory of the evening! Memorable in the annals of that army, significant to the country at large, it quickened and unified public sentiment in the North, and stirred up emotions everywhere, such as no conflict up to that time had done. I will not, I cannot, describe the anguish of defeat in the morning, or the hallelujahs of victory in the evening.

Historians have tried it only to fail—it cannot be written. The men only who were a part of the day's changing fortunes are conscious of it. The morning was ushered in, gloomy and indescribable; the evening closed grand, triumphant, unspeakable, and full of glory. It is the Marengo of the American rebellion, grander, and singularly more brilliant and exceptional than Marengo, for Napoleon retrieved his defeat and losses of the morning by the arrival of a fresh and well disciplined corps, while the army of the Shenandoah retrieved its great disasters by the arrival, not of a corps, nor a division, but of a single man—the gallant Phil Sheridan—

> Who had ridden all the way
> From Winchester town to save the day.

Here ends the most thrilling incidents of the regiment's history, and here the downfall of the Confederacy was clearly prefigured. The remainder of the regiment's service, a part of which was in the division

commanded by that distinguished soldier, General S. S. Carroll, whose almost countless wounds attest his courage and devotion, consisted of camp and picket duty, hard marches, and frequent skirmishes, until the final surrender at Appomattox courthouse was everywhere proclaimed.

As the Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, Congressman McKinley's policy became the McKinley law, and in due course the Soldier and Statesman was elected President, and the country, knowing the man and his measure, and measures illustrated in its prosperity, accepted the truth of his contentions. No man ever had more magnificent confirmation than he of public policy.

The theories that were opposed to the principles of McKinley had a remarkably vigorous presentation in the many speeches of the Presidential candidate, under whose leadership the antagonisms were mustered, but there was for McKinley the evidence of things done, the testimony of events; and when his second election as President took place, and it was certified that there was not to be a change in American policy, then there came to pass a movement in Europe—the central point of the development of agitation being in Vienna—looking to a confederacy of Empires, to institute protection for the European peoples against the conquering progress of North America in the manifestation of superior resources under enlightened administration of wholesome protective laws, made by the people for the people. The journey of the President of the United States across the continent was an object-lesson to the powers of Europe, that the foundations of American prosperity grew firm as broad, that the American people had emerged from the hands of those who would belittle their greatness. The Government was going on, without a jar, while the President was at his home in Ohio. The President gave his presence to the Pan-American Exposition, in part because it was Pan-American, and offered the occasion to celebrate the progress of that which the Filipinos call the Great North American Republic.

At this point of our historical advancement, expansion, elevation, opulence, progress—the anarchist appeared with his pistol, and fired his significant, sinister, murderous shot.

CHAPTER VII.

McKINLEY AND PHIL SHERIDAN.

Who Sheridan Found First at the End of His Famous Ride from Winchester to a Lost Battlefield that Was Soon Regained—A Letter From McKinley to Murat Halstead.

William McKinley, the third martyr President, was the first man Sheridan found at the end of his ride from Winchester down to the fight, who could tell what had happened and where the men the General wanted were. The President was one of the heroes of the battle.

The most spirited, brilliant and striking of the poems of the war of the States and sections of our reunited country is that by Thomas Buchanan Read on "Sheridan's Ride," at the end of which the General steadied the lines that had been broken, regained the lost field and won a decisive victory.

It happened that the author of this book was personally much interested in Read's poem, for at the time it was written his residence was next door to Read's on the south side of East Eighth street, Cincinnati, and Mr. Halstead heard all about the poetry before it was read in public by James E. Murdock, in Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, and printed next day in the Cincinnati Commercial. Mr. Read was called before the curtain after the reading, which was a thrilling success and a dramatic scene, and received an ovation that rewarded him for his evening's work. His brother-in-law, Cyrus Garrett, had returned from his plow manufactory to his home—Mr. and Mrs. Read were his guests—and he, throwing down Harper's Weekly before Read, said in his very practical way: "There, Read, is something you ought to write about."

The first page was filled with Sheridan on his black horse at full speed down the Winchester turnpike, riding to the sound of the artillery that was echoing from the slopes of the Blue Ridge, and thundering along the splendid valley of Virginia. Garrett and his wife, who was the poet's sister; Read and his wife, a slender and beautiful woman with golden hair, and the celebrated actor and elocutionist, Murdock, sat down to supper.

Read was silent and pensive, and, as when he wrote "Drifting," he could have said, "My soul to-day is far away." He had hardly tasted food

when he whispered to his wife: "Please bring to our room presently a pot of tea." He was already absorbed in writing when he got the tea, and his wife glided away.

In a couple of hours he appeared in the parlor with some blotted and scribbled sheets and read the immortal lines. But he did not read as well as he wrote, and, when he had concluded, Murdock snatched the manuscript and coined every word, and made the coin ring as he read, saying at the conclusion: "The very thing for me to read to-morrow night at the opera house," and the roof of the house, being strongly fastened with iron rods, held fast while it was done.

Major McKinley was one of the soldiers who stood with the colors while Sheridan rode down from Winchester. His extraordinary intelligence, ability and bravery made him well known to Sheridan, Wright, Crook and Hayes, and without favor he had won promotion by gallantry on other fields. It was not until he was Governor of Ohio that the writer heard of the fact that it was to speak to him that Sheridan drew rein on his black steed when he reached the firm fragments of the line of battle, his staff strung out on the white pike for a mile, and Mr. Halstead wrote to the Major, requesting him to state the facts. He replied, and was asked to be allowed to publish the letter, but he said no; that he did not care to get into print about himself.

To all who were in the battle, or have studied the story of it, the letter following is a series of war pictures possessing the highest interest and charm:

"State of Ohio, Executive Department. Office of the Governor, Columbus, Feb. 16, 1895.—My Dear Mr. Halstead: Upon my return from my Eastern trip I find yours of the 12th. I remember quite well the incident mentioned by you. I had been across the pike to put in position Colonel Dupont's battery, by order of General Crook, and as I returned I met Sheridan dashing up, and he asked me where Crook was. I took Sheridan to Crook, and they and the staff went back of the red barn. It was there determined by Sheridan to make the charge. Then it was suggested that Sheridan should ride down the lines of the disheartened troops. His overcoat was pulled off him, and somebody took his epaulettes out of a box. The epaulettes were placed upon his shoulders—and my recollection is that this was done by Colonel Forsythe and another officer. Then Sheridan rode down the lines. He was dressed in a new uniform. Sheridan alludes to this incident in his memoirs.

"Very truly yours, W. McKINLEY."

This letter is of unique value, for Major McKinley had never celebrated himself as a boy soldier. The placing of the Dupont battery, the meeting of Sheridan and Crook, the red barn, the new uniform and the epaulettes are in the simplest language and yet vividly realistic, and the poem must go with it:

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

"Up from the South at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste, to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

"And wider still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar;
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

"But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of the morning light,
A steed as black as the steeds of night
Was seen to pass, as with eagle flight,
As if he knew the terrible need,
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hills rose and fell, but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

"Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering South,
The dust, like smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;
The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
Impatient to be where the battlefield calls;
Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
With Sheridan only ten miles away.

"Under his spurning feet, the road,
Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
And the landscape sped away behind,
Like an ocean flying before the wind,
And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
Swept on, with his wild eye full of fire,
But lo! he is nearing his heart's desire;
He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
With Sheridan only five miles away.

"The first that the General saw were the groups
Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops.
What was done? What to do? A glance told him both;
Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath
He dashed down the line, 'mid a storm of huzzas,
And the wave of retreat checked its course there, because
The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
By the flash of his eye and the red nostril's play
He seemed to the whole great army to say:
'I have brought you Sheridan all the way
From Winchester down to save the day!'

"Hurrah! Hurrah, for Sheridan!
Hurrah! Hurrah for horse and man!
And when their statues are placed on high,
Under the dome of the Union sky,
The American soldiers' Temple of Fame;
There with the glorious General's name,
Be it said, in letters both bold and bright:
'Here is the steed that saved the day,
By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
From Winchester, twenty miles away.'"

The poet was never quite satisfied with the last stanza, and it is not a climax that crowns the work. The glow of inspiration faded when the story of the ride was told, but the far look into the future was truly a vision of fame. Sheridan had the same reason to be dissatisfied with the poetry about his ride that Sherman had with "Marching Through Georgia." Both got rather too much celebration for their comfort, but thus it is that with poetry and music heroes are wedded to immortality. Read served with General Lew Wallace as a staff officer during the siege of Cincinnati and was accused of riding in the spirit of his poetry, for

the author of "Sheridan's Ride" kept up with "Ben Hur" one day when all the rest of the staff were left in a wild gallop over the Kentucky hills. He died in the Astor House a few days after his fiftieth birthday.

Sheridan had been on a hasty visit to Washington, and was sleeping at Winchester, having heard that all was quiet at the front, when the sound of firing was heard and he was awakened and as it was reported that there was not enough cannonading to mean a battle, he was not in a hurry until, as he says in his memoirs, he noticed that "there were many women at the doors and windows of the houses, who kept shaking their skirts at us and who were otherwise markedly insolent in their demeanor; but supposing this conduct to be instigated by their well-known and perhaps natural prejudices, I ascribed to it no unusual significance."

He says: "At the edge of the town I halted a moment, and there heard quite distinctly the sound of artillery firing in an unceasing roar. Concluding from this that a battle was in progress, I now felt confident that the women along the streets had received intelligence from the battle-field by the 'grapevine telegraph,' and were in raptures over some good news, while I as yet was utterly ignorant of the actual situation. Moving on, I put my head down toward the pommel of my saddle and listened intently, trying to locate and interpret the sound, continuing in this position until we had crossed Mill Creek, about half a mile from Winchester. The result of my efforts in the interval was the conviction that the sound was increasing too rapidly to be accounted for by my own rate of motion, and that, therefore, my army must be falling back. At Mill Creek my escort fell in behind and we were going ahead at a regular pace, when, just as we made the crest of the rise beyond the stream, there burst upon our view the appalling spectacle of a panic-stricken army—hundreds of slightly wounded men, throngs of others unhurt, but utterly demoralized, and baggage wagons by the score, all pressing to the rear in hopeless confusion."

At Newtown Sheridan rode around the village and on this detour "met Major McKinley of Crook's staff," who "spread the news of my return," and then Sheridan says:

"I then turned back to the rear of Getty's division, and as I came behind it, a line of regimental flags rose up out of the ground as it seemed, to welcome me. They were mostly the colors of Crook's troops, who had been stampeded and scattered in the surprise of the morning. The color bearers

having withstood the panic, had formed behind the troops of Getty. The line with the colors was largely composed of officers, among whom I recognized Colonel R. B. Hayes, since President of the United States, one of the brigade commanders. Crook met me at this time, and strongly favored my idea of attacking, but said, however, that most of the troops were gone. General Wright came up a little later, when I saw that he was wounded, a ball having grazed the point of his chin so as to draw the blood plentifully."

It will be noted that after meeting McKinley Sheridan "turned back" and then saw the regimental flags rise from the ground and these were mostly the colors of Crook's troops. It was thus that Sheridan in his clear narrative testifies that Major McKinley was in front of the troops of his division then—so that Sheridan had to "turn back" to find them—and was the first man who gave him the news intelligently and took him to Crook, one of the bravest and most competent officers in the army, who strongly favored the idea of assuming the offensive.

North of the town where Sheridan met McKinley, who was at Crook's order seeing to placing a battery to stand off the victorious Confederates, Sheridan says: "I met a chaplain digging his heels into the sides of his jaded horse, and making for the rear with all possible speed. I drew up for an instant, and inquired of him how matters were going at the front. He replied, 'Everything is lost, but all will be right when you get there.' Yet notwithstanding this expression of confidence in me, the parson at once resumed his breathless pace to the rear."

Sheridan saw the Confederates were getting ready to attack and "Major Forsythe now suggested that it would be well to ride along the line of battle before the enemy assailed us, for although the troops had learned of my return, but few of them had seen me. Following his suggestion, I started in behind the men, but when a few paces had been taken I crossed to the front and, hat in hand, passed along the entire length of the infantry line." He had been on the field nearly two hours at this time. The enemy were soon checked, and Sheridan says he was ready to assail about 4 o'clock, having been on the ground five hours and the way he sailed in was "by advancing my infantry line in a swinging movement, so as to gain the valley pike with my right between Middletown and the Belle Grove House, and when the order was passed along the men pushed steadily forward with enthusiasm and confidence."

Early's line on the right was longer than Sheridan's and there was

a moment of danger there, but General McMillan broke the Confederates at the re-entering angle by a counter charge, cutting off the flanking troops, and "Custer, who was just then moving in from the west side of Middle Marsh Brook, followed McMillan's timely blow with a charge of cavalry, but before starting out on it, and while his men were forming, riding at full speed himself, to throw his arms around my neck. By the time he had disengaged himself from this embrace the troops broken by McMillan had gained some little distance to their rear, but Custer's troopers, sweeping across the Middletown Meadows and down toward Cedar Creek, took many of them prisoners before they could reach the streams—so I forgave his delay."

All was regained and twenty-four pieces of Confederate artillery and 1,200 prisoners taken. When the news reached Grant he "directed a salute of 100 shotted guns to be fired into Petersburg," and President Lincoln wrote this letter:

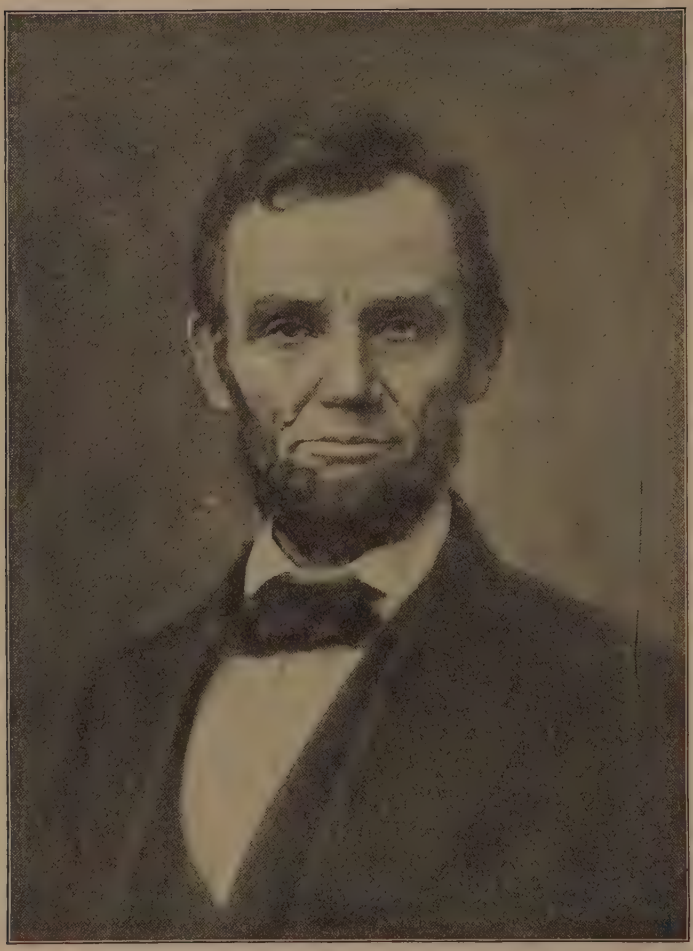
"Executive Mansion, Washington, Oct. 22, 1864. Major General Sheridan:—With great pleasure I tender to you and your brave army the thanks of the nation, and my own personal admiration and gratitude, for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley, and especially for the splendid work of Oct. 19, 1864. Your obedient servant,

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Sheridan was soon promoted to be a major general in the United States army. Major McKinley did his whole duty throughout the vicissitudes of this memorable day, and all the soldiers who knew him on the field always name him to praise him.

THREE PRESIDENTS WHO HAVE FALLEN VICTIMS TO ASSASSINS' BULLETS.

Abraham Lincoln, the first of the martyred Presidents, was shot and fatally wounded on the night of April 14, 1865, by John Wilkes Booth, an aberrated actor. James A. Garfield, the second President of the United States to be similarly stricken, was shot by Charles J. Guiteau, July 2, 1881. He died September19th following.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN, ASSASSINATED IN 1865.

Abraham Lincoln, the first President to fall at the hands of an assassin, had a wonderful career. He was the eighteenth President of the United States. His parents were very poor and he was born in a Kentucky log cabin. In 1830 his father emigrated to Illinois. Lincoln had no advantages, his whole life being a hard and toilsome struggle against adversity. He fell at the hands of an assassin, in 1865, in his fifty-sixth year, but not until he had seen the results of his labors in behalf of his country. He was a "plain man," with an abiding faith in the "common people," and a great love for them; they loved him, too, and understood him. He was nature's nobleman. His oratory was simplicity itself, but grand and imposing.

CHAPTER VIII.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AS A CONGRESSMAN.

Sixteen Years of "Strenuous Life" in the House—He Worked Hard, Did Not Seek to Push Himself—At Last Became a Leader and Had the Greater Share of Responsibility for the Great Law that Bears His Name—Gerrymandered Out of the House He Had Two Terms of Governor—The Masterly Logic of McKinley in Debating the Tariff Question.

It was in connection with tariff legislation in Congress that William McKinley's reputation as a member of the House became a distinction known to the Nation. He had an early interest in and mastery of the effect of protective legislation, that is, the discrimination of the Nation in favor of American workingmen. When William McKinley, Jr., as he wrote himself during his father's life, was born, William McKinley senior was the manager of an iron furnace. The younger McKinley had practical information about the iron industry. The Civil War that broke out in 1861 found him a youth in the Allegheny college, but he entered the army and for fourteen months carried a musket. In the battle of Antietam his conduct won the hearts of his regiment. Col. R. B. Hayes had his left arm broken at South Mountain, and when at home recovering from his wound he recommended McKinley for a Lieutenant's commission, and presently got it. He was promoted for cause, and when the war neared the end he was Captain. Just a month before Lincoln fell a victim to Booth's bullet McKinley received from him a commission as a Major by brevet in the volunteer army of the United States, "for gallant and meritorious services at the battles of Opequan, Cedar Creek and Fishers Hill."

Fourteen months in the ranks in the army was a good preparation for sixteen years in Congress. It was in the Centennial year 1876 that he was first nominated for Congress. He was elected by three thousand three hundred majority. During the progress of this canvass he visited the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and was introduced by James G. Blaine to a great audience, which he captivated by his eloquence.

He entered Congress at an auspicious time. His old Colonel, Hayes, was then President, and the friendship between them gave him at the

start an influence which it might have taken him time to win under other circumstances. But he soon commanded attention for himself. His power as a speaker gave him distinction, and his ability as a worker in committees was soon recognized. He was re-elected to the Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth, Fiftieth and Fifty-first Congresses.

When his opponents got the Legislature on local issues they added a county having a majority against the Republicans, and at last he was beaten.

In 1877 Ohio went strongly Democratic, and the Legislature gerrymandered the State so that McKinley found himself confronted by an adverse majority of 2,586 in a new district. His opponent was Gen. Aquila Wiley, who had lost a leg in the Federal service, and who was a worthy man. After a brilliant canvass McKinley was re-elected by a majority of 1,234. In 1880 his old district was restored, and he was unanimously renominated and elected by a majority of 3,571. In 1888 he showed ability in opposing the Mills bill, representing approximately President Cleveland's policy of "tariff for revenue only." When the Republicans assumed control in 1889 he was appointed chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and presently gave the Nation the great measure known as the McKinley bill.

In 1884 he was a delegate-at-large from Ohio to the National Republican Convention and helped to nominate James G. Blaine. At the next National Convention he represented the State in the same manner, and supported John Sherman. At that convention, after the first day's balloting, the indications were that McKinley himself might be nominated. Then his high ideas of loyalty and honor showed themselves, for in a stirring speech he demanded that no votes be cast for him.

Then came a period of danger to the rising young Republican of Ohio, for there were Republicans who feared the tariff issue in the form that his nomination would bring it up. He was not afraid of it and won on it.

In 1891 he was elected governor of Ohio by a majority of about 21,000 over ex-Governor James E. Campbell, the Democratic candidate. In 1892 he was again a delegate-at-large to the National Convention at Minneapolis, and was made permanent chairman. Although his name was not brought before the convention, yet he received 182 votes.

In 1893 Major McKinley was re-elected governor of Ohio by a majority of 80,995. At the expiration of his term he returned to Canton.

He had been a political speaker and leader in Congress, known and admired throughout the country.

William McKinley and Marcus A. Hanna were from the same part of the country. Hanna was the son of a graduate of the great medical school at Philadelphia and an orator. Marcus A. Hanna was a business man of courage and address and of vast and accurate intelligence. He formed the idea of going into politics because he thought business men were needed to aid in correctly informing the people; that politics should not be left exclusively in the hands of professional politicians. His acquaintance with McKinley was auspicious, agreeable and honorable to themselves and useful to the country.

McKINLEY'S FORCEFUL LOGIC IN DEBATING THE TARIFF QUESTION IN CONGRESS.

President McKinley, during his Congressional career, was considered one of the cleverest debaters on the Republican side of the House, and as the acknowledged champion of the policy of protection was frequently brought into verbal conflicts with the Democratic leaders, in which his mental quickness and adroitness, combined with his thorough mastery of the subject, enabled him to rout his opponent, and almost always to the great amusement of the House. Mr. McKinley did not deliberately go gunning for big game in the early days of his career to show his skill as a debater. On the contrary, he always waited until some of the most distinguished and ready debaters on the Democratic side came after him. Then, and not until then, did he talk back. Carlisle, Hewitt, Crisp, Morrison, Mills, Wilson, and Springer frequently crossed swords with him, and with all of them Mr. McKinley more than held his own.

The readiness displayed upon all occasions by Mr. McKinley in answering questions or in turning the tables upon his adversary was generally spontaneous, but the most adroit and skillful instance, when the Mills bill was under discussion, was undoubtedly premeditated. In this particular case Mr. McKinley deliberately led Congressman Leopold Morse of Massachusetts into a trap, and then emphasized a tariff lesson which made the country laugh, and has never been forgotten by those who witnessed the incident. Mr. Morse had been one of the most able lieutenants of Mr. Mills in the latter's assault on the

tariff, and with Mr. Mills had been intensely concerned at the cost of clothes to the laboring man, which, he argued, the Mills bill would reduce 100 per cent. To this Mr. McKinley replied:

"Nobody, so far as I have learned, has expressed dissatisfaction with the present price of clothing. It is a political objection; it is a party slogan. Certainly nobody is unhappy over the cost of clothing, except those who are amply able to pay even a higher price than is now exacted.

"And, besides, if this bill should pass, and the effect would be (as it inevitably must be) to destroy our domestic manufactures, the era of low prices would vanish, and the foreign manufacturer would compel the American consumer to pay higher prices than he has been accustomed to pay under the 'robber tariff,' so-called. I represent a district in which a large majority of the voters are workingmen. I have represented them for many years, and I have never had a complaint from one of them that their clothes were too high. Have you? Has any gentleman on this floor met with such complaint in his district?"

Mr. Morse—"They do not buy them of me."

"No! Let us see. If they had bought of the gentleman from Massachusetts it would have made no difference, and there could have been no complaint. Let us examine the matter."

Mr. McKinley here produced a bundle containing a suit of clothes, which he opened and displayed, amid great laughter and applause.

"Come, now, will the gentleman from Massachusetts know his own goods?" he asked, amid the continued laughter of the House. "We recall, Mr. Chairman, that the Committee on Ways and Means talked about the laboring man who worked ten days at a dollar a day, and then went with his $10 wages to buy a suit of clothes. It is the old story. It is found in the works of Adam Smith. I have heard it in this House for ten years past. It has served many a free trader. It is the old story, I repeat, of the man who gets a dollar a day for his wages, and, having worked for the ten days, goes to buy his suit of clothes. He believes he can buy it for just $10, but the 'robber manufacturers' have been to Congress and have got 100 per cent put upon the goods in the shape of a tariff, and the suit of clothes, he finds, cannot be bought for $10, but he is asked $20 for it, and so he has to go back to ten days more of sweat, ten days more of toil, ten days more of wear and tear of

muscle and brain to earn the $10 to purchase the suit of clothes. Then, the chairman gravely asks, is not ten days entirely annihilated?

"Now, a gentleman who read that speech, or heard it, was so touched by the pathetic story that he looked into it and sent me a suit of clothes identical with that described by the gentleman from Texas, and he sent me also a bill for it, and here is the entire suit, 'robber tariffs and taxes and all' have been added, and the retail cost is what? Just $10."

Again the House broke out into laughter and when it had quieted down Mr. McKinley continued: "So the poor fellow does not have to go back to work ten days more to get that suit of clothes. He takes the suit with him, and pays for it just $10. But in order that there might be no mistake about it, knowing the honor and honesty of the gentleman from Massachusetts, Mr. Morse, he went to his store in Boston and bought the suit. I hold in my hand the bill."

Mr. Morse was so disconcerted by the production of the actual suit of clothes and the receipt of his own firm in the halls of Congress that he had not a word to say, nor had Mr. Mills. The House, on the Democratic side, as well as the Republican, went into a paroxysm of laughter over the manifest discomfiture of the two, after which Mr. McKinley concluded his remarks.

During the tariff debate in the early part of 1882 Mr. Hewitt of New York was considered one of the ablest and most skillful debaters in the House. He was almost as much feared by his own party, the Democratic, as he was by the Republican, because, while advocating a policy which would mean free trade, he was sufficiently interested in one great industry of the country—iron—to realize better than his Southern brethren the calamity which would have followed to American labor and industry had his policy been put in operation. In trying to reconcile his somewhat antagonistic views the attention of Mr. Hewitt was called to some glaring inconsistencies contained in a speech of his and a set of resolutions of which he was the author. He interrupted Mr. McKinley to explain that in order to preserve the iron and steel business we must do it by "a compensatory tariff." It was urged by the Democrats that the compensatory tariff was not a protective tariff.

Mr. McKinley yielded to him, and the following dialogue took place:

Mr. Hewitt—"The compensation required in order to enable the iron business to exist in this country, as stated in my speech, is that

which provides for the difference paid in the price of labor less the cost of transportation."

Mr. McKinley—"That is the gentleman's resolution?"

Mr. Hewitt—I have stated that doctrine in my resolution, and I adhere to it.

Mr. McKinley—And yet, in that connection, if the gentleman will permit me, he declared in his speech made here the other day, and to be found on page 2,436 of the Record: "Wages in this country are therefore not regulated by the tariff, because whatever wages can be earned by men in the production of agricultural products, the price of which is fixed abroad, must be the rate of wages which will be paid substantially in every other branch of business."

Mr. Hewitt—Certainly.

Mr. McKinley—That is what he said in his speech of but a week ago. Yet in the letter from which I have quoted he declared that the only need we have of protection is for the purpose of maintaining the rate of wages in the United States.

Mr. Hewitt—As to the iron and steel business and protected industries, and in no other.

Mr. McKinley—What is true of the iron and steel industries is true of every other industry that comes in competition with pauper labor of Europe—I care not what it is—cotton or wool, pottery or cutlery. If we have to compete with the pauper labor of Europe, and with the products of that labor, we need just as much relative protection in one branch of industry as we need in another.

One of the best hits Mr. McKinley made in debate was during the discussion of the Morrison bill. He happened to wind up a sentence with this remark:

"I speak for the workingmen of my district, the workingmen of Ohio and of the country."

It was in the spring of 1883, and Mr. McKinley had been re-elected by a majority of only 8. Hence Mr. Springer of Illinois caused a laugh on the Democratic side by interjecting at this point:

"They did not speak very largely for you at the last election."

The laugh had hardly subsided when Mr. McKinley turned quickly around and facing Mr. Springer, said:

"Ah, my friend, my fidelity to my constituents is not measured by the support they give me! I have convictions upon this subject which I

would not surrender or refrain from advocating if 10,000 majority had been entered against me last October; and if that is the standard of political morality and conviction and fidelity to duty which is practiced by the gentleman from Illinois, I trust that the next House will not do, what I know they will not do, make him Speaker of the House. And, I trust another thing, that the general remark, interjected here, coming from a man who has to sit in the next House, does not mean that he has already prejudged my case, which is to come before him as a judge."

These remarks were greeted with deafening applause from the Republican side. Even the Democrats enjoyed the plucky Congressman's reply to Mr. Springer.

Mr. McKinley was quite as much feared by Mr. Morrison of Illinois, author of the famous "horizontal" bill, in debate, as was Judge Kelley of Pennsylvania, who at that time was the most experienced parliamentarian on the tariff question. In one of Mr. McKinley's debates with Mr. Morrison the latter expressed the opinion that his bill would result not only in a considerable modification of the tariff, but in a substantial reduction. Hardly had these views been expressed when Mr. McKinley promptly said:

"To these opinions we may add the following blunt but frank admission by the London Spectator on the 8th of December last: 'Of course the North of England holds that American free trade would be greatly to the interest of British manufacturers.'

"And this from the Pall Mall Gazette: 'The progress of the Morrison bill will be watched with considerable interest by English exporters to the American market, inasmuch as it can hardly fail to tend in their favor.'

"This deep solicitude of our English friends is, of course, unselfish and philanthropic; it is all for our benefit, for our good, for our prosperity. It is disinterested purely and arises from the earnest wish of the English manufacturers to see our own grow and prosper.

"They want this market. It is the best in the world. They cannot get it wholly while our tariff remains as at present. They cannot get it so long as our manufactures can be maintained. They must be destroyed, their fires must be put out, and this Congress is to-day engaged in an effort to help England, not America, to build up English manufactures at the expense of our own."

Again Mr. McKinley, in the course of debate, said: "My friend from

Illinois seemed to dissent a moment ago when I said there was a difference in the rate of wages."

Mr. Morrison—I did not, sir. There is a great difference in the rate of wages in some industries and some difference in all.

This was the admission Mr. McKinley was anxious to force from the opposition, and his response to Mr. Morrison was promptly given: "I beg the gentleman's pardon. The gentleman from Illinois, in view of the statements I have made within the last five minutes, now admits there is a difference. I thank him for the frank admission."

Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania was the Democratic Speaker of the House when Mr. McKinley entered Congress, and they became warm friends. There was one memorable scene in the Fiftieth Congress in which both figured, and which conspicuously illustrates the kindly and magnanimous nature of Mr. McKinley. It occurred on May 18, 1888, the day on which the general debate closed on the Mills bill. Mr. Randall opposed this measure and incurred the displeasure of the rampant free-trade element, headed by Mr. Mills of Texas. He took the floor to speak against this bill. In feeble health, his voice at times almost inaudible, the great leader labored under serious disadvantages in this, his first fight for protection. Before he was through his time expired, amid cries of "Go on." Mr. Randall asked for an extension, but Mr. Mills, with a discourtesy almost incredible, walked to the front of the House and said: "I object!" The cry was repeated by nearly fifty Democratic members.

It was a sad sight to see this great Democratic leader thus silenced upon a momentous question by his own party friends. There was an exciting scene. Members and spectators—for the galleries were crowded—joined in making the tumult. Amid it all the Speaker announced that Mr. McKinley of Ohio had the floor. The latter was to close the debate on the Republican side. His desk was piled with memoranda and statistics.

"Mr. Speaker," he cried, and his voice stilled the din about him to silence. "I yield to the gentleman from Pennsylvania out of my time all that he may need in which to finish his speech on this bill."

Cheer after cheer arose from House and galleries, and by the courtesy of the Republican leader the once leader of the Democracy was enabled to finish his speech in a body over which he had thrice presided as Speaker.

Without being an orator in the accepted use of that term, Mr. McKinley was one of the most effective of speakers, and in political campaigns was counted a host in himself. What he lacked in oratorical ability was more than atoned for by his earnestness and sincerity, and the thorough mastery he had of whatever subject he talked about. In addition he had a gift of illustrating his subject by homely yet telling similes that at once appealed to his hearers in the most effective manner. An illustration of this was furnished in his second gubernatorial campaign in Ohio.

At that time Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic party had been in control of national affairs for twelve months, and the threatened repeal of the McKinley tariff law had brought the country to the verge of bankruptcy. Mr. McKinley's Democratic opponent for governor was L. T. Neal, and the latter in his opening speech of the campaign had declared the distress of the country was solely due to the existence of the McKinley law.

To this Mr. McKinley said, in his opening speech of that campaign: "The Democrats say, 'You have still the protective tariff, and should blame it for the distress of the country.' Yes, but the Democratic party is pledged to repeal it, and the man who receives notice that his house is about to be demolished does not wait until the dynamite is put under it, but moves out his furniture as soon as he can. Now, what will start your factories?"

At this juncture a voice from the audience yelled out: "One hundred thousand majority for McKinley in November," and after the uproar which greeted this had died away, Mr. McKinley continued:

"What is a lower tariff for? It is to make it easier for foreign goods to get in the United States, to increase competition from abroad. You cannot buy goods and make them at home as well. No good farmer thinks of having his neighbor's sons do his work when he has half a dozen boys at home idle. I do not believe in buying any kind of goods abroad that we can make here when we have a million of unemployed men at home."

CHAPTER IX.

McKINLEY'S FIRST ADMINISTRATION.

The Story of the Glory of McKinley's First Administration—How He Bore the Heat and Burden of the War, as Well as Inspired the Confidence of the Country and Prepared the Boon of Its Prosperity.

With the exception of Washington and Lincoln, no President of the United States found at the beginning of his administration greater responsibilities pressing upon him than the President whose re-election in the campaign of 1900 will be held one of the remarkable events of the nineteenth century, to be held in perpetual remembrance as one of the landmarks of distinction at its close, and now that the crowning of his career is his marytrdom because he has kept his oath of office, fought the good fight and been faithful in all things to the end and left his country in a condition of prosperity and with a prestige of power beyond all precedent, his glorious and immortal work shines forth in full splendor and his figure is with fame and glory ranked with the immortals.

Washington, as the first President, had to find his way in a new world, and the precedents his acts fixed, many of which now seem very simple, almost matters of course, were to him subjects of serious deliberation and anxious study. Even in affairs of ceremony there was solicitude. There was dignity to be asserted and the forms of Republican government to be maintained. The imposing personal presence of Washington stood good for individual distinction becoming the great office. There was also the habit in the first President of military command, the bearing of the soldier, and there was, above all, aversion to the imitation of, or concession to, the pompous proceedings in which royalties find the disguise that conceals the insignificance of the shows, that are to place the "rulers," as the word goes, upon the stage, as showmen of a superior sort. The genius of Alexander Hamilton, in taste as well as his understanding of that which was becoming to give strength to Republican simplicity, was a guidance Washington often summoned to his aid.

Abraham Lincoln was in danger, when elected and about to be inaugurated President of the United States, of assassination on the way

to the National Capital, and the tragedy that came at last would have happened at first if it had not been for most intelligent and thorough precautions backed by "the faith and honor of the Army of the United States," under command of the faithful and honorable General-in-Chief, Winfield Scott, who had pledged that faith and honor to the preservation of the City of Mexico in the words we have quoted, in the articles of capitulation of that city. The very words are in the terms of the surrender of the city of Manila by the Spaniards to Admiral Dewey and General Wesley Merritt.

When William McKinley became President of the United States he called Congress in extra session and restored the protective principle to tariff legislation. There was screaming by the voices that vociferate at this that was the equivalent of shouting murder and mad dogs, but prosperity came right on. A golden flood revived the fruitfulness of the land.

More than once in the course of his lofty career as President, the martyred McKinley was weary under the incessant strain, his anxieties and labors, his keen sense of responsibility and his unflagging disposition to be perfectly informed, but his enthusiasm for duty, and his enjoyment of work, and abiding sense of fidelity in accomplishing the tasks his public obligation imposed, cheered, revived and restored him, so that he emerged from the herculean labors of four years firm and elastic in health, and each day that brought its burden of exacting service had its compensation in the reward of strength. His reception during the campaign of 1896 of tens of thousands of his fellow citizens day after day at his home, his consultations with the managers of his supporters, severely tested his endurance, and when elected to the great office there were a thousand things to think of—the construction of the Cabinet one of them—and the rush of office seekers set in with the accustomed zeal and devotion. Instead of getting along easily while it was possible to do so, without the presence of Congress, there was no time lost in proclaiming the extra session. Then came the war. The President was called from his abode at midnight to hear of the massacre of the men of the Maine in Havana Harbor.

The energy of the President throughout the Spanish war was constant, and the extent and diversity of his occupation were something gigantic. He was not only nominally but literally the commander of the Army and Navy. Telegrams by the thousand from the fleets and

the armies engaged have all been filed—the most intimate and intricate and veracious records of passing history since written, and are accessible in the appropriate departments, testifying the pervading presence of the President. The State Department was largely in affairs of the greatest moment, and of the most intricate complications under his direction. He had the inspiration to summon Judge Day, one of his oldest personal friends, to apply to the State situation, that abounded in delicacies and difficulties, that quality which the President described as the peculiar possession of the Judge—his "genius for good sense." There is nothing in the work of the State Department in the hands of Judge Day that contradicts this estimation of his capacity. The President was, in a marked degree, personally engaged in the three departments that were superheated by the war, and his hand was nigh and firm in each. It was the policy of McKinley, when Governor of Ohio, to see that when troops were called for to maintain order, men enough should be sent to dominate the area of disturbance, so as to leave no doubt that the strong arm of the law was strong indeed. He would order up regiments that there might be no mistake, when one timid about taking such responsibilities would have insisted that companies were sufficient, and the accustomed result was that disorder was ended by the moral force of arms. This was the way to keep or to restore peace. The same principle governed the President during his direction of the national forces in war times. He called out numbers abundant for the needs of the country. The first thing necessary was to settle the question of superiority between the combatants on the seas. The critical question of the conduct of the war arose when Cervera ran the Spanish fleet under his command into the harbor of Santiago. That act made that harbor and city and surrounding country the seat of war. The question to be decided was whether the fight should be risked and rushed with the Regulars who could be gathered there, and the few Volunteers ready to go with them, or deferred until a great Volunteer army should be mustered and equipped, and Havana attacked by land and sea. The latter was the purely military idea, but it meant delay, indefinite but certainly enormous expenditures, the waste of many lives by fever that must be saved if the Spanish forces could be attacked at once, and the decision of the course of the war made before the mass of citizens of the United States who had volunteered for military service could be converted into an available, aggressive army. The fight was rushed, and when

the victory was won that made certain the loss of Cuba by Spain, the American soldiers who won it found the dreadful scourge of yellow fever in their camps; and then the narrowness of the escape from the peril of pestilence greater than the dangers of war, was realized by the country. In consequence of taking the risk of making the first and therefore the greater military operations with a comparatively small force, accepting the hazards of great misfortune, the war was over before, under the military plans for the siege of Havana, our great army of reserve could have been ready to invade Cuba. Peace came in August. The great army operations could not have been effected until in November, and uncounted millions of money and untold myriads of men were saved by the courage at headquarters in the White House that overruled the policy of elaboration. The Spanish fleet destroyed, our ships, with perfect freedom on the seas, carried the sick soldiers from the fever swamps of Cuba to the capes of Long Island that stand farthest eastward in the Atlantic breezes and billows. The destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila made certain that the American fleet in the Pacific, as well as in the Atlantic Ocean, would retain its supremacy. Spain had already lost her fleets and her possessions in the Indies, East and West. There were only some details of possession that were matters rather of form than of substance left of the war. Spain sued for peace.

If the specifications are called for we point to the fact

When the study of President McKinley as a war President is profoundly and competently made there will be revealed historical treasures, and the more thoroughly the work of investigation is made the greater will be the glory of his administration. He was well acquainted with the situation in Cuba, and yet strove for peace. He was as anxious to see Spain out of the Americas forever as Pierce, Buchanan and Grant had been, and yet he maintained a pacific attitude. He knew well the working of the Cuban Literary Bureau at Key West, and how flagrant the exaggerations of all that made for war were, and he discounted the stories accordingly and for his caution, which was on the same lines President Grant followed, he was arraigned before the people of the United States as the foe of freedom and the friend of the perpetuation of Spanish oppression in the West Indies, but he was stable in his equanimity, and was taking the part of peace maker when the massacre of the crew of the Maine made the war inevitable, and in four months the war was over,

because the President, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, gathered our small regular army into a force that, with the aid of the foremost volunteers, led by Colonel Roosevelt, won the bloody fights near Santiago. The Spanish fleets disappeared under our fire in the Bay of Manila, though guarded by shore batteries, and when attempting to flee from Santiago harbor. The critical point of the war with Spain was whether we should wait before striking a blow at the Spanish army in Cuba, four times as numerous all told as our available regulars, until the volunteers could be thoroughly equipped and disciplined. The greatest act during the war was that which carried Santiago just as the yellow fever arrived, and then the sea had been cleared so that our troops, rapidly sickening and in peril of perishing in thousands, could be sent to our own wholesome shores. No President in peace or war ever dominated the Government more positively and effectively than President McKinley. A tremendous expense of blood and gold, the people's precious blood and well-earned money, was saved by the personal act of the President in pushing war when war had to be, and peace when it could be. On the only day during the war when a check of our arms seemed threatened, the wire from Washington was hot with messages that no foot of ground should be yielded, that no sacrifice in caution would be equal to the loss of taking precautions. The world now knows, the highest military authorities in Europe assert the fact, that the regular army of the United States was a better body of troops of its numbers than could be furnished by the great armed nations. This included the war spirit, the fighting style, the personal pride, the reliable marksmanship, the intelligence that causes the soldier to have all care for himself until exposure is commanded. As for the movements for peace that were pressed, that peace might be swift of wing, as was the fashion of the war, the President conducted them, and his hand was recognizable alike in Paris and the Philippines.

At the same time the naval victories at Manila and Santiago and the capitulation of the cities were placing our country at the front as a war power, the readiness of a great army summoned suddenly from the masses of the people gave us prestige as a war power, we were gaining victories of peace at home and abroad, and the sum of it all was our arms had a uniform career of triumph and our industries yielded a prosperity unexampled.

More than a year before the assassin's pistol closed the career of

McKinley as that of Lincoln was ended, Senator Dolliver uttered these cogent and prophetic words:

"With such a hand as President McKinley's on the helm of our affairs, the nation, troubled and perplexed as seldom before, goes steadily forward, without doubt or fear in all the great departments of the national life. Our leader sits in the executive office surrounded by trusted counselors, with his eyes on the map of the world and the fixed purpose in his heart that neither loss nor harm shall come to our people in any quarter of the earth.

"The time will come and it will not be long delayed, when William McKinley will be greeted by all rational mankind as ever faithful, true and brave, noble, upright, of perfect probity, of absolute courage as a subordinate officer on the battlefield, and as President in the Cabinet.

"What history will say of him will be worthy to be written in letters of gold.

"The war of this day and of a few months and two years ago, is small comparatively, and far away, but the cause is just, humane, according to the traditions, the events and the dignity of the American nation. President McKinley walks in the footsteps of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson—of the great line of Presidents of Virginia, Tennessee, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois—one does not need to name them—the world knows them—and he upholds the standard unstained, and as Webster said, 'full high advanced,' of the great republic.

"He will leave it when he leaves the White House, whenever that is, greater and better than he found it."

Once the cause of the union of the States, and with it the dignity and grandeur of the nation, were almost despaired of. This was in 1864. In 1900 there was a magical change, and it was set forth with the march of the grand army through Chicago with such a triumph as Rome never gave her legions when she welcomed them from victorious wars. It was the celebration of the crowded victories for the cause that Lincoln more than any other man personified.

Look around over this continental country to-day to see the monuments of glory, the mountains of prosperity, the free "life, liberty and pursuit of happiness" by people who, in less time than has elapsed since Lincoln left us, will number more than 100,000,000.

Not since the days when the armies of the Potomac, the Tennessee, the Cumberland and the Ohio marched from Virginia across the long bridge

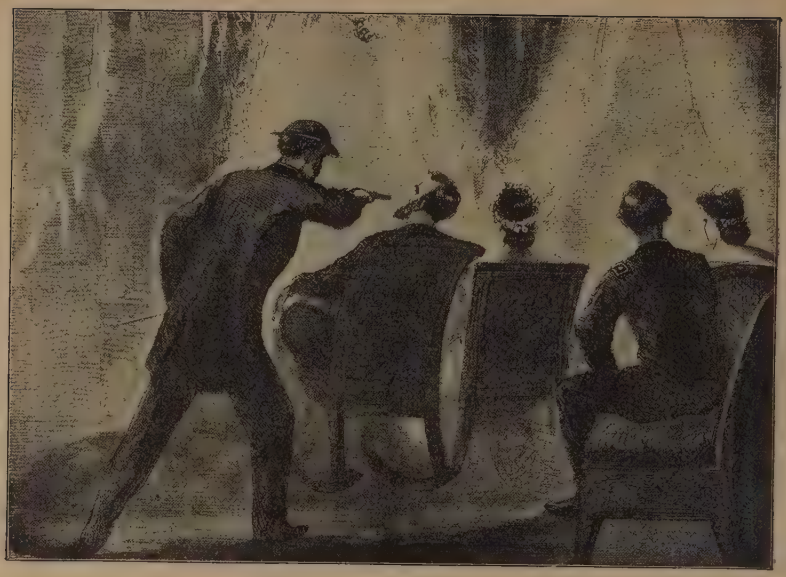
before the National Capitol, unfinished but majestic in superb incompleteness and soon to be crowned by the dome not unworthy to rise among the stars—not since the four armies marched up Pennsylvania avenue, on their left the unfinished monument of Washington, now the loftiest white shaft memorial of a great life that stands on the globe, has a grander army marched than that at the grand 1900 review.

Behold the march continuing by the then unfinished Treasury Department to salute before the White House the President of the United States —not, alas, Abraham Lincoln, whose work was done—dead since the triumphant return across the Potomac of the Grand Army of the Republic —a shining river of steel flowing back from the tremendous scenes of cementing the Union with the blood of the brave—the vast columns North and West, homeward bound to work of peace—the valiant Confederates who had fought against the course of the constellations across the sky, included, too, in the general triumph—all countrymen again, since Grant and Lee met "near Appomattox with its famous apple tree" and made the treaty written by Grant himself to be followed by the benediction of the hero, "let us have peace"—never has been a pageant reviving such riches of memory, representative of splendid achievement and prophetic of the greater hereafter of our country as well as of the magnificent present—or one that was so replete with the pathos that tells the sad story of glory and kindles the pride of Americans into a flame, that consumes the Belittlers of the common inheritance that is of the people and for them—the heroes of war came home to be heroes of peace, and welcomed those they had confronted on fields where there were two lines of fire to the House of the Fathers of the Republic, to stay under the stately roof and be at home forever,—for Father Abraham kept sacred in his heart and hand the Constitution, and preserved it for all the nation. When he was dead those who praised him not knew him not.

The armies that marched through stately Washington when the war was over, redeemed with the plow and the seed that brought golden harvest the fields that had been fallow, and North and South a million homes were made happy by the returning brave.

Long may the veterans of the Grand Army have their reunions and remember with full hearts those who fell on both sides on the memorable fields, where the volleyed thunders scattered in the opposing ranks Death and Immortality! Long live the Grand Army of the Republic and green and flowery be the graves of the dead, and forget not the story the name

THE MARTYRED LINCOLN AND HIS WAR CABINET READING THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.



THE ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., night of April 14th, 1865.

THE ESCAPE OF THE ASSASSIN AND THE PANIC OF THE AUDIENCE.

of the Grand Army tells—that it carries the flag and keeps step to the music of the Union, that grows grander and more thrilling as the years roll away.

And now we have another martyred President—a war President and a President of peace—"peace with honor," and peace with the prosperity of the people. The first words that were uttered by the lips of millions when they heard of the murder of McKinley were, "My God, how could they shoot him down!" How could even the anarchists murder that man, with his gentleness, his good will for all men, with the wonders he has so mightily wrought for the country and all the people thereof, and so broadcast the blessings that some of the seeds of kindness scattered brightened millions of humble homes! Why did not the most depraved and deplorable of men spare this man? The dying martyr said, "It is God's way," and McKinley and Lincoln will be the chosen figures in our history upon whose examples will be fashioned generations of Americans into unchangeable patriots and invincible heroes.

Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, in taking the gavel as chairman of the Philadelphia Convention that nominated McKinley for a second term, said the four years of McKinley as President were memorable and "show a record of promises kept and work done," and the Senator gave the story of the Spanish War in a paragraph:

"We fought the war with Spain. The result is history known of all men. We have the perspective now of only a short two years and yet how clear and bright the great facts stand out, like mountain peaks, against the sky, while the gathering darkness of a just oblivion is creeping fast over the low grounds where lie forgotten the trivial and unimportant things, the criticisms and the fault findings which seemed so huge when we still lingered among them. Here they are, these great facts: A war of a hundred days, with many victories and no defeats, with no prisoners taken from us and no advance stayed, with a triumphant outcome startling in its completeness and in its world-wide meaning. Was ever a war more justly entered upon, more quickly fought, more fully won, more thorough in its results? Cuba is free. Spain has been driven from the Western hemisphere. Fresh glory has come to our arms and crowned our flag. It was the work of the American people, but the Republican party was their instrument. Have we not the right to say, that here, too, even as in the days of Abraham Lincoln, we have fought a good fight, we have kept the faith, we have finished the work?"

The supporters of the first administration of McKinley, who nominated him for a second term, said of his work done, claimed "Prosperity more general and more abundant than we have ever known," and gave a specification as an illustration "that while during the whole period of one hundred and seven years, from 1790 to 1897, there was an excess of exports over imports of only $383,028,497, there has been in the short three years of the present Republican administration an excess of exports over imports in the enormous sum of $1,483,537,094.

"No thought of national aggrandizement tarnished the high purpose with which American standards were unfurled. It was a war unsought and patiently resisted, but when it came the American Government was ready. Its fleets were cleared for action. Its armies were in the field, and there was quick and signal triumph of its forces on land and sea.

"President McKinley has conducted the foreign affairs of the United States with distinguished credit to the American people. In releasing us from the vexatious conditions of a European alliance for the government of Samoa his course is especially to be commended. By securing to our undivided control the most important island of the Samoan group and the best harbor in the Southern Pacific, every American interest has been safeguarded."

In accepting by the Treaty of Paris the just responsibility of our victories in the Spanish War the President and the Senate won the undoubted approval of the American people. No other course was possible than to destroy Spain's sovereignty throughout the West Indies and in the Philippine Islands. That course created our responsibility before the world, and with the unorganized population whom our intervention had freed from Spain, to provide for the maintenance of law and order, and for the establishment of good government and for the performance of international obligations. Our authority could not be less than our responsibility, and wherever sovereign rights were extended it became the high duty of the Government to maintain its authority, to put down armed insurrection and to confer the blessings of liberty and civilization upon all the rescued peoples. The largest measure of self-government consistent with their welfare and our duties shall be secured to them by law.

To Cuba independence and self-government were assured in the same voice by which war was declared, and to the letter this pledge shall be performed.

There was a very strong muster of forces in 1900 against the continuance of the national administration on the lines followed by McKinley. In other words, the disposition of the country was to divide, not so confidingly as usual, as for and against the Government as opponents and advocates of the administration. There was no man in the Cabinet who had an undue share of public attention. McKinley was dominant, and that made the antagonisms of the campaign largely for and against McKinley as a personage. The presumption that there was any man in the Cabinet, Senate or House who was a power greater than the individuality in the great office, was founded on error. When McKinley died those who knew him most intimately were the most moved. The entire nation knew his character, and more than any President he seemed to belong to each and every citizen of the republic. It was his lovable nature, his thoughtfulness for others, his consideration of their feelings, and his constant desire to aid others, that made him loved. He was gentle without lacking in strength, tender without wanting in any attitude of manliness. He hated to give offense and was pained when any one was in sorrow. Such a character is given to few men, such a combination of strength and gentleness, such firmness and thoughtfulness for others. He freely forgave those who had offended or misrepresented or injured him. He invariably did unto others as he would have them do unto him. He was naturally religious and in his life he exemplified the teachings of Christianity. After all, the man rather than the magistrate was wounded. He had a place in the hearts of the people of the South. There was something in his fellowship, his comradeship that was peculiarly pleasing to the people of that section. They knew he was a true soldier when first elected, and that he was a real statesman when his second presidential campaign was on. Yet had it not been for the racial question his support in the Southern States, on the platform of the results of his first administration—indeed by the results—would have been most formidable. It is a most interesting fact that there were more telegrams of affectionate solicitude for the stricken President from Texas than from any other State, excepting New York, the State in which the assassin fired the fatal shot. As keen regret has been shown in the South for the common misfortune as in the North. No President since the war has seemed to the Southern people to belong to them absolutely as William McKinley did. The men and women of the South fully appreciated that he had no unpleasant memories of civil strife,

but they knew that his ambition, as a patriot who loved his country and sought to promote its best interests, was to wipe out the last signs of the sectional division. And the success of his policy of making the South as integral a part of the nation in sentiment as it is territorially was shown during the war with Spain, and has been emphasized by the general grief at his death. He believed that the South would benefit and prosper; that if the people could be divided among the two parties, if principle and not prejudice were to guide political questions, it would be better for the South and consequently for the entire nation. As a patriot he wished to see the South prosper, and he did everything in his power to that end. As a man he loved the Southern people and knew them, understood them better than any man of the North (with here and there a very rare exception) who has not resided there.

It has been said of McKinley's farewell address, for such it will be well to call his Buffalo speech, there had been an uncommon inspiration in it. This passage, "Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not in conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war."

Then came what may be termed his benediction, and that gave the clearest light upon the real character of the man whose sudden death our country mourns:

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all peoples and powers on earth."

The London Times correspondent cabled, on the day of the assassination, before that disaster:

"Intense interest has been excited throughout the country by President McKinley's speech at Buffalo yesterday, which is regarded as one of the finest speeches he has ever made. The general consensus of opinion is that, while it represents a great departure from his former attitude towards protection, it is not necessarily inconsistent with it."

There is no doubt President McKinley knew his strength before the country, for there were few more careful or experienced observers than himself, and in his Buffalo speech he said:

"The world's products are now exchanged as they never were before, and prices are fixed with mathematical precision by the law of supply and demand. Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. Trade statistics indicate that the country is in a state of unexampled prosperity;

and the figures are almost appalling. That all the people is participating in this great prosperity is seen by the unprecedented deposits in the savings banks. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously that the problem of more markets requires immediate attention. A system which provides for the mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential. We must not repose in the fancied security that we can for ever sell everything and buy little or nothing. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development. If perchance some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to protect our industries, why should they not be employed to extend our markets abroad?"

This last utterance is an admirably condensed statement of the glory won in the first administration. It is scarcely intelligible that the elected chief of a State, like President McKinley, should be marked out for destruction, when it is certain that, by the automatic operation of a democratic system, his place will be taken by a successor, already designated by law, with the same authority, and, probably, with a prestige enhanced by the abhorrence which the criminal removal of his forerunner must produce. The frame of mind can hardly be conceived in which the murder of Mr. McKinley can have presented itself as an object from the attainment of which any social or political advantage was to be derived. The President of the United States had lately been elected for a second term by an overwhelming majority. He was the spokesman of the opinions which are in the ascendant throughout the Union. He had never been credited with a masterful or domineering spirit. His fault, indeed, had rather been that he had trimmed his sails too closely to the varying gales of public opinion and that he had rarely had a policy of his own. But this is a criticism to which many statesmen in many countries are exposed. Mr. McKinley, at any rate, had had the support of his own people and had earned the respect and the esteem of the rest of the world.

CHAPTER X.

THE HIGH-WATER MARK OF AMERICAN PROSPERITY.

McKinley's Administration Attained It—Let It Be the Policy of All to Maintain It—The Apotheosis of Our Martyr President is Instantaneous—He is Already Engraved Upon the Hearts of the People Above Party Strife—Character Study of Garfield and McKinley—The Peacefully Glorious Death of the President Will Be Immortal—The Power of Publicity.

William McKinley did not escape the educational experience of supercilious injustice. There were those who always affected to see someone else acting with him as friend and master, philosopher and guide, and who strained comparisons, and dealt perversely with the records, that they might assume their own superiority, and this was because McKinley was not a man of quarrels and was acquainted with grievances that he was too serene to trouble himself to contest and resent. His forward march was so steady, his advance and elevation so continuous, that the baffled and the envious denied him great merit by asserting he was lucky and insinuated that somebody dominated him. He was lucky like Grant—he won victories—and, like the general, he was a winner who did not boast. The sword did not devour forever with Grant, and the winnings were *pro bono publico*. McKinley was a growing man all his years, and as President he was a marvel of executive capacity, personal industry, and so ready was he for great occasions that his command of opportunities was but slowly understood and is not yet appreciated. That which he did for peace before the war with Spain, and for peace with honor in the Philippines, and his sense of justice touching our relations with the East and West Indies, and the Hawaiian group, will, as the whole truth is unfolded, increase the reputation of his manhood, the excellence of his statesmanship and the comprehension of his subordination of prejudices, and putting aside the smaller views that sustain selfishness, that the ideals of international policy might be maintained.

He was a man of good and high fortune, one more fortunate than Lincoln, who fell on the field that none but he could plow, leaving it unfinished. Lincoln had a glimpse of the great hereafter of the country of which he was the savior, as Washington was the father. William Mc-

Kinley saw the glory of his works. Prosperity to the people had come, as he said it would, according to the very diagrams he drew. Already his fame fills the world. In no country outside ours has there been ignorance of or indifference for years to the fact that his works had given him rank as a man of affairs, surpassing any head of a government, and we may take into account all the nations. Curiously enough, the closest approach of those who are well-doing among rulers are our two nearest neighbors, the President of Mexico and the Premier of the Dominion of Canada, and in saying this we enhance the compliment when we mention that we have not forgotten to consider carefully the distinction of forcible talent in the Emperor of Germany or the amiable and excellent longevity of the Emperor of Austria, who has to deal with nearly as many races as we have States.

Abraham Lincoln has for a long time stood alone before the world as the foremost of Americans, leaving undecided whether we should include in the scope of the declaration the fathers of the Revolution. There are many American citizens still active who remember when Lincoln was held to be a partisan, narrow, intense within a limited scope, but a politician one-sided and wrong-minded. We omit purposely the teeming caricatures and vindictive epithets with which he was assailed. Now he is claimed by all parties. No man is more frequently quoted as having held doctrines irreconcilable with those of the party to which he was attached. The fact is too familiar to be fortified by ready references. It is well that all the people now approve Mr. Lincoln. Once upon a time nearly all of them were against him. He has compensation for the misleading observations that were once so strenuously applied by the misled. Happy the land that it knows at last the benignant, the humane, Lincoln, whose war papers as we read them now are found full of love for enemies, and benevolent to those he found making haste on the broad walk to destruction.

It has not been long—the time is easily counted, but may as well be forgotten—when William McKinley was held by a vast multitude of his countrymen as a partisan. These lines are written during this month, the opening of which saw him full of strength, looking not backward to find that which had been said in opposition to his principles, and even in unfriendliness to his personality, but his eyes fixed upon the future, and in his last speech, his farewell address, he referred with pride to the stupendous resources of his country, and pointed out the employment that should be given the prosperity of the people. We shall soon find—the

tokens, the omens of the change are apparent—that McKinley, will be claimed as a partisan of all parties, as Lincoln is—perhaps, even more so. Of course, there are problems to solve, many of them ugly questions to meet, even racial troubles to quiet, but the one thing no more disputed is our great prosperity. The question remains as to the best division of the rewards of toil and attention to business. There will be no lack of questions to differ about.

All the parties cannot take new departures, but there is none that might not be improved by a little conformity to the needs of the times. We are prosperous. That is patent. The wayfaring man can read it. There are varieties of opinion as to what part is played by politics—that is, the forces and agencies of the government; how much our soil and climate have done, and what should be accomplished as we move on to hold fast good times. It will be admitted that McKinley had a share in the prosperous turn of affairs. We embody in this book two speeches by the late President. One when from the front porch of his Canton home he accepted the nomination for the presidency for re-election in 1900, and called attention to what had been promised if a national administration were based upon his principles and in general directed by himself, and he proceeded to point out the promises redeemed.

After his re-election he sent an annual message to Congress, the immense story of prosperity being calmly stated, and it shows the high-water mark of the prosperity of this great and prosperous country. He was urged to call Congress in extraordinary session, but thought the people would profit by a period of repose. He visited the Pacific coast, making the journey across the continent by the Southern route, but the illness of his wife prevented a public display of his journey home. Naturally he took a deep interest in the Pan-American Exposition on the Canadian frontier. He and Mrs. McKinley enjoyed their old home for two months. They were months that were restful though busy, and his Buffalo speech shows that he was thoughtful—meditating on affairs of state.

It was his last speech, his farewell address, to the people of the United States, not in solemn form like that address of Washington, which is so well known, but certainly it is a farewell to the people. The tone of it is lofty. The temper is that of confident concern, the recommendations many, most pointedly put, and this delicate work was done with the courage of convictions and the emphasis of serious purpose. It is an important document, and no doubt it was the design and desire of the late President

to make it so. The tragedy at Buffalo which gave him the martyr's crown imparts a sacredness to his life, and his death so glorious that his last words will be of an interest almost infinite and influential exceedingly.

It may have the effect of closing some controversies that have been continued beyond time. It is fit to serve as documentary in the illumination of the transformation scene of the apotheosis. President McKinley goes to his grave, his career, though "the red slayer thinks he has slain," a success consummate. He was with honor immeasurable, with homage beside which royal glories are tattered and tarnished, and he and Lincoln, hand in hand, are lifted up to be remembered, while the cloudy wings of millennial epochs expand and fade, and our flag is still there, shining over our country, made more precious and stanch by the martyrs to Liberty and Order, one and inseparable, and the inherited statesmanship that will give to the people permanent prosperity, resting upon the tested foundation principles, and public sentiment enlightened, that capital and labor shall share and share alike as wisdom is given to make fair division of the increase.

Few men have been born with greater endowments than James A. Garfield. One can count upon the fingers of one hand and name all who were equal to him in the gifts of intellectual and physical strength. He was not an aggressor, a man who quarreled, and there were those so mistaken as to regard the absence of personal belligerency in him as declaring a lack of spirit. There were a few who were ready to assert that he was timid, but who as a soldier proved a courage exceeding that with which he led his regiment, sword in hand, in an assault upon an intrenched force of Confederate riflemen of numbers about equal to their assailants, but this herculean young man, who discarded his coat because it was an incumbrance to head a footrace, carried all before him. His audacity did not frighten his opponents, but dazed and astonished them, and gave them a suggestion of overbearing numbers and they got out of the way.

At Chickamauga, a field that will be famous forever for valor on both sides, proven by an unparalleled percentage of killed and wounded, he rode across the country, guided by the sound of the firing that told Thomas was still there, and found him, the rock that withstood the stormy charges terrible as the hurricanes of the gulf. Garfield had a brain of Websterian potentiality and his stature was superior to that of Webster, and it may be asked why he did not have the monumental orations that Webster did, why he is not quoted as Webster is. It would be

a reasonable answer to say no one of our public men is or ever was as much quoted as Webster. Of all the members of Congress there is no one who approaches "the God-like Daniel," in the use made of his eloquence in the Senate and the House.

But Webster had nearly a quarter of a century more of life than Garfield, who never saw his fiftieth birthday. If he had not been taken from the Senate by his election to the presidency, before he could fill the seat in that body to which he had been chosen, and if he could have had the years of Webster as Secretary of State and Senator, there would have been great works to show. He was so miserably cut down in his strength and tortured for two months and two weeks before he was mercifully released, that he was largely cheated out of the apotheosis which was his due. He was assassinated at the very moment he had cleared the atmosphere of the White House and its surrounding of the antagonisms that were unworthy those who cultivated them, and basely unjust. That very morning of his assassination he thought the ground solid under his feet, felt that he had the better of his foes and was going to Western Massachusetts on a holiday, and his wife, who had been wasted with illness, had been so restored as to join him. Since the beginning no human being has died in the presence of mankind as President McKinley has done. The nearest approach to having the world for an audience as McKinley had was the deathbed of Garfield, and in the twenty years that have passed the telegraph wires have been vastly multiplied and extended. The enlightened nations have their news from all the great centers of commerce every day, indeed, every hour. The intelligence of an occurrence in Europe or North America that commands consideration is transmitted without appreciable loss of time to Asia and Africa, to the Indies, East and West, to South America and Australia. There will be soon a trans-Pacific cable, and already the shores of Asia, Africa, and South America are lined with wires. There are cables through the Red Sea and the Mediterranean and Australia is connected by wire to Asia. England is in touch with India and all her North and South Pacific possessions. President McKinley's assassination was known at the ends of the earth in a few hours, and the hopes of recovery that for a while prevailed and the relapse that announced a fatal termination were known in all the cities hour by hour without respect to distance, and in a way never before experienced; all men and women were beside the deathbed, and the soft, low, whispered words of the President were heard over all the wires, and the woes of his invalid wife

were announced. The shifting scenes of the drama, the varied views of the men of science were impressed, approximately as they happened, in all lands under the sun. It was this marvel that was so impressive, and the words of the dying President, the songs that were sung, the waiting multitudes pressing near, the prodigious processions, civil and military, the story was told as if a play were played upon the stage of the wide world, and all the races of man were hearers and spectators, and the judgment of all nations has been rendered and received everywhere that the character of the leader we have lost was one to be commended unreservedly as a good example, one who loved and labored for his fellowmen, and that under the beneficence of the principles the people approved, and through the authority they gave for him to open the gates of enterprise, protect the rights of labor and the product of industry, there came to the country prosperity, with broader, brighter and grander ways and more ample means for the conservation of life, the establishment of liberty and the pursuit of happiness than ever before was afforded any people. As the world moves now we do not have to wait—and it may be forever—to know the destinations of men and the measurement of events. The world is one theater. The light shines down for all and the dramatic action is the history of man.

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECOND NOMINATION OF THE THIRD MARTYR PRESIDENT FOR THE PRESIDENCY.

The Republican National Convention of 1900—McKinley's Nomination Seconded by Theodore Roosevelt—His Eloquent Words on that Memorable Occasion—Senator Depew's Address One of the Features of the Convention.

In the Republican National Convention of 1900, when the roll of States was called for the nomination of candidates for President, Alabama yielded to Ohio, and Senator Foraker took the platform, thanked Alabama, said that which he had been called to do had been done—the temporary and permanent Presidents of the Convention had nominated McKinley, and so had the reader of the platform—he was the universal nominee—as for speaking for the President, the President had spoken for himself to the world in events, and four years ago the American people confided to him their highest and most sacred trust. 'Behold with what results! He found the industries of this country paralyzed and prostrated; he quickened them with a new life that has brought to the American people a prosperity unprecedented in all their history. He found the labor of this country everywhere idle; he has given it everywhere employment. He found it everywhere in despair; he has made it everywhere prosperous and buoyant with hope. He found the mills and shops and factories and mines everywhere closed; they are now everywhere open.

"And while we here deliberate, they are sending their surplus products in commercial conquest to the very ends of the earth. Under his wise guidance our financial standard has been firmly planted high above and beyond assault. With a diplomacy never excelled and rarely equalled, he has overcome what at times seemed to be insurmountable difficulties and has not only opened to us the door of China but he has advanced our interests in every land.

"We are not surprised by this, for we anticipated it all. When we nominated him at St. Louis four years ago, we knew he was wise, we knew he was brave, we knew he was patient, we knew he would be faithful and devoted, and we knew that the greatest possible triumphs of peace would be his; but we then little knew that he would be called upon

to encounter also the trials of war. That unusual emergency came. It came unexpectedly—as wars generally come. It came in spite of all he could honorably do to avert it. It came to find the country unprepared for it, but it found him equal to all its extraordinary requirements.

"And it is no exaggeration to say that in all American history there is no chapter more brilliant than that which chronicles, with him as our commander-in-chief, our victory on land and sea. In one hundred days he drove Spain from the Western Hemisphere, gilded the earth with our acquisition and filled the world with the splendor of our power. The American name has a new and greater significance now. Our flag has a new glory. It not only symbolizes human liberty and political equality at home, but it means freedom and independence for the long-suffering patriots of Cuba, and complete protection, education and enlightenment, and ultimate local self-government and the enjoyment of all the blessings of liberty to the millions of Porto Rico and the Philippines. What we have so gloriously done for ourselves we propose most generously to do for them. We have so declared in the platform that we have adopted.

"A fitting place it is for the party to make such a declaration. Here in this magnificent city of Philadelphia, where the evidences so abound of the rich blessings the Republican party has brought to the American people; here at the birthplace of the Nation, where our own Declaration of Independence was adopted and our Constitution formed; where Washington and Jefferson and Hancock and John Adams and their illustrious associates wrote their immortal work; here, where center so many historic memories that stir the blood and flush the cheek and excite the sentiments of human liberty and patriotism, is indeed a most fitting place for the party of Lincoln and Grant and Garfield and Blaine.

"The party of union and liberty for all men formally dedicates itself to this great duty. We are now in the midst of its discharge. We could not turn back if we would, and we would not if we could. We are on trial before the world and must triumphantly meet our responsibilities or ignominiously fail in the presence of mankind. These responsibilities speak to this convention here and now, and command us that we choose to be our candidate and the next President—which is one and the same thing—the best fitted man for the discharge of this great duty in all the republic.

"On that point there is no difference of opinion. No man in all the

Nation is so well qualified for this trust as the great leader under whom the work has been so far conducted. He has the head, he has the heart, he has the special knowledge and the special experience that qualify him beyond all others. And he has also the stainless reputation and character and has led the blameless life that endear him to his countrymen and give to him the confidence, the respect, the admiration, the love and the affection of the whole American people. He is an ideal man, representing the highest type of American citizenship, an ideal candidate and an ideal President. With our banner in his hands it will be carried to triumphant victory on November next.

"In the name of all these considerations, not only on behalf of his beloved State of Ohio, but on behalf of every other State and Territory here represented, and in the name of all Republicans everywhere throughout our jurisdiction, I nominate to be our next candidate for the presidency, William McKinley."

The ringing speech of the Senator moved the enormous audience. The standards of the States were paraded, the band played the airs of fame and glory. Senator Hanna led the applause on the platform, and for a quarter of an hour business was suspended.

Governor Roosevelt took the platform to second the nomination of McKinley, and there was wild shouting "Roosevelt, Roosevelt," and these expressions were mingled with "Teddy, Teddy, Teddy." The Kansas folks, who were close to the rostrum, roared out "He's a dandy."

Governor Roosevelt waited patiently, but the greeting did not come to an end until he raised his right hand and waved his indication that he would like to be heard. His wishes were respected.

The Governor said:

"Mr. Chairman—I rise to second the nomination of William McKinley, the President who has had to meet and solve problems more numerous and more important than any other President since the days of mighty Abraham Lincoln; the President under whose administration this country has attained a higher pitch of prosperity at home and honor abroad than ever before in its history. Four years ago the Republican party nominated William McKinley as its standard bearer in a political conflict of graver moment to the Nation than any that had taken place since the close of the Civil War saw us once more a united country. The Republican party nominated him, but before the campaign was many days old he had become the candidate not only of all Republicans,

but of all Americans who were both far-sighted enough to see where the true interests of the country lay, and clear-minded enough to be keenly sensitive to the taint of dishonor. President McKinley was triumphantly elected on certain distinct pledges, and those pledges have been made more than good.

"We were then in a condition of industrial paralysis. The capitalist was plunged in ruin and disaster; the wage-worker was on the edge of actual want; the success of our opponents would have meant not only immense aggravation of the actual physical distress, but also a stain on the Nation's honor so deep that more than one generation would have to pass before it would be effectually wiped out. We promised that if President McKinley were elected not only should the national honor be kept unstained at home and abroad, but that the mill and the workshop should open, the farmer have a market for his goods, the merchant for his wares, and that the wage-worker should prosper as never before.

"We did not promise the impossible; we did not say that by good legislation and good administration there would come prosperity to all men; but we did say that each man should have a better chance to win prosperity than he had ever yet had. In the long run, the thrift, industry, energy and capacity of the individual must always remain the chief factors in his success. By unwise or dishonest legislation or administration on the part of the National authorities all these qualities in the individual can be nullified; but wise legislation and upright administration will give them free scope. And it was this free scope that we promised should be given.

"Well, we kept our word. The opportunity has been given, and it has been seized by American energy, thrift and business enterprise. As a result we have prospered as never before, and we are now prospering to a degree that would have seemed incredible four years ago, when the cloud of menace to our industrial well-being hung black above the land.

"So it has been in foreign affairs. Four years ago the Nation was uneasy because right at our doors an American island lay writhing in awful agony under the curse of worse than mediæval tyranny and misrule. We had our Armenia at our very doors, for the situation in Cuba had grown intolerable, and such that this Nation could no longer refrain from interference, and retain its own self respect. President McKinley turned to this duty as he had turned to others. He sought by every

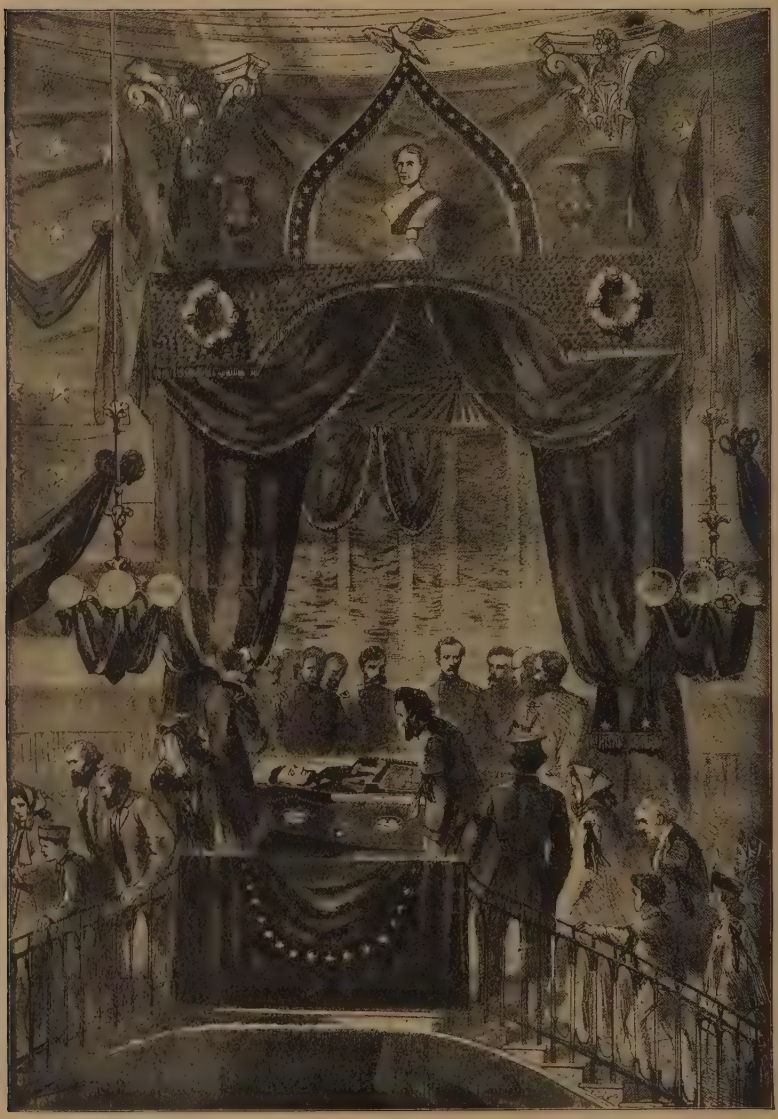
effort possible to provide for Spain's withdrawal from the island which she was impotent longer to do aught than oppress. Then when pacific means had failed, and there remained the only alternative, we waged the most righteous and brilliantly successful foreign war that any country has waged during the lifetime of the present generation. It was not a great war, simply because it was won too quickly; but it was momentous indeed in its effects. It left us, as all great feats must leave those who perform them, an inheritance both of honor and of responsibility; and under the lead of President McKinley the Nation has taken up the task of securing orderly liberty and the reign of justice and law in the islands from which we drove the tyranny of Spain, with the same serious realization of duty and sincere purpose to perform it, that has marked the national attitude in dealing with the economic and financial difficulties that face us at home.

"This is what the Nation has done during the three years that have elapsed since we made McKinley President, and all this is what he typifies and stands for. We here nominate him again, and in November next we shall elect him again; because it has been given to him to personify the cause of honor abroad and prosperity at home, of wise legislation and straightforward administration. We all know the old adage about swapping horses while crossing a stream, and the still older adage about letting well enough alone. To change from President McKinley now would not be merely to swap horses. It would be to jump off the horse that had carried us across, and wade back into the torrents; and to put him for four years more into the White House means not merely to let well enough alone, but to insist that when we are thriving as never before we shall not be plunged back into an abyss of shame and panic and disaster.

"We have done so well that our opponents actually use this very fact as an appeal for turning us out. We have put the tariff on a foundation so secure; we have passed such wise laws on finance, that they actually appeal to the patriotic, honest men who deserted them at the last election to help them now; because, forsooth, we have done so well that nobody need fear their capacity to undo our work! I am not exaggerating. This is literally the argument that is now addressed to the Gold Democrats as a reason why they need no longer stand by the Republican party. To all such who may be inclined to listen to these specious arguments, I would address an emphatic word of warning.

Secretary Welles. Secretary Stanton. Dennison. Charles Sumner. Robert Lincoln. Private Secretary Hay. Gen. Meigs.
Surgeon-General Barnes. Gen. Halleck.

DEATH-BED SCENE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



VIEWING LINCOLN'S REMAINS.

City Hall, New York City.

Remember that, admirable though our legislation has been during the past three years, it has been rendered possible and effective only because there was a good Administration to back it.

"Wise laws are invaluable; but, after all, they are not as necessary as wise and honest administration of the laws. The best law ever made, if administered by those who are hostile to it, and who mean to break it down, cannot be wholly effective, and may be wholly ineffective. We have at last put our financial legislation on a sound basis, but no possible financial legislation can save us from fearful and disastrous panic if we trust our finances to the management of any man who would be acceptable to the leaders and guides of the Democracy in its present spirit. No Secretary of the Treasury who would be acceptable to, or who could without loss of self respect serve under, the Populistic Democracy, could avoid plunging this country back into financial chaos. Until our opponents have explicitly and absolutely repudiated the principles which in '96 they professed, and the leaders who embody these principles, their success means the undoing of the country. Nor have they any longer even the excuse of being honest in their folly.

"They have raved, they have foamed at the mouth, in denunciation of trusts, and, now, in my own State, their foremost party leaders, including the man before whom the others bow with bared head and trembling knee, have been discovered in a trust which really is of infamous, and perhaps of criminal character, a trust in which these apostles of Democracy, these prophets of the new dispensation, have sought to wring fortunes from the dire need of their poorer brethren.

"I rise to second the nomination of William McKinley because with him as a leader this country has trod the path of national greatness and prosperity with the strides of a giant, and because under him we can and will once more and finally overthrow those whose success would mean for the Nation material disaster and moral disgrace. Exactly as we have remedied the evils which in the past we undertook to remedy, so now, when we say that a wrong shall be righted, it most assuredly will be righted.

"We have nearly succeeded in bringing peace and order to the Philippines. We have sent thither, and to the other islands toward whose inhabitants we now stand as trustees in the cause of good government, men like Wood, Taft and Allen, whose very names are synonyms of integrity and guarantees of efficiency. Appointees like these, with sub-

ordinates chosen on grounds of merit and fitness alone, are evidence of the spirit and methods in and by which this Nation must approach its new and serious duties. Contrast this with what would be the fate of the islands under the spoils system so brazenly advocated by our opponents in their last national platform.

"The war still goes on because the allies in this country of the bloody insurrectionary oligarchy have taught their foolish dupes abroad to believe that if the rebellion is kept alive until next November, Democratic success at the polls here will be followed by the abandonment of the islands—that means their abandonment to savages who would scramble for what we desert until some powerful civilized nation stepped in to do what we would have shown ourselves unfit to perform. Our success in November means peace in the islands. The success of our political opponents means an indefinite prolongation of misery and bloodshed. We of this convention now renominate the man whose name is a guarantee against such disaster. When we place William McKinley as our candidate before the people we place the Republican party on record as standing for the performance which squares with the promise, as standing for the redemption in administration and legislation of the pledges made in the platform and on the stump, as standing for the upbuilding of the national honor and interest abroad and the continuance at home of the prosperity which it has already brought to the farm and the workshop.

"We stand on the threshold of a new century, a century big with the fate of the great nations of the earth. It rests with us now to decide whether in the opening years of that century we shall march forward to fresh triumphs, or whether at the outset we shall deliberately cripple ourselves for the contest. Is America a weakling, to shrink from the world work that must be done by the world powers? No! The young giant of the West stands on a continent and clasps the crest of an ocean in either hand. Our Nation, glorious in youth and strength, looks into the future with fearless and eager eyes and rejoices as a strong man to run a race. We do not stand in craven mood, asking to be spared the task, cringing as we gaze on the contest. No! We challenge the proud privilege of doing the work that Providence allots us, and we face the coming years high of heart and resolute of faith that to our people is given the right to win such honor and renown as has never yet been granted to the peoples of mankind."

Roosevelt's speech was excellent, persuasive, commanding—full of the manliness that speaks with irresistible force. It was an hour made passionate by the living presence of the memorable.....

Senator Depew was not on the programme for a speech, but was called out, and when he tried to stop, was commanded to go on.

The new story:

"We stand in the presence of eight hundred millions of people with the Pacific as an American lake, and the American artisan producing better and cheaper goods than any country in the world, and, my friends, we go to American labor and to the American farm, and say that, with McKinley for another four years, there is no congestion for America. Let invention proceed, let production go on, let the mountains bring forth their treasures, let the factories do their best, let labor be employed at the highest wages, because the world is ours, and we have conquered it by Republican principles and by Republican persistency in the principles of American industry and of America for Americans.

"You and I, my friends—you from New England with all its culture and its coldness, and you from the Middle West who, starting from Ohio, and radiating in every direction, think you are all there is of it; you from the West, who produce on this platform a product of New England transformed to the West through New York, that delivered the best presiding officer's speech in oratory and all that makes up a great speech that has been heard in many a day in any convention in this country. It was a glorious thing to see the fervor of the West and the culture and polish of New England giving us an ammunition wagon from which the spellbinder everywhere can draw the powder to shoot down opposition East and West and North and South.

"Many of you I met in convention four years ago. We all feel what little men we were then compared with what we are to-day. There is not a man here that does not feel four hundred per cent bigger in 1900 than he did in 1896, bigger intellectually, bigger hopefully, bigger patriotically, bigger in the breast from the fact that he is a citizen of a country that has become a world power for peace, for civilization and for the expansion of its industries and the products of its labor.

"We have the best ticket ever presented. We have at the head of it a Western man with Eastern notions, and we have at the other end an Eastern man with Western character, the statesman and the cowboy, the accomplished man of affairs and the heroic fighter. The man who

has proved great as President, and the fighter who has proved great as Governor. We leave this old town simply to keep on shouting and working to make it unanimous for McKinley and for Roosevelt.

"There was a lady with her husband in Florida last winter. He a consumptive and she a strenuous and tumultuous woman. Her one remark was, as they sat on the piazza, 'Stop coughing, John.'

"John had a hemorrhage. The doctor said he must stay in bed six weeks. His tumultuous wife said: 'Doctor, it is impossible. We are traveling on a time limited ticket, and we have got several more places to go to.' So she carried him off. The next station they got to the poor man died, and the sympathetic hotel proprietor said: 'Poor madam, what shall we do?' She said: 'Box him up. I have got a time-limited ticket and several more places to go to.' Now, we buried 16 to 1 in 1896. We put a monument over it weighing as many tons as the Sierra Nevada, when gold was put into the statutes by a Republican Congress and the signature of William McKinley.

"I recall that two years ago to-day as many men as there are men and women in this great hall were on board sixty transports lying off Santiago Harbor in full view of the bay with Morro Castle looming up upon the right and another prominence upon the left with the opening of the channel between. On board those transports were twenty thousand soldiers that had gone away from our shores to liberate another race, to fulfill no obligation but that of humanity.

"On the ship Yucatan was that famous regiment of Rough Riders of the far West and the Mississippi Valley. In command of that regiment was that fearless young American, student, scholar, plainsman, historian, statesman, soldier, of the Middle West by adoption, of New York by birth. That fleet sailing around the point, coming to the place of landing, stood off the harbor, two years ago to-morrow, and the navy bombarded that shore to make a place for landing, and no man who lives, who was in that campaign as an officer, as a soldier or as a camp follower, can fail to recall the spectacle; and, if he closes his eyes he sees the awful scenes in that campaign in June and July, 1898. There were those who stood upon the shore and saw these indomitable men landing in small boats through the waves that dashed against the shore, landing without harbor, but land they did, with their accoutrements on, and their weapons by their sides. And those who stood upon that shore and saw these men come on thought they could see in their faces:

"'Stranger, can you tell me the nearest road to Santiago?' That is the place they were looking for. And the leader of one of those regiments in that campaign shall be the name that I shall place before this convention for the office of Vice-President of the United States."

Senator Depew's speech, which was not on the program, but can not be omitted from the history of the Convention, seconding the nomination of Governor Roosevelt, was one of the features of the Convention. His character and career sketches of McKinley and Roosevelt were irresistibly fetching. This was in the best possible form.

"McKinley, a young soldier, and coming out a major; McKinley, a Congressman, and making a tariff; McKinley, a President, elected because he represented the protection of American industries, and McKinley, after four years' development, in peace, in war, in prosperity and in adversity, the greatest President save one or two that this country ever had, and the greatest ruler in Christendom to-day. So with Colonel Roosevelt—we call him Teddy.

"He was the child of New York, of New York City, the place that you gentlemen from the West think means 'coupons, clubs and eternal damnation for every one.' Teddy, this child of Fifth avenue—he was the child of the clubs; he was the child of the exclusiveness of Harvard College, and he went West and became a cowboy; and then he went into the Navy Department and became an assistant secretary.

"He gave an order, and the old chiefs of bureaus came to him and said: 'Why, Colonel, there is no authority and no requisition to burn this powder.' 'Well,' said the Colonel, 'we have got to get ready when war comes, and powder was manufactured to be burned.' And the burning of that powder sunk Cervera's fleet outside of Santiago Harbor, and the fleet in Manila Bay.

"At Santiago a modest voice was heard, exceedingly polite, addressing a militia regiment, lying upon the ground, while the Spanish bullets were flying over them. This voice said: 'Get one side, gentlemen, please, one side, gentlemen, please, that my men can get out.' And when this polite man got his men out in the open, where they could face the bayonet and face the bullet, there was a transformation, and the transformation was that the dude had become a cowboy, the cowboy had become a soldier, the soldier had become a hero, and rushing up the hill, pistol in hand, the polite man shouted to the militiamen lying down: 'Give them hell, boys. Give them hell.'"

CHAPTER XII.

THE CAMPAIGN OF 1900.

McKinley's Ohio Home—His Notification at Canton of His Nomination for a Second Term of the Presidency—The Significance and Scenery of the Event—The Twenty-fifth President's Speech Accepting His Second Nomination and Reviewing the Promises His Administration Redeemed.

Notification day brought to the home of President McKinley, the brick-paved, maple-treed, shaded city of homelike beauty, Canton, Ohio, delegations from surrounding towns, including some thousands of men from the shops. The farmers left their fields to go to see Canton once more as it was in the brave days of '96. Again the national airs were resonant; the processions moved, the carriages and horsemen were heard on the clean brick pavements—the streets were crowded about the McKinley home, and the turf of the pretty front yard was trampled once more by enthusiasts whose irrepressible enthusiasm was irresistible. Again was heard the voice so familiar in other years, silent under the strain of surpassing reponsibilities; and now the words spoken were those of the Chief Magistrate of one of the great Powers of the world, and would be of interest and importance to all nations of the earth, and his audience waited far beyond the shady streets, the handsome and tidy homes and the green fields of Ohio, in the great cities of the land, the superb capitals of Europe, and beyond the ancient walls of Asia.

It is the fashion on such occasions as that of the notification of President McKinley of the action of the Philadelphia Convention, that he shall be advised some days in advance in that which is to be said in the address of announcement, that no point may be neglected; and there was evidence in the address by Senator Lodge and the President's reply, that they were in close sympathy and harmony, entirely understanding the situation and themselves. The two speeches were as one, for there was a single purpose, and through two utterances there was a dominant characteristic—that of frank language. There was not only no "scuttle," but no evasion, no slighting. There was simple, clear, sincere, strong business talks, going into all the great state subjects thoroughly. There was in the President's speech the ring of understanding

that he was master of the situation, for he had told the people the truth and gained their confidence, and was conscious of the splendor of their response. In what was said of all the great questions there are no double meanings. The latest of the new problems,—that of China,—was treated in as plain spoken a way as were the Philippines. Following the President came Senator Fairbanks, who gave the keynote on the silver question; Senator Hanna, who called upon all men to do their duty; Postmaster-General Smith, who gave a brief, but profound analysis of the illusions of the Democratic party; Senator Lodge once more, this time informally and with refreshing effect, and the representative from Hawaii. The substance of the speaking was the prominent presentation of the fact that the policy of the Opposition was further strife to unsettle the standard of value and take backward and downward steps as to the character of money and the elevation of credit; and the certainty that the advance points of Republican progress fairly won are to be maintained at all hazards and against all comers with a point-blank fire.

The address of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge at the McKinley home, formally notifying the President of his nomination, follows:

Mr. President:—This committee, representing every state in the Union, and the organized territories, of the United States, was duly appointed to announce to you, formally, your nomination by the Republican National Convention, which met in Philadelphia on June 19 last, as the candidate of the Republican party for President of the United States for the term beginning March 4, 1901. To be selected by the Republican party as their candidate for this great office is always one of the highest honors which can be given to any man. This nomination, however, comes to you, sir, under circumstances which give it a higher significance and make it even a deeper expression of honor and trust than usual. You were nominated unanimously at Philadelphia. You received the unforced vote of every delegate, from every state and every territory.

The harmony of sentiment which appears on the face of the result was but the reflection of the deeper harmony which existed in the hearts and minds of the delegates. Without friction, without dissent, with profound satisfaction and eager enthusiasm you were nominated for the Presidency by the united voice of the representatives of our great party, in which there is neither sign of division nor shadow of turning.

Such unanimity, always remarkable, is here the more impressive, because it accompanies a second nomination to the great office which you have held for four years. It is not the facile triumph of hope over experience, but the sober approval of conduct and character tested in many trials and tried by heavy and extraordinary responsibilities.

With the exception of the period in which Washington organized the Nation and built the state, and of those other awful years when Lincoln led his people through the agony of civil war and saved from destruction the work of Washington, there has never been a Presidential term in our history so crowded with great events, so filled with new and momentous questions, as that which is now drawing to its end.

True to the declarations which were made at St. Louis in 1896, you, sir, united with the Republicans in Congress in the reunion of the tariff and the re-establishment of the protective policy. You maintained our credit and upheld the gold standard, leading the party by your advice to the passage of the great measure which is today the bulwark of both. You led again the policy which has made Hawaii a possession of the United States. On all these questions you fulfilled the hopes and justified the confidence of the people, who four years ago put trust in our promises. But on all these questions, also, you had as guides, not only your own principles, the well considered results of years of training and reflection, but, also, the plain declarations of the National Convention which nominated you in 1896. Far different was it when the Cuban question, which we had promised to settle, brought first war and then peace, with Spain. Congress declared war, but you, as Commander-in-Chief, had to carry it on. You did so and history records unbroken victory from the first shot of the "Nashville" to the day when the protocol was signed. The peace you had to make alone, Cuba, Porto Rico, the Philippines. You had to assume alone the responsibility of taking them all from Spain. Alone, and weighted with the terrible responsibility of the unchecked war powers of the constitution, you were obliged to govern these islands, and to repress disorder and rebellion in the Philippines. No party creed defined the course you were to follow. Courage, foresight, comprehension of American interests, both now and in the uncharted future, faith in the American people and in their fitness for great tasks were then your only guides and counsellors.

Thus, you framed and put in operation this great new policy which has made us at once masters of the Antilles and a great eastern power,

holding firmly our possessions on both sides of the Pacific. The new and strange ever excite fear, and the courage and prescience which accept them always arouse criticism and attack. Yet a great departure and a new policy were never more quickly justified than those undertaken by you. On the possession of the Philippines rests the admirable diplomacy which warned all nations that American trade was not to be shut out from China. It is to Manila that we owe the ability to send troops and ships in this time of stress to the defense of our ministers, our missionaries, our consuls and our merchants in China, instead of being compelled to leave our citizens to the casual protection of other powers, as would have been unavoidable, had we flung the Philippines away and withdrawn from the Orient.

Rest assured, sir, that the vigorous measure which you have thus been enabled to take, and that all further measures in the same direction which you may take, for the protection of American lives and property, will receive the hearty support of the people of the United States, who are now, as always, determined that the American citizen shall be protected at any cost in all his rights, everywhere, and at all times. It is to Manila again, to our fleet in the bay and our army on the land, that we shall owe the power, when these scenes of blood in China are closed, to exact reparation, to enforce stern justice, and to insist, in the final settlement, upon an open door to all that vast market for our fast growing commerce.

Events, moving with terrible rapidity, have been swift witnesses to the wisdom of your action in the east. The Philadelphia Convention has adopted your policy both in the Antilles and the Philippines and has made it their own and that of the Republican party.

Your election, sir, next November assures to us the continuance of that policy abroad and in our new possessions. To entrust these difficult and vital questions to other hands, at once incompetent and hostile, would be a disaster to us and a still more unrelieved disaster to our posterity.

Your election means not only protection to our industries but the maintenance of a sound currency and of the gold standard, the very cornerstone of our economic and financial welfare. Should these be shaken, as they would be by the success of our opponents, the whole fabric of our business confidence and prosperity would fall to ruin. Your defeat would be the signal of the advance of the free trade, for the

anarchy of a debased and unstable currency, for business panic, depression and hard times and for the wreck of our foreign policy. Your election and the triumph of the Republican party—which we believe to be as sure as the coming of the day—will make certain the steady protection of our industries, sound money, and a vigorous and intelligent foreign policy. They will continue those interests of the government and wise legislation so essential to the prosperity and well being which have blessed our country in such abundance during the past four years.

Thus announcing to you, sir, your nomination as the Republican candidate, we have the honor also to submit to you the declaration of principles made by the National Convention, which, we trust, will receive your approval. We can assure you of the faithful and earnest support of the Republican party in every state, and we beg you to believe that we discharge here today, with feelings of the deepest personal gratification, this honorable duty imposed upon us by the convention.

President McKinley, responding to Senator Lodge, said:

Senator Lodge and Gentlemen of the Notification Committee:

The message which you bring to me is one of signal honor. It is also a summons to duty. A single nomination for the office of President by a great party which in thirty-two years out of forty has been triumphant at National elections, is a distinction which I gratefully cherish. To receive a unanimous re-nomination by the same party is an expression of regard and a pledge of continued confidence for which it is difficult to make adequate acknowledgment.

If anything exceeds the honor of the office of President of the United States, it is the responsibility which attaches to it. Having been invested with both, I do not under-appraise either.

Anyone who has borne the anxieties and burdens of the Presidential office, especially in time of National trial, cannot contemplate assuming it a second time without profoundly realizing the severe exactions and the solemn obligations which it imposes, and this feeling is accentuated by the momentous problems which now press for settlement. If my countrymen shall confirm the action of the convention at our National election in November, I shall, craving Divine guidance, undertake the exalted trust, to administer it for the interest and honor of the country,

and the well being of the new peoples who have become the objects of our care. The declaration of principles adopted by the convention has my hearty approval. At some future date I will consider its subjects in detail and will by letter communicate to your chairman a more formal acceptance of the nomination.

On a like occasion four years ago, I said:

"The party that supplied by legislation the vast revenues for the conduct of our greatest war; that promptly restored the credit of the country at its close; that from its abundant revenues paid off a large share of the debt incurred by this war, and that resumed specie payments and placed our paper currency upon a sound and enduring basis, can be safely trusted to preserve both our credit and currency, with honor, stability and inviolability. The American people hold the financial honor of our government as sacred as our flag, and can be relied upon to guard it with the same sleepless vigilance. They hold its preservation above party fealty, and have often demonstrated that party ties avail nothing when the spotless credit of our country is threatened.

"* * * The dollar paid to the farmer, the wage-earner, and the pensioner must continue forever equal in purchasing and debt-paying power to the dollar paid to any government creditor.

"* * * Our industrial supremacy, our productive capacity, our business and commercial prosperity, our labor and its rewards, our National credit and currency, our proud financial honor and our splendid free citizenship, the birthright of every American, are all involved in the pending campaign, and thus every home in the land is directly and intimately connected with their proper settlement.

"* * * Our domestic trade must be won back and our idle working people employed in gainful occupations at American wages. Our home market must be restored to its proud rank of first in the world, and our foreign trade, so precipitately cut off by adverse national legislation, reopened on fair and equitable terms for our surplus agricultural and manufacturing products.

"* * * Public confidence must be resumed and the skill, energy and the capital of our country find ample employment at home.

"* * * The government of the United States must raise money enough to meet both its current expenses and increasing needs. Its revenues should be so raised as to protect the material interests of our people, with the lightest possible drain upon their resources and maintain-

ing that high standard of civilization which has distinguished our country for more than a century of its existence.

"* * * The national credit, which has thus far fortunately resisted every assault upon it, must and will be upheld and strengthened. If sufficient revenues are provided for the support of the government there will be no necessity for borrowing money and increasing the public debt."

Three and one-half years of legislation and administration have been concluded since these words were spoken. Have those to whom was confided the direction of the government kept their pledges? The record is made up. The people are not unfamiliar with what has been accomplished. The gold standard has been reaffirmed and strengthened. The endless chain has been broken and the drain upon our gold reserve no longer frets us. The credit of the country has been advanced to the highest place among all nations. We are refunding our bonded debt, bearing three and four and five per cent interest, at two per cent, a lower rate than that of any other country, and already more than three hundred millions have been so funded, with a gain to the government of many millions of dollars. Instead of 16 to 1, for which our opponents contended four years ago, legislation has been enacted which, while utilizing all forms of our money, secures one fixed value for every dollar and that the best known to the civilized world.

A tariff which protects American labor and industry and provides ample revenues has been written in public law. We have lower interest and higher wages; more money and fewer mortgages. The world's markets have been opened to American products, which go now where they have never gone before. We have passed from a bond-issuing to a bond-paying nation; from a nation of borrowers to a nation of lenders; from a deficiency in revenue to a surplus; from fear to confidence; from enforced idleness to profitable employment. The public faith has been upheld; public order has been maintained. We have prosperity at home and prestige abroad.

Unfortunately the threat of 1896 has just been renewed by the allied parties without abatement or modification. The gold bill has been denounced and its repeal demanded. The menace of 16 to 1, therefore, still hangs over us with all its dire consequences to credit and confidence, to business and industry. The enemies of sound currency are rallying their

scattered forces. The people must once more unite and overcome the advocates of repudiation and must not relax their energy until the battle for public honor and honest money shall again triumph. A congress which will sustain and if need be strengthen the present law can prevent a financial catastrophe which every lover of the republic is interested to avert.

Not satisfied with assaulting the currency and credit of the government, our political adversaries condemn the tariff law enacted at the extra session of Congress in 1897, known as the Dingley act, passed in obedience to the will of the people expressed at the election in the preceding November, a law which at once stimulated our industries, opened the idle factories and mines and gave to the laborer and to the farmer fair returns for their toil and investment. Shall we go back to a tariff which brings deficiency in our revenues and destruction to our industrial enterprises?

Faithful to its pledges in these internal affairs, how has the government discharged its international duties?

Our platform of 1896 declared: "The Hawaiian Islands should be controlled by the United States, and no foreign power should be permitted to interfere with them." This purpose has been fully accomplished by annexation, and delegates from these beautiful islands participated in the convention for which you speak to-day. In the great conference of nations at The Hague we reaffirmed before the world the Monroe doctrine and our adherence to it and our determination not to participate in the complications of Europe. We have happily ended the European alliance in Samoa, securing to ourselves one of the most valuable harbors in the Pacific ocean; while the open door in China gives to us fair and equal competition in the vast trade of the Orient.

Some things have happened which were not promised, nor even foreseen, and our purpose in relation to them must not be left in doubt. A just war has been waged for humanity and with it have come new problems and responsibilities. Spain has been ejected from the western hemisphere and our flag floats over her former territory. Cuba has been liberated and our guarantees to her people will be sacredly executed. A beneficent government has been provided for Porto Rico. The Philippines are ours and American authority must be supreme throughout the archipelago. There will be amnesty broad and liberal but no abatement of our rights, no abandonment of our duty. There

must be no scuttle policy. We will fulfill in the Philippines the obligations imposed by the triumphs of our arms and by the treaty of peace; by international law; by the Nation's sense of honor; and more than all by the rights, interests and conditions of the Philippine people themselves. No outside interference blocks the way to peace and a stable government. The obstructionists are here, not elsewhere. They may postpone, but they cannot defeat the realization of the high purpose of this nation to restore order to the islands and establish a just and generous government in which the inhabitants shall have the largest participation for which they are capable. The organized forces which have been misled into rebellion have been dispersed by our faithful soldiers and sailors, and the people of the islands, delivered from anarchy, pillage and oppression, recognize American sovereignty as the symbol and pledge of peace, justice, law, religious freedom, education, the security of life and property, and the welfare and prosperity of their several communities.

We assert the early principles of the Republican party, sustained by unbroken judicial precedents, that the representatives of the people in congress assembled, have full legislative power over territory belonging to the United States, subject to the fundamental safeguards of liberty, justice and personal rights, and are vested with ample authority to act "for the highest interests of our Nation and the people entrusted to its care." This doctrine, first proclaimed in the cause of freedom, will never be used as a weapon for oppression.

I am glad to be assured by you that what we have done in the far east has the approval of the country. The sudden and terrible crisis in China calls for the gravest consideration, and you will not expect from me now any further expression than to say that my best efforts shall be given to the immediate purpose of protecting the lives of our citizens who are in peril, with the ultimate object of the peace and welfare of China, the safeguarding of all our treaty rights, and the maintenance of those principles of impartial intercourse to which the civilized world is pledged.

I cannot conclude without congratulating my countrymen upon the strong National Sentiment which finds expression in every part of our common country and the increased respect with which the American name is greeted throughout the world.

We have been moving in untried paths, but our steps have been

guided by honor and duty. There will be no turning aside, no wavering, no retreat. No blow has been struck except for liberty and humanity and none will be. We will perform without fear, every National and international obligation. The Republican party was dedicated to freedom forty-four years ago. It has been the party of liberty and emancipation from that hour; not of profession but of performance. It broke the shackles of 4,000,000 slaves and made them free, and to the party of Lincoln has come another supreme opportunity which it has bravely met in the liberation of 10,000,000 of the human family from the yoke of imperialism. In its solution of great problems, in its performance of high duties, it has had the support of members of all parties in the past and confidently invokes their co-operation in the future.

Permit me to express, Mr. Chairman, my most sincere appreciation of the complimentary terms in which you convey the official notice of my nomination, and my thanks to the members of the committee and to the great constituency which they represent, for this additional evidence of their favor and support.

This speech had particular interest because it was not the policy of the managers of the campaign that the President should take the stump, and the response to the notification was a review of the first term of the presidency and important for the indication of the lines to be pursued.

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW PRESIDENT McKINLEY FACED THE PEOPLE.

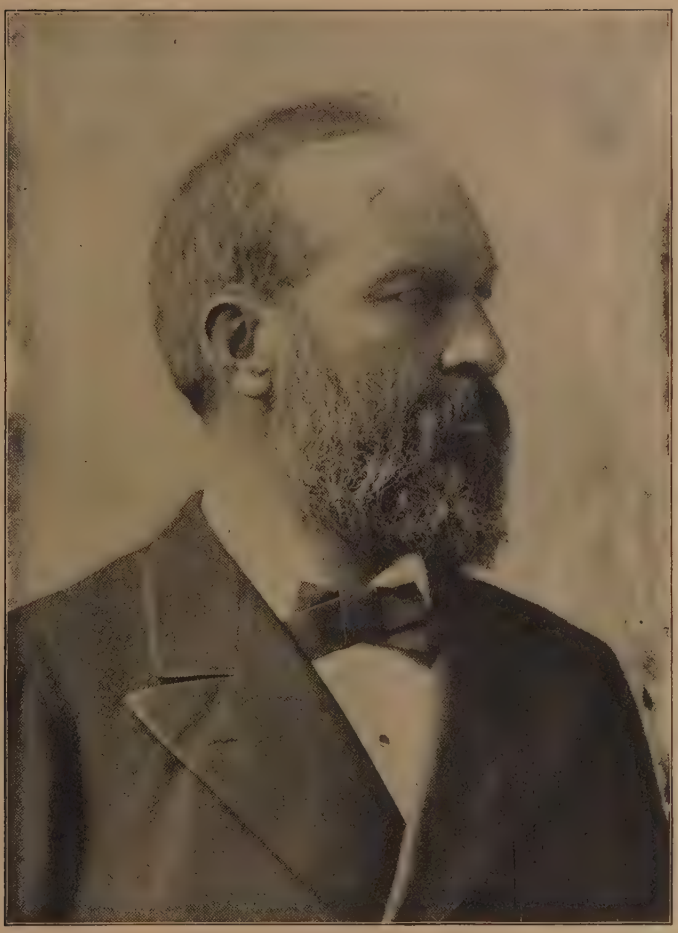
His Speeches to the Returned Soldiers from the Philippines and to the Men of Organized Labor—He Spoke in the Cities of the South, the Clubs and on Antietam Battlefield.

Addressing the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, on their return from the Philippines, in a Pittsburg park, President McKinley told them: "You added new glory to American arms. You and your brave comrades engaged on other fields of conflict have enlarged the map of the United States and extended the jurisdiction of American liberty. The Eighth Army Corps in the Philippines has made a proud and exceptional record. Privileged to be mustered out in April, when the ratifications of the treaty of peace were exchanged, they did not claim the privilege.

"They did not stack arms. They did not run away. They were not serving the insurgents in the Philippines or their sympathizers at home. They had no part or patience with the men, few in number, happily, who would have rejoiced to see them lay down their arms in the presence of an enemy whom they had just emancipated from Spanish rule.

"They furnished an example of devotion and sacrifice which will brighten the glorious record of American valor. They have secured not alone the gratitude of the government and the people, but for themselves and their descendants an imperishable distinction. They may not fully appreciate, and the country may not, the heroism of their conduct and its important support to the government. I think I do, and so I am here to express it."

President McKinley's speeches to the people during his travels have been very notable and acceptable on account of their manly candor. His greetings to the returned soldiers from the Philippines were most hearty and affectionate and full of gratitude for their patriotic devotion, especially to those who remained at the front longer than the terms of their enlistment required, until a new army could be prepared to meet the difficulty that was unexpected. He said at Fargo, North Dakota, October 13th, 1899, addressing the North Dakota Volunteers:



JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD, ASSASSINATED 1881.

James Abram Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, was the second Chief Executive to fall under the bullet of the assassin. His sufferings from the day he was shot—July 2, 1881—to the time of his death were frightful. President Garfield lingered until the night of September 19th. He was born of poor parents, drove a canal boat, secured an education solely by his own efforts; was a college president at twenty-six and Major-General of Volunteers in the Civil War at thirty-two. He was also a Congressman at the same age, going direct from the field of battle to the National Capitol at Washington. He was born in Ohio in 1831, and was less than sixty years of age when he died.

THE NATIONAL CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON

This view of the building is especially interesting because it shows the porch and steps from which the Presidents take the oath of office and deliver the Inaugural address.

"I have come especially that I might look into the faces of the North Dakota Volunteers—the two battalions who saw service on the battle-line in Luzon. I came that I might speak to them the welcome and the 'Well done.' You did your duty and you filled my heart with joy when you, with the other volunteers and regulars of the Eighth Corps, sent me word as President that you would remain at the battle-front in Luzon until a new army could be created to take your place. You refused to beat retreat or strike your colors in the presence of the enemy, no matter who advised you to come home. You said, 'We will stay and keep the flag stainless in the presence of the enemy.' And, my fellow-citizens, no soldier ever had a more delicate or trying duty. This army, of which this fragment from your State formed a part, remained in Luzon, waiting, first for the treaty of peace which was being negotiated in Paris, then for its ratification by the Senate of the United States, then until the exchange of ratifications between the United States and Spain—waiting through all that long period, accepting the insolence of the insurgents with a patient dignity which characterized the American soldiers, who were under the orders of the Executive that they must not strike a blow, pending the treaty of peace, except in defense. I say they bore these taunts with a patience sublime. We never dreamed that the little body of insurgents whom we had just emancipated from oppression—we never for a moment believed that they would turn upon the flag that had sheltered them against Spain. So our soldiers patiently bore, through the long months, the insults of that band of misguided men under the orders of an ambitious leader. Then the insurgent chief ordered an attack upon our line, and our boys made a gallant defense. But I want to do them the credit to say, here in the presence of their neighbors and their friends, their fathers and their mothers, that they forbore all things rather than disobey an order from the government they were serving."

Here the President referred to his order forbidding the United States troops to fire upon the insurgent Filipinos, except in self-defense. Speaking of this, in Iowa, he said:

"The American soldiers did not begin hostilities against the insurgents pending the ratification of the treaty of peace in the Senate, great as was their justification, because their orders from Washington forbade it. I take all the responsibility for that direction. Otis only executed the orders of his government, and the soldiers, under great

provocation to strike back, obeyed. The first blow was struck by the insurgents, and it was a foul blow. Our kindness was reciprocated with cruelty, our mercy with a Mauser. The flag of truce was invoked only to be dishonored. Our soldiers were shot down while ministering to the wounded Filipinos, our dead were mutilated; our humanity was interpreted as weakness, our forbearance as cowardice.

"They assailed our sovereignty; and there will be no useless parley, no pause, until the insurrection is suppressed, and American authority acknowledged and established.

"The leader of the insurgent forces says to the American government, 'You can have peace if you will give us independence.' Peace for independence, he says. He had another price than that for peace once before, but the United States pays no gold for peace. We never gave a bribe in all our history, and we will not now commence to do it."

The President referred to the fact that Aguinaldo was bribed by the Spanish to leave his country, and was notoriously susceptible to bribery, and that he would dare the Filipinos and conspire with the Spanish during the siege of Manila against the United States. The Philippine insurgents did not want independence for any other reason than to take up the Spanish role of tyranny and spoliation.

At Aberdeen the President said to the First South Dakota Volunteers:

"I can never express to you the cheer you gave my heart when you sent word that you would remain until a new army could be formed to take your places. The members of the First South Dakota and their comrades furnished an example of personal sacrifice and public consecration rarely known in the annals of history. But it is just like the American soldier, no matter where he comes from. He never lays down his arms in the presence of an enemy, and never falters, never lowers the flag of his country, nor leaves the field till victory comes.

"I am glad to see the veterans of 1861 welcome the veterans of 1898. It is the same kind of patriotism. You got it from your fathers; and it is a patriotism that never deserts and never encourages desertion."

Explaining the critical condition of the army, the President said:

"April, 1899, the date of the exchange of ratifications, there were only 27,000 regulars subject to the unquestioned direction of the Executive, and they for the most part on duty in Cuba and Porto Rico, or invalided at home after their severe campaign in the tropics. Even

had they been available, it would have required months to transport them to the Philippines. Practically a new army had to be created. These loyal volunteers in the Philippines said: 'We will stay until the government can organize an army at home and transport it to the seat of hostilities.'

"They did stay, cheerfully, uncomplainingly, patriotically. They suffered and sacrificed, they fought and fell, they drove back and punished the rebels who resisted federal authority, and who with force attacked the sovereignty of the United States in its newly acquired territory. Without them then and there we would have been practically helpless on land, our flag would have had its first stain, and the American name its first ignominy. The brilliant victories of the army and navy in the bay and city of Manila would have been won in vain, our obligations to civilization would have remained temporarily unperformed, chaos would have reigned, and whatever government there was would have been by the will of one man, and not with the consent of the governed. Who refused to sound the retreat? Who stood in the breach when others weakened? Who resisted the suggestions of the unpatriotic that they should come home?

"Let me call the roll of honor—let me name the regiments and battalions that deserve to be perpetuated in the nation's annals. Their action was not a sudden impulse born of excitement, but a deliberate determination to sustain, at the cost of life, if need be, the honor of their government and the authority of its flag.

"First California, California Artillery, First Colorado, First Idaho, Fifty-first Iowa, Twentieth Kansas, Thirteenth Minnesota, First Montana, First Nebraska, First North Dakota, Nevada Cavalry, Second Oregon, Tenth Pennsylvania, First South Dakota, First Tennessee, Utah Artillery, First Washington, First Wyoming, Wyoming Battery, First, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Companies Volunteer Signal Corps."

Here the President referred to regulars and marines, who deserved the credit given the volunteers.

Addressing the Chicago Bricklayers and Stone Masons, Chicago, October 10, 1899, President McKinley said:

"The labor of the United States is better employed, better paid, and commands greater respect than that of any other nation in the world. What I would leave with you here to-night, in the moment I shall occupy, is the thought that you should improve all the advantages and

opportunities of this free government. Your families, your boys and girls, are very close to your heart-strings, and you ought to avail yourselves of the opportunity offered your children by the excellent schools of the city of Chicago. Give your children the best education obtainable, and that is the best equipment you can give any American. Integrity wins its way anywhere, and what I do not want the workingmen of this country to do is to establish hostile camps and divide the people of the United States into classes. I do not want any wall built against the ambitions of your boy, nor any barrier put in the way of his occupying the highest places in the gift of the people.

"I have no sympathy with that sentiment which would divide my countrymen into classes. I have no sympathy with that sentiment which would put the rich man on the one side and the poor man on the other,—labor on the one side and capital on the other,—because all of them are equal before the law, all of them have equal power in the conduct of the government. Every man's vote in the United States is the equal of every other's on that supreme day when we choose rulers and Congresses and governors and legislatures.

"Our citizens may accumulate great wealth, and many of them do; but they cannot take it with them, nor can they entail it from generation to generation. He who inherits must keep it by his own prudence or sagacity. If he does not, it is divided up among his fellows."

"Every boy and girl can have a good education—one that will equip them for every duty and occupation of life. Not only are they thus educated by the State and the nation, but when once educated they have open to them, and to every one of them, the highest opportunities for advancement. They are not prevented from aspiring to the highest places in the gift of the government because they are poor. We have no classes. No matter what their creed, their party, no matter what may be their condition, no matter about their race or their nationality, they all have an equal opportunity to secure private and public positions of honor and profit.

"The government of the United States rests in the hearts and consciences of the people. It is defended, whenever it is assailed, by its citizen soldiery; and it furnishes education free to all the young, that they may take upon themselves the great trust of carrying forward, without abatement of vigor, this fabric of government.

"Side by side with education must be character. Do not forget that.

There is nothing in this world that lasts so long or wears so well as good character; and it is something everybody can have. It is just as easy to get into the habit of doing good as it is to get into the habit of doing evil. With education and integrity every avenue of honor, every door of usefulness, every pathway of fame and favor are open to all of you."

The following paragraph is an extract from a speech delivered at Racine, Wisconsin, October 17, 1899:

"This is a nation of high privilege and great opportunity. We have the free school, the open Bible, freedom of religious worship and conviction. We have the broadest opportunity for advancement, with every door open. The humblest among you may aspire to the highest place in public favor and confidence. As a result of our free institutions the great body of the men who control public affairs in State and Nation, who control the great business enterprises of the country, the railroads and other industries, came from the humble American home and from the ranks of the plain people of the United States."

THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECHES IN THE SOUTHERN CAPITALS.

Montgomery: "To be welcomed here in the City of Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederate States, warmly and enthusiastically welcomed as the President of a common country, has filled and thrilled me with emotion. Once the capital of the Confederacy, now the capital of a great State, one of the indestructible States of an indestructible Union!

"The governor says he has nothing to take back. We have nothing to take back for having kept you in the Union. We are glad you did not go out, and you are glad you stayed in.

"Alabama, like all the States of the Union, North and South, has been loyal to the flag and steadfastly devoted to the American name and to American honor. There never has been in the history of the United States such a demonstration of patriotism, from one end of this country to the other, as in the year just passing; and never has American valor been more brilliantly illustrated in the battle-line on shore and on the battle-ship at sea than by the soldiers and sailors of the United States. Everybody is talking of Hobson, and justly so; but I want to thank Mother Hobson in this presence. Everybody is

talking about General Wheeler, one of the bravest of the brave; but I want to speak of that sweet little daughter who followed him to Santiago and ministered to the sick soldiers at Montauk."

Richmond: "For thirty-seven of the sixty-one years from 1789 to 1850, sons of Virginia occupied the presidential office with rare fidelity and distinction—a period covering more than one-fourth of our national existence. What State, what nation can have a greater heritage than such names as Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Marshall? Their deeds inspire the old and the young. They are written in our histories. They are a part of the education of every child of the land. They enrich the school-books of the country. They are cherished in every American home, and will be so long as liberty lasts and the Union endures.

"My countrymen, the sacred principles proclaimed in Philadelphia in 1776, advanced to glorious triumph at Yorktown, made effective in the formation of the Federal Union in 1787, sustained by the heroism of all our people in every foreign conflict, sealed in solemn covenant at Appomattox Court House, sanctified by the blood of the men of the South and of the North at Manila and Santiago and in Porto Rico, have lost none of their force and virtue.

"I heartily rejoice with the people of this great city upon its industrial revival and upon the notable prosperity it is feeling in all of its business enterprises. A universal love of country and a noble national spirit animate all the people.

"I could not forget in this presence to make my acknowledgment to the men of Virginia for their hearty and patriotic support of the government in the war with Spain, and for their continued and unflinching loyalty in the suppression of the insurrection in Luzon against the authority of the United States. They came in swift response to the call of country,—the best blood of the State, the sons of noble sires,—asking for service at the battle-front where the fighting was the hardest and the danger the greatest. The rolls of the Virginia volunteers contain the names of the bravest and best, some of them the descendants of the most illustrious Virginians. They have shed their blood for the flag of their faith, and are now defending it with their lives in the distant islands of the sea.

"My fellow-citizens, two great historical events, separated by a period of eighty-four years, affecting the life of the republic, and of

awful import to mankind, took place on the soil of Virginia. Both were participated in by Virginians, and both marked mighty epochs in the history of the nation. The one was at Yorktown in 1781, when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, which was the beginning of the end of the war with Great Britain and the dawning of independence and union. The great Virginian, sage and patriot, illustrious commander and wise statesman, installed the republic in the family of nations. It has withstood every shock in war or peace from without or within, experiencing its gravest crisis in the Civil War. The other, at Appomattox, was the conclusion of that crisis and the beginning of a unification now happily full and complete, resting in the good will and fraternal affection one toward another of all the people. Washington's terms of peace with Cornwallis secured the ultimate union of the colonies, those of Grant with Lee the perpetual union of the States. Both events were mighty gains for the human family, and a proud record for a nation of freemen. Both were triumphs in which we all have a share, both are a common heritage. The one made the nation possible, the other made the nation imperishable. Now no jarring note mars the harmony of the Union. The seed of discord has no sower and no soil upon which to live. The purveyor of hate, if there be one left, is without a follower. The voice which would kindle the flame of passion and prejudice is rarely heard and no longer heeded in any part of our beloved country.

"Lord of the Universe,
Shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always
Through shadow and sun.
Thou hast united us,
Who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us
The 'Many in One.'

"Associated with this great commonwealth are many of the most sacred ties of our national life. From here came forth many of our greatest statesmen and heroes who gave vigor and virtue and glory to the republic."

Atlanta: "Sectional lines no longer mar the map of the United

States. Sectional feeling no longer holds back the love we bear each other. Fraternity is the national anthem, sung by a chorus of forty-five States and our Territories at home and beyond the seas. The Union is once more the common altar of our love and loyalty, our devotion and sacrifice. The old flag again waves over us in peace, with new glories which your sons and ours have this year added to its sacred folds. What an army of silent sentinels we have, and with what loving care their graves are kept! Every soldier's grave made during our unfortunate Civil War is a tribute to American valor. And while, when those graves were made, we differed widely about the future of this government, those differences were long ago settled by the arbitrament of arms; and the time has now come, in the evolution of sentiment and feeling under the providence of God, when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in the care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers.

"The cordial feeling now happily existing between the North and South prompts this gracious act, and if it needed further justification, it is found in the gallant loyalty to the Union and the flag so conspicuously shown in the year just past by the sons and grandsons of these heroic dead.

"What a glorious future awaits us if unitedly, wisely, and bravely we face the new problems now pressing upon us, determined to solve them for right and humanity!

"That flag has been planted in two hemispheres, and there it remains the symbol of liberty and law, of peace and progress. Who will withdraw from the people over whom it floats its protecting folds? Who will haul it down? Answer me, ye men of the South, who is there in Dixie who will haul it down?

"Reunited! Glorious realization! It expresses the thought of my mind and the long-deferred consummation of my heart's desire as I stand in this presence. It interprets the hearty demonstration here witnessed, and is the patriotic refrain of all sections and of all lovers of the republic.

"Reunited—one country again and one country forever! Proclaim it from the press and pulpit; teach it in the schools; write it across the skies! The world sees and feels it; it cheers every heart North and South, and brightens the life of every American home."

Speaking to colored people in Alabama: "Remember that in acquir-

ing knowledge there is one thing equally important, and that is character. Nothing in the whole wide world is worth so much, will last so long, and serve its possessor so well as good character. It is something that no one can take from you, that no one can give to you. You must acquire it for yourself.

"There is another thing. Do not forget the home. The home is the foundation of good individual life and of good government. Cultivate good homes, make them pure and sweet, elevate them, and other good things will follow.

"It is better to be a skilled mechanic than a poor orator or an indifferent preacher. In a word each of you must want to be best in whatever you undertake. Nothing in the world commands more respect than skill and industry. Every avenue is open to them.

"At San Juan hill and at El Caney—but General Wheeler is here; I know he can tell you better than I can of the heroism of the black regiments which fought side by side with the white troops on those historic fields.

"Mr. Lincoln was right when, speaking of the black men, he said that the time might come when they would help to preserve and extend freedom. And in a third of a century you have been among those who have given liberty in Cuba to an oppressed people."

THE NATIONAL PROSPERITY, VICTORY, OPPORTUNITY AND RESPONSIBILITY.

At a speech at the banquet of the Ohio Society of New York, New York, March 3, 1900, President McKinley said: "It is proper that I should say that the Managing Board of the Ohio Society has kept the promise made to me some months ago, that I would not be expected or required to speak at this banquet; and because of that promise I have made some preparation.

"We will soon have legislative assurance of the continuance of the gold standard with which we measure our exchanges, and we have the open door in the far East through which to market our products. We are neither in alliance nor antagonism nor entanglement with any foreign power, but on terms of amity and cordiality with all. We buy from all of them and sell to all of them, and in the last two years our sales have exceeded our purchases by over one billion dollars. Markets

have been increased and mortgages have been reduced. Interest has fallen and the wages of labor have advanced. Our public debt is diminishing and our surplus in the Treasury holds its own. It is no exaggeration to say that the country is well-to-do. Its people for the most part are happy and contented. They have good times at home and are on good terms with the nations of the world. There are, unfortunately, those among us, few in number, I am sure, and none in the Ohio Society, who seem to thrive best under bad times, and who, when good times overtake them in the United States, feel constrained to put us on bad terms with the rest of mankind. With them I have no sympathy. I would rather give expression in this presence to what I believe to be the nobler and almost universal sentiment of my countrymen in the wish not only for peace and prosperity here, but for peace and prosperity to all the nations and peoples of the earth. After thirty-three years of unbroken peace came an unavoidable war. Happily the conclusion was quickly reached, without a suspicion of unworthy motive or practice or purpose on our part, and with fadeless honor to our arms. I cannot forget the quick response of the people to the country's need, and the quarter of a million men who freely offered their lives to their country's service. It was an impressive spectacle of national strength. It demonstrated our mighty reserve power, and taught us that large standing armies are unnecessary when every citizen is a 'minute man,' ready to join the ranks in his country's defense.

"Out of these recent events have come to the United States grave trials and responsibilities. As it was the nation's war, so are its results the nation's problems. Its solution rests upon us all. It is too serious to stifle. It is too earnest for repose. No phrase or catchword can conceal the sacred obligation it involves. No use of epithets, no aspersion of motives by those who differ will contribute to that sober judgment so essential to right conclusions. No political outcry can abrogate our treaty of peace with Spain, or absolve us from its solemn engagements. It is the people's question, and will be until its determination is written out in their conscientious and enlightened judgment. We must choose between manly doing and base desertion. It will never be the latter. It must be soberly settled in justice and good conscience, and it will be. Righteousness, which exalteth a nation, must control in its solution. No great emergency has arisen in this nation's history and progress which has not been met by the sovereign people with

high capacity, with ample strength, and with unflinching fidelity to every public and honorable obligation. Partisanship can hold few of us against solemn public duty. We have seen this so often demonstrated in the past as to mark unerringly what it will be in the future. The national sentiment and the national conscience were never stronger or higher than now. Within two years there has been a reunion of the people around the holy altar consecrated to country and newly sanctified by common sacrifices. The followers of Grant and Lee have fought under the same flag and fallen for the same faith. Party lines have loosened and the ties of union have been strengthened. Sectionalism has disappeared and fraternity and union have been rooted in the hearts of the American people. Political passion has altogether subsided, and patriotism glows with inextinguishable fervor in every home of the land. The flag—our flag—has been sustained on distant seas and islands by the men of all parties and sections and creeds and races and nationalities, and its stars are only those of radiant hope to the remote peoples over whom it floats.

"There can be no imperialism. Those who fear it are against it. Those who have faith in the republic are against it. So that there is universal abhorrence for it and unanimous opposition to it. Our only difference is that those who do not agree with us have no confidence in the virtue or capacity or high purpose or good faith of this free people as a civilizing agency, while we believe that the century of free government which the American people have enjoyed has not rendered them irresolute and faithless, but has fitted them for the great task of lifting up and assisting to better conditions and larger liberty those distant peoples who, through the issue of battle, have become our wards. Let us fear not! There is no occasion for faint hearts, no excuse for regrets. Nations do not grow in strength, and the cause of liberty and law is not advanced, by the doing of easy things. The harder the task the greater will be the result, the benefit, and the honor. To doubt our power to accomplish it is to lose our faith in the soundness and strength of our popular institutions.

"The liberators will never become the oppressors. A self-governed people will never permit despotism in any government which they foster and defend.

"Gentlemen, we have the new care and cannot shift it. And, breaking up the camp of ease and isolation, let us bravely and hopefully

and soberly continue the march of faithful service, and falter not until the work is done. It is not possible that seventy-five millions of American freemen are unable to establish liberty and justice and good government in our new possessions. The burden is our opportunity. The opportunity is greater than the burden. May God give us strength to bear the one, and wisdom so to embrace the other that we may carry to our new acquisitions the guaranties of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness!'"

Before the Boston Home Market Club, the President spoke of those who had been fierce for war, and then mad because we had gained ground for the people. He said:

"Many who were impatient for the conflict a year ago, apparently heedless of its larger results, are the first to cry out against the far-reaching consequences of their own act. Those of us who dreaded war most, and whose every effort was directed to prevent it, had fears of new and grave problems which might follow its inauguration.

"The evolution of events, which no man could control, has brought these problems upon us. Certain it is that they have not come through any fault on our own part, but as a high obligation; and we meet them with clear conscience and unselfish purpose, and with good heart resolve to undertake their solution."

Touching the Philippine question, the President said: "There is universal agreement that the Philippines shall not be turned back to Spain. No true American consents to that. Even if unwilling to accept them ourselves, it would have been a weak evasion of duty to require Spain to transfer them to some other power or powers, and thus shirk our own responsibility. Even if we had had, as we did not have, the power to compel such a transfer, it could not have been made without the most serious international complications. Such a course could not be thought of. And yet, had we refused to accept the cession of them, we should have had no power over them, even for their own good. We could not discharge the responsibilities upon us until these islands became ours either by conquest or treaty. There was but one alternative, and that was either Spain or the United States in the Philippines. The other suggestions—first, that they should be tossed into the arena of contention for the strife of nations; or, second, be left to the anarchy and chaos of no protectorate at all—were too shameful to be considered.

"The treaty gave them to the United States. Could we have required less and done our duty? Could we, after freeing the Filipinos from the domination of Spain, have left them without government and without power to protect life or property or to perform the international obligations essential to an independent state? Could we have left them in a state of anarchy and justified ourselves in our own consciences or before the tribunal of mankind? Could we have done that in the sight of God or man?

"Our concern was not for territory or trade or empire, but for the people whose interests and destiny, without our willing it, had been put in our hands. It was with this feeling that, from the first day to the last, not one word or line went from the Executive in Washington to our military and naval commanders.

"That the inhabitants of the Philippines will be benefited by this republic is my unshaken belief. That they will have a kindlier government under our guidance, and that they will be aided in every possible way to be a self-respecting and self-governing people, is as true as that the American people love liberty and have an abiding faith in their own government and in their own institutions. No imperial designs lurk in the American mind. They are alien to American sentiment, thought, and purpose. Our priceless principles undergo no change under a tropical sun. They go with the flag.

"Why read ye not the changeless truth,
The free can conquer but to save?"

At Ocean Grove, New Jersey: "That flag does not mean one thing in the United States and another thing in Porto Rico and the Philippines. There has been doubt expressed in some quarters as to the purpose of the government respecting the Philippines. I can see no harm in stating it in this presence. Peace first; then, with charity for all, the establishment of a government of law and order, protecting life and property and occupation for the well-being of the people, in which they will participate under the Stars and Stripes."

THE DUTY OF DESTINY.

The President said in Iowa: "We have added some new territory. It is no longer a question of expansion with us; we have expanded. If

there is any question at all it is a question of contraction; and who is going to 'contract'?"

In Chicago: "Duty determines destiny. Destiny which results from duty performed may bring anxiety and perils, but never failure and dishonor. Pursuing duty may not always lead by smooth paths. Another course may look easier and more attractive, but pursuing duty for duty's sake is always sure and safe and honorable.

"It is not within the power of man to foretell the future and to solve unerringly its mighty problems. Almighty God has his plans and methods for human progress, and not infrequently they are shrouded for the time being in impenetrable mystery. Looking backward, we can see how the hand of destiny builded for us and assigned us tasks whose full meaning was not apprehended even by the wisest statesmen of their times. Our colonial ancestors did not enter upon their war originally for independence. Abraham Lincoln did not start out to free the slaves, but to save the Union."

In South Dakota: "I not only bring salutations, but congratulations. You have made wonderful progress. You have been enjoying in the last twenty-four months an unexampled prosperity. Good crops and fair prices have lifted the mortgage and lowered the interest; and while the interest has been lowered to the borrower, the standard of the money loaned has not been lowered."

In Ohio: "The country everywhere is prosperous. The idle mills of three years ago have been opened, the fires have been rebuilt, and heart and hope have entered the homes of the people."

In Minnesota: "I am glad you have prosperity here. You all look like it. You act like it, and I hope it has come to stay."

Addressing the Catholic Summer School, Cliff House, New Jersey: "Our patriotism is neither sectional nor sectarian. We may differ in our political and religious beliefs, but we are united for country. Loyalty to the government is our national creed. We follow, all of us, one flag. It symbolizes our purposes and our aspirations; it represents what we believe and what we mean to maintain; and wherever it floats, it is the flag of the free, the hope of the oppressed; and wherever it is assailed, at any sacrifice, it will be carried to a triumphant peace. We have more flags here than we ever had before. They are in evidence everywhere. I saw them carried by the little ones on your lawn."

SPEECH AT ANTIETAM BATTLEFIELD, MARYLAND, MAY 30, 1900.

"Mr. Chairman and my Fellow-Citizens: I appear only for a moment that I may make acknowledgment of your courteous greeting and express my sympathy with the patriotic occasion for which we have assembled to-day.

"In this presence and on this memorable field I am glad to meet the followers of Lee and Jackson and Longstreet and Johnston, with the followers of Grant and McClellan and Sherman and Sheridan, greeting each other, not with arms in their hands or malice in their souls, but with affection and respect for each other in their hearts. Standing here to-day, one reflection only has crowded my mind—the difference between this scene and that of thirty-eight years ago. Then the men who wore the blue and the men who wore the gray greeted each other with shot and shell, and visited death upon their respective ranks. We meet, after these intervening years, as friends, with a common sentiment,—that of loyalty to the government of the United States, love for our flag and our free institutions,—and determined, men of the North and men of the South, to make any sacrifice for the honor and perpetuity of the American nation.

"My countrymen, I am glad, and you are glad also, of that famous meeting between Grant and Lee at Appomattox Court House. I am glad we were kept together—aren't you?—glad that the Union was saved by the honorable terms made between Grant and Lee under the famous apple-tree; and there is one glorious fact that must be gratifying to all of us—American soldiers never surrendered but to Americans.

"The past can never be undone. The new day brings its shining sun to light our duty now. I am glad to preside over a nation of nearly eighty million people, more united than they have ever been since the formation of the Federal Union. I account it a great honor to participate on this occasion with the State of Maryland in its tribute to the valor and heroism and sacrifices of the Confederate and Union armies. The valor of the one or the other, the valor of both, is the common heritage of us all. The achievements of that war, every one of them, are just as much the inheritance of those who failed as those who prevailed; and when we went to war two years ago the men of the South

and the men of the North vied with each other in showing their devotion to the United States. The followers of the Confederate generals with the followers of the Federal generals fought side by side in Cuba, in Porto Rico, and in the Philippines, and together in those far-off islands are standing to-day fighting and dying for the flag they love, the flag that represents more than any other banner in the world, the best hopes and aspirations of mankind."

It had not been the purpose of the President to speak on this occasion, but he was intensely interested in the scenes and incidents of the day and was moved to speak in terms that came from the heart and reached the hearts of others.

WILLIAM McKINLEY
FATHER OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY
MRS WILLIAM McKINLEY
MOTHER OF THE PRESIDENT

BIRTHPLACE OF WM. McKINLEY, NILES, OHIO.

CATAFALQUE IN THE NATIONAL CAPITOL USED FOR THE THIRD TIME FOR A STRICKEN PRESIDENT.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AS AN ORATOR.

His Speeches Before the People Compared with those of Other Famous Americans—Extracts that Prove His Vast Scope of Information and Power of Varied Expression.

One of the traditions of the American people, until the war of the States and sections, held it unsafe and not in the best form for Presidents, or candidates for the great office, to make unofficial addresses to the public. The responsibilities of the Presidential office are so great there has been a feeling the President himself should, with rare exceptions, be heard only in State papers, and, at any rate, that whatever he might have to say should be reduced to writing, that there could be no misreporting or uncertainty. Of the earlier Presidents, John Adams only could have appeared at his best on the stump, and his dignity, as he interpreted it, did not permit him to make so free with the people as to harangue them from platforms. The three great public speakers of the second generation of American statesmen—Webster, Clay and Calhoun—did not reach the great office. It became a theory largely accepted that an orator could not be chosen President. Henry Clay's failure in that particular was the example most cited to prove that oratory did not go with the Presidency, but Clay's weakness as a candidate was letter writing, and it is a legend still afloat that he wrote himself out of the Presidency in explanation of his position touching the annexation of Texas. He damaged himself aiding the Free Soil defection from the Whig ranks, in a speech at Richmond, Indiana, referring in a spirit of levity to the fact that a slave—his property—accompanied him as a servant. He offered to make a present of this intelligent black man to a prominent Abolitionist, of Richmond, if the young man himself would approve of it. This was a startling proposition in a Quaker community. Martin Van Buren was a facile writer and speaker, but not an orator. His son, "Prince John," was an orator.

As a public speaker, Abraham Lincoln was far superior to any of his predecessors with the exception of John Quincy Adams; but Mr. Lincoln, as President, rarely talked directly to the people. He read his Gettysburg speech from two slips of paper upon which he had written

with a lead pencil what he had to say. He spoke from a White House window after the surrender of Lee, and called upon the band of music in attendance to play "Dixie," as the tune had been "annexed" to our National airs.

Andrew Johnson had some reputation and conceit of oratory, was exuberant in speech and often strong, but his swing around the circle in which he appealed to the country in behalf of his "policy" as against Congress, was not a fortunate adventure. It lacked dignity in the eyes of the people, but failed of success.

General Grant's reputation when he became President was that of "the silent soldier," but he developepd a talent for pithy conversational sayings and speeches brief and telling, so that he became a good, though by no means gaudy, after-dinner speaker, and actually took the stump for Garfield, winning back to himself all hearts that had turned away from him on account of the third term candidacy. Nothing displayed in a more pleasing way than this incident illustrates, the greatness and generosity of his good sense and the genuineness of his patriotic sensibility.

President Hayes was a forcible and pleasing public speaker, but not to be classed as an orator, though often strong and effective. He commanded an excellent style, but his best faculty in preparing public papers was his ability in condensation.

Presidential eloquence has been almost a Republican peculiarity. The oratorical power of John Quincy Adams in the House of Representatives combating slavery increase, holds him in the remembrance of the American people, while his Presidential literature is forgotten, though it was excellent of its kind, and he is hardly to be named among the eloquent Presidents, for he developed his faculty of speaking when in advanced years he became a member of the House.

Abraham Lincoln was indebted to his debates with Douglas for National reputation and advancement to the first place; and this was enhanced by his messages, letters and the Gettysburg oration.

James A. Garfield was a born orator of immense capacity, and after his nomination for the Presidency, made a series of speeches along the Erie Railroad from New York to Warren, Ohio, including a stop and speech at Chautauqua. This was regarded a daring expedition, but proved a successful movement, though he was assailed with bitter vehemence.

Horace Greeley, in 1872, made a series of speeches during a tour in the Ohio Valley that proved his intellect was never brighter or his remarkable command of language greater than just before the darkly shadowed end of his career.

Mr. Blaine well knew, when a candidate for the Presidency, that the chances were against him, but his Western tour was a splendid showing of his potentiality, and he believed with great confidence it would turn the tide and win the fight. The idea has seized many that he lost the Presidency through errors on the stump, but it is not true. The famous Delmonico banquet was opposed to his judgment, and he yielded with extreme reluctance to the urgency of his friends, repeatedly exercised, to accept the invitation to attend the function; and the banquet itself was gotten up to aid in replenishing the campaign fund. The mistake involving him in the Birchard incident was simply an omission while the Doctor was speaking to listen to what he was saying—Mr. Blaine at the moment thinking of what he was himself to say, and framing his sentences; and so the celebrated alliteration escaped his notice, but the stenographers of the Democratic Committee caught the fatal phrase, and in a few hours were using it loudly, and they made it flamboyant in posters all over the country. Mr. Blaine, in his speeches as a Presidential candidate, reached on several occasions a great height and rare felicity. There is a masterly appeal in his speech near his birthplace, when, pointing to the Monongahela, he opened with the words, "I was born on the banks of yonder river;" and continued in a fascinating strain of reminiscence and application of the principles that he advocated, to the wants of the country.

President Benjamin Harrison was exceedingly able and enlightened in discretion, as well as courage, when he received the delegations of Republicans that crowded upon him at his residence in Indianapolis. His policy of speech-making was to have one thought, point or idea before him as a text, whenever, and that was very often—half a dozen, even a dozen times a day—he faced a multitude gathered in his door-yard and filling the street; and, of course, a speech was insisted upon. At last all the country wondered at his versatility—his constant freshness of study, theme and expression and the aptitude and power of his utterances. His friends were for a while timid about his much speaking, but found him so admirably equipped that apprehension gave way to applause and adulation. President Harrison exceeded all his prede-

cessors in his wayside speaking, crossing the Continent, making speeches in nearly all the Southern, Central and all the Pacific States. Perhaps that which is best remembered is his poetic apostrophe to the cornfields, when he returned to "the land of the cornstalk."

Governor McKinley met the delegations at Canton when first a candidate for the Presidency, as Harrison met them at Indianapolis, and his front yard flowers and grasses and shrubbery and fences, and gradually the lower limbs of the trees, passed away as those of his predecessor, in like manner, but the delegations multiplied on McKinley and swarmed so that on several occasions he addressed thirty in a day. His energy and variety in this work were astonishing; and he increased his labors by insisting all through upon knowing what was to be said to him by the passionate orators who came to introduce their fellow citizens, and were prone to flights of eloquence. This painstaking was that he might not meet a Birchard disaster. His vigilance was ceaseless. He got through marvelously, without having any mischief done by those who talked to him, or saying anything himself that could be turned against him, though his freedom and force were noticeable. He was guarded by an invisible, but impenetrable armor—that of the inherent integrity of his character, the purity of his private life, the ready stores of information of public affairs gathered in his education of four years in the army and twenty years in public service, sixteen in Congress and four as Governor of his State. There was a transparency about him, as well as a translucency in his treatment of themes, and he spoke right on with all sincerity and good will, while the flight of arrows poured upon him never scratched him—perhaps partly because he was insensible to the cautions of fear, and there were no records he cared to obscure. His strong point as a public speaker had been from the days of his first prominence in affairs, the note of sincerity in all his sayings. The people knew he was glad, happy, pleased, when he said he was. He confided in them and they believed in him. Since the duties of the President became his official burden, he was personally very much in contact with the people at large—to a greater extent than any other President of the United States during his term of service. Owing to the feebleness of the health of Mrs. McKinley, the President did not visit the Pacific States during his first term; but he was repeatedly in the Southern States speaking in the old Confederate capitals, Montgomery and Richmond—also in Atlanta and Savannah and through

Missouri, Tennessee, Alabama, the Virginias and Kentucky. He frequently visited Ohio, the old Middle and the New England States. Boston, New York and Philadelphia knew him well, and so did the people of the Ohio and the Wabash countries, the great cities of Pittsburg and Chicago, and all the principal places in the Northwestern States. He was long a familiar figure in Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska and the Dakotas; and the unofficial speeches delivered from platforms —the President talking to the people—are voluminous and of the greatest variety, covering all subjects of serious public concern aptly and amply.

The President adhered throughout to his original purpose not to make speeches during the campaign, that determined often a tremendous struggle that his administration was to be of the old pattern of two terms. His deeds spoke for him. In a degree most unusual in the life of a public man, the policy with which he had been identified had completely triumphed, and as it has prevailed the country has prospered; and the war forced upon him was a phenomenon of military success. His fortunate career covers events of the greatest magnitude, both in peace and war, and the glory of his victories is so clear there was an effort to cloud them with the word "imperialism," which in our affairs becomes an epithet without application, unless by common consent it is held to mean that the power of our country gives us foremost rank among the empires of the world. That rank belongs to us by virtue of our great population, almost equal to that of Germany and France together, to the natural resources of our country, greater than all Europe, to the adventurous spirit of our citizens, their enormous works of internal improvement, the gigantic development through their handiwork of the riches of the continent we occupy; and with these resources, advantages that are unparalleled, and in our situation, commanding both the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans, we are at last simply accepting the manifest destiny that was before the eyes of the Fathers of the Revolution and has been developing through the decades of our advancement for more than a century. This pre-eminence of an American Power has at last become so obvious that it is taken into account by all other nations, and there is no harmful ambition in recognizing the fact that pertains to ourselves, and certainly nothing that affects the Republicanism of our institutions, because they have developed a majesty of force that is more than imperial, as that word is applied to

empires, and has given a free people a government that is stronger than any which rests upon a dynasty or is supported by millions of bayonets.

A collection has been made of the President's speeches from the time he left his home at Canton to enter upon his duties of the Presidency, to his speech of May 30th, 1900, on the Antietam battlefield. They are in book form, placed in chronological order, published as they were spoken, and "most of them from the stenographers' notes." We propose here to present the essentials of this mass of matter arranged with a view of grouping the utterances so as to present in historical association themes rather than times, and these speeches are the proof always of his breadth and fertility of mind.

Leaving his home, Canton, Ohio, for Washington, March 1st, 1897, President McKinley said, such was the gravity of the Chief Magistracy that "partisanship could not blind judgment or accept any other consideration than the public good of all, of every party and every section."

Nominated for a second term with a unanimity that has no parallel save in that of President Grant, President McKinley returned to his old home as the most restful spot in the land to pass the time during which occurred the popular agitations and contentions preceding the momentous verdict of the people of the United States, whether the policy of the Administration should be continued, if the life of the President and his ability were spared for a second term. Since Andrew Jackson, but two Presidents have been elected for two consecutive terms, Lincoln and Grant. President McKinley was by force of events overruled in his preference for retirement at the close of his first term, in the course of which, striving to keep the peace, he was compelled to lift the sword and become a war President, after withstanding the headlong drift and drive into hostilities so long that the rudest of those who shouted in Congress for war said the White House "should be painted black," because the President shrank from accepting the issues as of a nature that made bloodshed a necessity. Those who were fiercest for war were foremost in denouncing the policy of the fathers when they were victorious in gaining land for the people. In his inaugural address, March 4th, 1897, President McKinley said: "Our faith teaches that there is no safer reliance than upon the God of our fathers, who has so singularly favored the American people in every national trial, and who will not forsake us so long as we obey his commandments

and walk humbly in his footsteps." Then he said his responsibilities were "augmented by the prevailing business conditions, entailing idleness upon willing labor and loss to useful enterprises. The country is suffering from industrial disturbances from which speedy relief must be had. Our financial system needs some revision; our money is all good now, but its value must not further be threatened." This was sound to the core, but did not satisfy some of the specialists. What the President said was the keynote of the policy of prosperity. The conditions of the country were discussed in the inaugural address calmly and with deep intelligence. There is in these words history, prophecy and promise: "The depression of the past four years has fallen with especial severity upon the great body of toilers of the country, and upon none more than the holders of small farms. Agriculture has languished and labor suffered. The revival of manufacturing will be a relief to both." The President prepared at once to trust Congress to do the work of the people, and announced: "I shall deem it my duty as President to convene Congress in extraordinary session on Monday, the 15th day of March, 1897." In his first public address after his first inauguration at the dedication of the Grant monument, President McKinley said: "The veteran leaders of the blue and the gray here meet, not only to honor the name of the departed Grant, but to testify to the living reality of a fraternal national spirit, which has triumphed over the differences of the past and transcends the limitations of sectional lines. Its completion, which we pray God to speed, will be the nation's greatest glory."

Here is the clear note of conciliation, the respectful concern to unite the country, that the sections that waged war with each other should be absorbed into the common country. In his speech at Nashville, June 11th, 1897, at the Centennial Exposition of that State, the President said of it, as a Territory Spain had sought to "possess it by right of discovery as a part of Florida. France claimed it by right of cession as a part of Louisiana and England as hers by conquest. But neither contention could for an instant be recognized." Here is a history that should be sounded through the land, showing that the original belittlers of our country in purpose were persistently the Spaniards, French and British. Precisely the policy of the Spaniards, British and French to force our country to be small—their attempted prevention of expansion, and this was presumed and urged after our union was formed;

and the foreign policy of the Belittlement of America which was overcome by the enterprise and courage of our countrymen, is that of the alleged anti-imperialists, who proclaimed the same old doctrine of the Spanish, French and British, who unitedly were against permitting the possibilities of a great America. They tried to withhold the land on which it could be established. The wisdom of the Fathers was too luminous, courageous and warlike to allow the great powers of Europe one hundred and twenty-five years ago to cut down our country on this Continent. We have had just such public enemies to deal with in a small way ever since. Their principles had their origin in Royal Jealousies and Dynastic ambitions and in the apprehensions of foreign despots. Our friend in the Revolution, Bourbon France, was opposed when the war was over to a great free country in America. Spain, of course, claimed everything, wanted the whole Gulf coast, and to include the State of Tennessee in her possessions. The French wanted everything beyond the Mississippi. The British wanted the Ohio country, all the States that are between the Allegheny and the Mississippi River. The great personal influence that prevented the success of this conspiracy of European powers against the greatness of America was that of Benjamin Franklin. He was an expansionist. He made an effort to persuade the British Government that they would find their account in a generous policy toward the English speaking colonies that were free, but wisdom was lacking, for the idea of a great, free America was not received with favor by any of the monarchies.

The great political contest of 1900 in the United States was conducted with extraordinary energy, and was regarded with unusual interest in all civilized countries, and its reputation for uncommon consequence spread to the remote islands. It was the feeling of informed persons that the result in the United States would extraordinarily impress the world at large favorably if McKinley was elected, with a Congress to sustain the features of his policy; and that his defeat would be reactionary against Republicanism and discredit the Republican form of government. The result was glorious and auspicious. The glory of our country was increased, its power augmented, its character elevated, and the march of human progress broadened and hastened.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOME LIFE OF OUR MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

Its Sacredness and Sorrows, Beauty and Tenderness—It was a Sanctuary of Love and Devotion—How the News of His Election to the Presidency was Received at His Canton Home.

Those who have had the privilege of seeing the home life of our late President must approach the subject of conveying some impression of it to others with a sense that this is a house of holiness and with the feeling that the rude shoes should be taken from the feet of one who intrudes, for indeed it is holy ground.

The writer has been in the Canton home—the one best loved of all—the home where so many years were spent—the Ebbitt House in Washington—the home at Columbus for the two terms there of Governor McKinley—in travel in the Adirondacks and by Lake Champlain—and in the grand old White House—and everywhere saw the President and wife one and inseparable, and felt that there was constantly distinguishable sweetness and brightness mingled with the pathos of irreparable loss, and that which was ever present, never clouded, was a fondness, a loveliness, love itself, pure and true forever, unendless and unchangeable as that said in the Bible of God—in the one sentence that shines before, above and beneath the rest, "God is Love."

When Ida Saxton and William McKinley were married, she was remarkable for her endowments and accomplishments, the strength of her character, the divine and the "fatal" gift of beauty. She was a sprightly bride, whose father was the "first citizen" of the city of Canton, a most honorable title. He was a man of strength of will and character, one who took command when he came to direct, and his daughter Ida was his idol. He was opposed to the way girls were educated, and had Ida trained in athletic exercises. It is especially a strange contrast that the gentle lady who shall live in history as the invalid wife of the President, the quiet, uncomplaining lady of the White House, weak as a child, but still strong as a child in winning grace, was in her early youth an athlete. Her father was not prejudiced against giving the young the advantages of travel, association and education in Europe,

and he sent her there, and when she returned he would have her for a clerk in his banking house, and through the window where her desk stood she saw every day marching up the street to his law office a young hero from the great war, who had won glory on the field of battle, and, fascinated with the strenuous life of warfare, desired to be a military man, but was dissuaded by his father, who was proud of his soldier son, but believed first in the ways of peace. And Ida and William —it is the old story and the sweet one—loved each other and were married, and the house in Canton, now famous forever, was the wedding present of the first citizen to his daughter, and there they spent their earliest honeymoon, for all the moons of their lives were beautiful to them. Two children, Kate and Ida, came to them and tarried but a little while when the angels came and carried them away. The angels of the house were taken almost in company, for the younger lingered but a few days later than her sister, and the mother's health was shattered and she became what the world has known, and more than the world can know; and the childless couple gave their love to each other as they mingled their sorrows, and they became to each other more and more as the years came with burdens and honors, but over all the homes there was the shadow of a cloud that will pass away when the strong man who has gone before the delicate woman welcomes her in the white light that abides, and the family circle is complete in the perfect day.

When that excellent and admirable woman, the wife of President Hayes, was in the White House there was a young Congressman from the same State who was a comrade of President Hayes in the fierce battles in the valley of Virginia and at South Mountain and Antietam, and whenever the tide of battle rolled with many thunders to and fro along the Shenandoah and the Blue Ridge. The Colonel of the Twenty-third Ohio Volunteer Infantry had marked William McKinley when he was in the ranks with a musket for near two years, and he knew his capacity and sought to give the regiment and the country the benefit of promotion for gallant service as an enlisted man. The White House was one of the homes of Mr. and Mrs. McKinley, when the Major was in his congressional career.

In the Ebbitt House was arranged the Congressman's office, with books and documents, where as a public man he saw constituents and the friends that came from broader spaces. On the other side was the

invalid wife. The rooms were at the end of a hall looking upon Fourteenth street, and with the doors open on both sides the wife could knit and the husband write.

When he and Mrs. McKinley entered the White House and the Executive mansion became their home, they were not strangers there, for they had for years been guests always sure of welcome that was full of friendship and affection. Owing to the Spanish war President McKinley spent a great deal of the summer time, because it was a military necessity, in Washington. Whenever in the White House the one certain thing was that if he was seen Mrs. McKinley was not far away. In the summer his retreat in the evening with his cigar and friends was the South Portico, which was designed to be the front of the house, overlooking the Potomac. But the people have had their own way in Washington, as was constitutional and becoming. It was the grand design when the Capitol was located that Washington city should grow eastward, but the White House was placed a mile west and the growth ran that way. The South Portico of the White House was sometimes a good place to test the Potomac mosquito, and it took a good deal of cigar smoke to drive the enterprising insect away.

The President's way of speaking to his wife was to call her "Ida," and as he called there was music in his voice. There was not only love in his tone, but a fine deference, and her pale face always brightened when he called her name. One summer's day in Canton, it was the 18th of June, 1896, Waterloo Day, there were a score of guests at the McKinley home, and a great commotion was going on at St. Louis. Governor McKinley, he was called then, had been sitting at his desk on one side of the hall with half a dozen men around, and his wife was in her parlor across the hall surrounded by ladies, among them the Major's revered mother. As the President waited and marked a card on which were printed the names of the States and numbers of electoral votes they had, he was computing the number of votes the several candidates for the Presidency were receiving. A veteran observer by his side noticed that he was humming low and softly an air—and it was "Bannockburn"—the Scotch war blood telling. The Major did not know he was singing "Welcome to your gory bed, or to glorious victory." Over the wires came the Ohio vote, "William McKinley 42 votes," and the Major arose and crossed the hall and, bending over his wife, said, "Ida, the vote of Ohio has nominated me." She kissed him and he turned to

his mother, who put her arms around his neck, kissed him, shed a few tears, and said something that was for him alone. At this moment there sounded the first of one hundred guns, and the clamor of steam whistles, the joyous clang of many bells, and ten thousand people ran for the McKinley home.

There was a time a few years ago that, suddenly and out of a clear sky, there lowered upon William McKinley a dark storm cloud that seemed certain for a time to sweep away from him the ambition to be maintained among the few immortals—to hold the great office of our great country—the Presidency of the United States. He had a friend who had been good to him, and trusted him so as to confer a sense of obligation it was not unpleasing to feel, and that it would be a grateful thing to aid in return. His friend had ill-fortune and the then Governor McKinley supported the friend by assisting him—"going security." There was a crash, and all the savings that had been thriftily accumulated and carefully handled were wiped out. Mrs. McKinley instantly offered freely her whole fortune inherited from her father, and it was enough to pay all obligations. The resolve of William McKinley himself was to abandon public life and devote himself to paying his debts by giving his whole time to the law business. He felt amply able to do this, and no doubt the task would have been accomplished, for McKinley was a strong man and had the confidence of the people. He was a good lawyer. There were business engagements open to him, and his mind was made up to pay debts first of all, and that was incompatible with politics. There must be no more office-holding or seeking. But he had friends who felt the country at large had a great interest in the continuance of the public life of McKinley. Three or four of them got together and formed a committee, unknown to the Governor, and there were many who thought it would be a privilege to aid the Governor to pay the obligation that represented gratitude and generosity. This was an easy task to perform. The matter was taken out of the Governor's hands. The first thing was to refuse Mrs. McKinley's money, and the next to mention the accomplished fact that there was no impediment, but the Governor could when he would, as he did, pay his debts; and the country owes the managers of this affair a debt for the delicacy and energy they displayed and the deftness with which they set aside self-sacrificing purposes of Mrs. and Mr. McKinley, for it would have been agreeable and

delightful for both of them to have put public cares away and been happy in each other's happiness.

There never was more flagrant injustice done man or woman than in that public feeling sometimes breaking out under the cultivation of the hostile feeling and reckless fancies of those who were unfriendly to the McKinleys. It has been assumed, because Mrs. McKinley was like a child in her unaffected expressions, her swift flashes of conversation, and her boundless confidence. One may say she was just a little irritable when she felt her husband was not appreciated up to her standard, which was a very high and exclusive one. He was her hero, her lover, the ever kind and gentle and fond true lover, and it kindled the poetry and the ambition in her to know that her husband was one honored throughout the earth. That only declared that people knew him as he was. The stars differ in their glory, and yet there was but one that shone for her forever from a serene and cloudless sky. It was the morning and evening star for her, and its rays were fair as the sunshine and mild as the moonlight for her. Her husband's eyes, that she looked into with love, shone back at her with equal love and adoration. It was often said that he sacrificed himself for her, but that was only true in one sense and if he was making a sacrifice he never knew it, and would not have cared if he had known. It was sometimes feared by those who knew her husband well, that she needed in the colder seasons to be in so warm an atmosphere, that he was in it so much that it made him susceptible to colds, and it was feared that his habitual living in rooms more heated than would have been the better for him, might do him an injury. But it was not his own comfort he thought of. If his wife was well for her to be, that was happiness and healthfulness for him, and she was always sweet as summer to him and for him. If some cynic or skeptic ever thought he played a part in his beautiful attentions to his wife, the idea of anything artistic would have vanished forever in a single day's journey with the happy couple. Naturally the President was much occupied, meeting friends, responding to courtesies, making the correct acknowledgments for the good will lavished upon him, but however occupied, though the throng was great, and the pressure upon him ceaseless, he found time very often to be at her side, to invite her consideration for something or to somebody, some gift of flowers, some group of children, or of ladies curious to see her and pleased with her enchanting smile and bow that told her pleas-

ure, and her manner that sincere as the kindly light of her eyes, or the glances and high-toned politeness to which she responded, as if to say it was not so much after all that she had no will but that of her husband and that her wishes were but a reflection of his. There was an error in this that might be forgiven if true, but she was well capable of having her will and way. She had one ambition that stirred her to execution —it was to be a helper of her husband, to do her part in the functions that pertained to his exalted office, and the fact that he was her husband and was the brighter and stronger when she was nigh. That was just as certain as that she lived for him. Indeed, they aided each other to live, so that when apart they could not have been the same as together. Two instances may be cited of Mrs. McKinley's exercise of her sovereignty. It was a dark and rainy morning on the west shore of Lake Champlain. There was gloom on the sky and dashing showers, at intervals almost a tempest, with torrents falling, as is in summer time the capricious way of the New England and New York mountains. It had been arranged that the President and Mrs. McKinley, Vice President Hobart and Mrs. Hobart, Mrs. Alger, wife of the Secretary of War, and others were to travel by two lines of rails—one common gauge and the other narrow —changing cars, of course, out into the Adirondacks, to visit the grave of old John Brown and see the lands and lakes, the streams and the forested peaks that mingle so many attractions. It seemed like a most unsuitable day for such an expedition. The President did not feel sure that his wife should go, and others were positive in saying the visit should be made another time, but Mrs. McKinley said to go, of course; there should not be a day lost; it would not, in all probability, rain all day, that there would be sunshine enough after a while. Her word carried, and she was prophetic about the weather. The other incident promised to be recited as testimony was of a broader bearing and had in it a tragic association. Among her hard trials was the loss of a beloved brother, who was the subject and victim of a wild spirit of vindictiveness. The President was engaged at the time to make an excursion, and she was to be with him, of course, into the States of the Northwest. It was out of the question under the circumstances for her to make the journey. She was, for one thing, grieved deeply by the death of her brother—by the dreadful stroke of deadly misfortune. Her rule of life was to say, in the words of Ruth, "Whithersoever thou goest I will go," and the President was

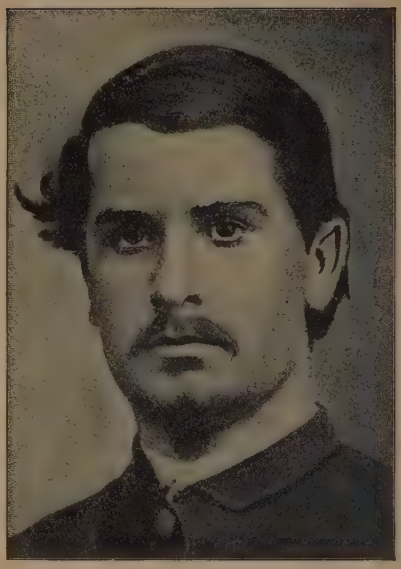
unwilling to leave her, but she arose to the occasion. They were in the city of Chicago, and she found what her duty was clearly, as she understood it, and told him she would stay and he must go—it was her duty to stay and his to go. She took the initiative and changed his purpose, and, with tears in his eyes, he did as she said; and then, as she said, she could have done it "only for his sake," and it is "for his sake" that she strives to bear her grief and live on. On his death bed he inspired her to do this when they had their last interview, and after as brave a struggle as was ever endured he felt at length the failure of his strength and said, "Thy will be done."

The injustice to William McKinley that has seemed to those who have known him well enough to be sure of it—the most aggravating that has been conceived or continued—is translating the heroism and energy, the glory of achievement, of his life, the fame that has filled the world, the apparently easy tasks have been fashioned so smoothly that the proportions of that which has been achieved are undervalued. There is even yet something lacking in full understanding, that though there have been men of high qualities, masters of many forces about him, still the wonderfully successful Administration that will go down to the remotest generation in his name, and that rightfully and gloriously, has been his handiwork.

He saved the Cabinet by his personal services in the three Departments that especially felt the pressure of the war, and we speak of the executive offices where the friction was; and among those who lent helping hands when and where most needed were Roosevelt, Corbin and Day; and this was before the Cabinet reached the harmony of organization and the efficiency of a system symmetrical in itself of the latter years. As a War President McKinley was of the first rank, and if the emergency had been greater there would have been a greater glory gained. Like other great men who have done great good works quietly, he has been fortunate in his education and friends, in the locality in which he was born, in a nest of industry in immediate touch with the resources that have been transmuted into immense prosperity, and in this relation he encountered men growing out of the same soil and atmosphere, and it has been glorious to work with him. There are ample spaces for those friends in the history of those who have wrought success with honor. There is an era in our country that will be known as that of McKinley. His character will stand forth in beauty backed

by the majesty of his accomplishments, and will wear the crown of martyrdom for his good faith and the wisdom and prosperity with which he has materially endowed the country, that will remember him with the same pathos that came with the remembrance of Garfield, and his figure will be lifted up among the august group of Presidents among whom we recognize Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln and Grant. Room there for McKinley; and the pale face of his wife will be always in remembrance for having placed around his illustrious life a halo of the radiant graces and sweetnesses of a fond and beautiful womanhood, which will be one of the choice traditions and histories that enrich the annals of the nation.

IDA SAXTON (MRS. WILLIAM McKINLEY).



WILLIAM McKINLEY.

The School Teacher—The Soldier—The Lawyer—The Governor.

CHAPTER XVI.

McKINLEY'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Opens with Courteous Expressions to Foreign Representatives—Praises the Exposition—The Beneficent Use of the Telegraph in Peace and War—A Word for Reciprocal Treaties—A Plea for the Isthmian Canal and a Pacific Cable.

For many reasons President McKinley's speech at the Pan-American Exposition, Thursday, September 5th, will be long remembered and hold a place in history. It was the last day of the President's activity, his last public utterance and one of the most important of his addresses, remarkable for its far and clear look into the future, the final expression of his pride and happiness in the progress of the country, the prosperity of the people, and our standing as the foremost of the nations of the earth. This speech was the farewell address of President McKinley, and if it had been known to him that it was to be his leave-taking of his countrymen, it would hardly have been more dignified and impressive. While this noble speech was being delivered, the appointed murderer, who gave him his mortal wound the next day, was gliding about the Exposition grounds seeking the opportunity to assassinate the President. The knowledge of this circumstance will forever place upon this speech the distinction of delivery in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. It was a day on which his beloved wife was constantly with him.

The President was received at the Exposition with all the ceremonial honors, civil and military, due to his office.

Although the time announced for the departure of the President from the home of Mr. Milburn in Delaware avenue was 10 o'clock, crowds began to assemble in front of the house as early as 9 o'clock. A detail of police kept the crowd back from the sidewalk in front of the house, but those most eager to catch a glimpse of the President and Mrs. McKinley indiscriminately invaded the lawns of the adjoining residences, and some even went so far as to climb upon the verandas.

Promptly at 10 o'clock the President emerged from the home of Mr. Milburn, Mrs. McKinley accompanying him, walking by his side without assistance. A burst of cheers greeted them, which the President acknowledged by bowing and raising his hat.

An escort of mounted police and members of the signal corps surrounded the carriages, and the cavalcade set out for the Exposition grounds.

At the entrance to the Exposition grounds the President was met by detachments of the United States marines and the Seacoast Artillery and the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth New York Regiments. A President's salute of twenty-one guns was fired. The President was at once escorted to the stand erected in the esplanade, where probably the greatest crowd ever assembled there greeted him with repeated cheers.

There was almost absolute quiet when President Milburn arose and introduced the President as follows:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the President."

The great audience then broke out with a mighty cheer, which continued as President McKinley arose, and it was some minutes before he was able to proceed. When quiet was restored the President spoke as follows:

"I am glad to be again in the City of Buffalo and exchange greetings with her people, to whose generous hospitality I am not a stranger, and with whose good will I have been repeatedly and signally honored. To-day I have additional satisfaction in meeting and giving welcome to the foreign representatives assembled here, whose presence and participation in this Exposition have contributed in so marked a degree to its interests and success.

"To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the French colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education, and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

"Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise, and intellect of the people and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student.

"Every exposition, great or small, has helped to some onward step. Comparison of ideas is always educational; and as such instructs the brain and hand of man. Friendly rivalry follows, which is the spur to industrial improvement, the inspiration to useful invention and to high

endeavor in all departments of human activity. It exacts a study of the wants, comforts, and even the whims of the people and recognizes the efficacy of high quality and new prices to win their favor.

"The quest for trade is an incentive to men of business to devise, invent, improve, and economize in the cost of production. Business life, whether among ourselves or with other people, is ever a sharp struggle for success. It will be none the less so in the future. Without competition we would be clinging to the clumsy and antiquated process of farming and manufacture and the methods of business of long ago, and the twentieth would be no farther advanced than the eighteenth century. But though commercial competitors we are, commercial enemies we must not be.

"The Pan-American Exposition has done its work thoroughly, presenting in its exhibits evidences of the highest skill and illustrating the progress of the human family in the Western Hemisphere. This portion of the earth has no cause for humiliation for the part it has performed in the march of civilization. It has not accomplished everything; far from it. It has simply done its best, and without vanity or bashfulness, and, recognizing the manifold achievements of others, it invites the friendly rivalry of all the powers in the peaceful pursuits of trade and commerce, and will co-operate with all in advancing the highest and best interests of humanity. The wisdom and energy of all the nations are none too great for the world's work. The success of art, science, industry, and invention is an international asset and a common glory.

"After all, how near one to the other is every part of the world! Modern inventions have brought into close relation widely separated peoples and made them better acquainted. Geographic and political divisions will continue to exist, but distances have been effaced. Swift ships and fast trains are becoming cosmopolitan. They invade fields which a few years ago were impenetrable. The world's products are changed as never before, and with increasing transportation facilities come increasing knowledge and trade. Prices are fixed with mathematical precision by supply and demand. The world's selling prices are regulated by market and crop reports. We travel greater distances in a shorter space of time and with more ease than was ever dreamed of by the fathers.

"Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christen-

dom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth.

"Vast transactions are conducted and international exchanges are made by the tick of the cable. Every event of interest is immediately bulletined. The quick gathering and transmission of news, like rapid transit, are of recent origin, and are only made possible by the genius of the inventor and the courage of the investor.

"It took a special messenger of the Government with every facility known at the time for rapid transit nineteen days to go from the City of Washington to New Orleans with a message to General Jackson that the war with England had ceased and a treaty of peace had been signed. How different now.

"We reached General Miles in Porto Rico by cable and he was able through the military telegraph to stop his army on the firing line with the message that the United States and Spain had signed a protocol suspending hostilities. We knew almost instantly of the first shots fired at Santiago, and the subsequent surrender of the Spanish forces was known at Washington within less than an hour of its consummation. The first ship of Cervera's fleet was hardly emerged from that historic harbor when the fact was flashed to our capital, and the swift destruction that followed was announced immediately through the wonderful medium of telegraphy.

"So accustomed are we to safe and easy communication with distant lands that its temporary interruption even in ordinary times results in loss and inconvenience. We shall never forget the days of anxious waiting and awful suspense when no information was permitted to be sent from Pekin, and the diplomatic representatives of the nations in China, cut off from all communication inside and outside of the walled capital, were surrounded by an angry and misguided mob that threatened their lives; nor the joy that thrilled the world when a single message from the Government of the United States brought through our Minister the first news of the safety of the besieged diplomats.

"At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its

circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstanding and the stronger the disposition, when we have differences, to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

"My fellow citizens, trade statistics indicate that this country is in a state of unexampled prosperity. The figures are almost appalling. They show that we are utilizing our fields and forests and mines and that we are furnishing profitable employment to the millions of workingmen throughout the United States, bringing comfort and happiness to their homes and making it possible to lay by savings for old age and disability.

"That all the people are participating in this great prosperity is seen in every American community and shown by the enormous and unprecedented deposits in our savings banks. Our duty is the care and security of these deposits, and their safe investment demands the highest integrity and the best business capacity of those in charge of these depositories of the people's earnings.

"We have a vast and intricate business built up through years of toil and struggle, in which every part of the country has its stake, which will not permit of either neglect or of undue selfishness. No narrow, sordid policy will subserve it. The greatest skill and wisdom on the part of the manufacturers and producers will be required to hold and increase it.

"Our industrial enterprises which have grown to such great proportions affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention.

"Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

"By the sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus.

"A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

"Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can, and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

"If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

"Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coasts of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports.

"One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer.

"We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense, they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

"We must build the Isthmian Canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coasts

of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

"In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part. This exposition would have touched the heart of that American statesman whose mind was ever alert and thought ever constant for a larger commerce and a truer fraternity of the republics of the new world. His broad American spirit is felt and manifested here. He needs no identification to an assembly of Americans anywhere, for the name of Blaine is inseparably associated with the Pan-American movement which finds this practical and substantial expression, and which we all hope will be firmly advanced by the Pan-American congress that assembles this autumn in the capital of Mexico.

"The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art, and beauty, and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

> Make it live beyond its too short living
> With praises and thanksgiving.

"Who can tell the new thoughts that have been awakened, the ambitions fired, and the high achievements that will be wrought through this exposition? Gentlemen, let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories of peace, not those of war. We hope that all who are represented here may be moved to higher and nobler effort for their own and the world's good, and that out of this city may come not only greater commerce and trade for us all, but more essential than these, relations of mutual respect, confidence, and friendship, which will deepen and endure.

"Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness, and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the people and powers of the earth."

The President's speech was frequently interrupted with applause, his words referring to the establishment of reciprocal treaties with other countries, the necessity of the American people building an Isthmian canal and a Pacific cable, and his reference to the work of Blaine in developing the Pan-American idea bringing forth especially enthusiastic cheers.

Upon the conclusion of the address a large number of people broke

through the lines around the stand, and the President held an impromptu reception for fifteen minutes, shaking hands with thousands.

The carriages were then brought to the steps of the stand, and the President, accompanied by the diplomatic corps and specially invited guests, was taken to the stadium. When the President arrived there at 11:45 that structure was crowded to the last inch of standing-room. The troops stood at attention, while the President, accompanied by Colonel Chapin and the officers in command, reviewed them. Cheer after cheer from the vast assemblage greeted the Chief Executive as he walked from one end of the tribune to the other and back to the reviewing stand.

The troops then marched past the stand and performed intricate maneuvers for fifteen minutes.

Mrs. McKinley left that stand at the conclusion of the speechmaking and was taken to the Women's Building, where she was entertained by the women managers.

From the stadium the President proceeded to the Canadian Building, where he was met by the Canadian Commissioners and viewed the Canadian exhibits. He next visited the Agricultural Building, where he was met by such foreign commissioners as have no buildings of their own, but have exhibits in that building. From the Agricultural Building he visited in order the buildings of Honduras, Cuba, Chile, Mexico, Dominican Republic, Porto Rico, and Ecuador, where he was received by the commissioners of the respective countries.

The President and Mrs. McKinley visited the grounds that evening to view the illumination and fireworks.

CHAPTER XVII.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S FUNERAL AT BUFFALO, WASHINGTON AND CANTON.

The Last View of the Martyr President's Face—Pathetic Scenes of Sorrow—The Simple Solemnities at Buffalo and the Tremendous Outpourings of People—A Sombre Day at Washington—The Farewell to President McKinley at Canton.

The funeral of William McKinley really began in the house where he died, on Sunday morning, September 15th, at eleven o'clock, and was continued for a week. In the drawing room of the Milburn House the casket lay. It had been carried down from the upper room where Mr. McKinley had breathed his last and was placed between two windows in the library. The silken folds of an American flag were drawn about the bier.

The upper lid was drawn back and the face bared for the parting gaze of those who were soon to assemble. Red roses, white chrysanthemums and wreaths of purple violets lay at the foot of the bier. At the doors and windows opening into the library stood soldiers and marines, the guardians of the dead. Before the ceremony Mrs. McKinley was led into the chamber by her physician, Dr. Rixey, and had sat awhile alone with him who had supported and comforted her through all their years of wedded life.

Her support was gone, but she had not broken down. Dry-eyed, she gazed upon him. She fondled his face. She did not seem to realize he was dead.

President Roosevelt then came and stood near the casket. There had been a wait of a minute for this. Then the President advanced one step. He bowed his head and looked. Long he gazed, standing immovable, save for a twitching of the muscles of the chin. At last he stepped back. Tears were in his eyes as he went to the chair reserved for him.

Another dramatic scene came when the service was over and the Rev. Mr. Locke had pronounced the benediction. Before any one had moved, and while there was the same perfect stillness, Senator Hanna, who had not before found courage to look upon the dead face of his

friend, stepped out from where he had been standing behind Governor Odell. It was his last chance to see the features of President McKinley. There was a look on his face that told more than sobs would have done. It was the look of a man whose grief was pent up within him.

The Senator had quite a few steps to take to get to the head of the casket. When he got to the head of the bier, by President Roosevelt, he stood with his head resting on his breast and his hands clasped behind his back, looking down on the face of his friend. He stood there possibly a minute, but to every one it seemed more like five. No one stirred while he stood. The scene was beyond expression.

As the Senator turned his head around, those in the room saw his face, and there were tears trickling down it. One of the Cabinet members put out his arm and the Senator instinctively seemed to follow it. He went between Secretary Long and Attorney-General Knox and sat down in a chair near the wall; then he bowed his head.

Mrs. McKinley sat at the head of the stairs, a wan, white figure, in a black gown, listening to every song and spoken word, to hymns and prayers. The new President stood at the head of the dead President and grouped around the coffin were the members of the cabinet and the members of the family and Senator Hanna. The services consisted of two hymns, a chapter from the Bible, a prayer—all lasting twenty-five minutes.

The chapter read was 1 Corinthians. The Doctor read it to the conclusion.

There was a moment's pause after he had finished, and then the quartet sang the four verses of that other hymn, so dear to the man about whose bier the mourners stood, that as he passed into the last unconsciousness, his lips formed its words after the strength to speak had gone.

Silently the assembled men and women framed with their lips the words of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," as the choir sang it through. Dr. Locke raised his hands as the music died away. He made this eloquent appeal: "Let us pray:

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast
And our eternal home."

The following official statement was given the press:

"In compliance with the earnest wishes of Mrs. McKinley that the body of her husband shall rest in her home at Canton Wednesday night, the following changes in the obsequies of the late President will be made:

"Funeral services in the rotunda of the capitol will be held Tuesday morning on the arrival of the escort which will accompany the remains from the White House.

"The body of the late President will lie in state in the rotunda for the remainder of Tuesday and will be escorted to the railroad station Tuesday evening. The funeral train will leave Washington at or about 8 o'clock Tuesday evening and thus will arrive at Canton during the day Wednesday.

"JOHN HAY,
"Secretary of State.
"ELIHU ROOT,
Secretary of War.
"JOHN D. LONG,
"Secretary of the Navy.
"HENRY F. MACFARLAND,
"President of the Board of Commissioners of the District of Columbia."

Prior to the issuing of the foregoing announcement Secretary Hay had issued a formal statement substantially as follows:

"The remains of the late President of the United States, after lying in state in the city hall of Buffalo during the afternoon of Sunday, September 15, will be removed to Washington by special train on Monday, September 16, leaving Buffalo at 8:30 a. m. and reaching Washington at 9 p. m.

"The remains will then be carried, under the auspices of a squadron of United States cavalry, to the executive mansion, where they will rest until 9 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, September 17.

"They will then be carried to the capitol, accompanied by a military and civil escort, the details of which will be given in a separate notice. The remains will there lie in state.

"No ceremonies are expected in the cities and towns along the route of the funeral train beyond the tolling of bells."

There were three remarkable funerals of President McKinley: in Buffalo, the city where the assassin slew him; Washington City, where was his post of public duty, filling the office the most exalted in the country and the most varied and vast in its potentialities in the world; and Canton, Ohio, the city of his home, where his father and mother

and children are buried. The route of the funeral train from Buffalo to Washington and from Washington to Canton, is made plain below:

Route of the Funeral Train Bearing the Body of President McKinley.

Mrs. McKinley seemed to have found strength in the last days of her sorrows in Buffalo. She seemed to be lifted up by the masterful kindliness of her husband, who turned to her as he was passing away. It is infinitely pathetic that the President, when shot, first thought of her, and commanded that she should as far as possible be saved from the dreadful knowledge, and when at length his failure of force to rally appeared to him, he sent for her, and they clasped hands and had their

simple and sublime good-bye talk. In a few words he gave Christendom a new chapter and song of faith and love, and she was able to go away exalted to endure. When she knew she was to go away in a funeral train, she was brought to an awful realization of her loss, and the strain became beyond her fortitude, and she had paroxysms of weeping and could not be comforted. Her journey from Buffalo to Washington and the return to Canton was like a hideous dream. It was in Niagara Square, Buffalo, that the public gathered to honor the dead before the departure for Washington. The funeral train was run according to the wish of Mrs. McKinley, that the body of her husband should rest in her home at Canton Wednesday night, and changes were made accordingly.

Solemn and impressive, full of the lessons that the President had sought to live out in their fullness, there was no pomp or circumstance to the closing scenes in the now famous Milburn house.

With the sacred hymns that had been his favorite music, with the loving words of those who had known him only to love him, with just a few of the nearest and the dearest of the countless men and women who had been proud to call him their friend gathered at the side of his bier, the noble victim of a wanton wretch was prepared for his last journey.

Then the casket was closed over its precious burden and borne through the streets of the city to where the multitude might pass in one long, sad procession for the last view of the kindly face, and ninety thousand people availed themselves of the opportunity when the movement from the historical house was begun. Senator Hanna was the last man to look upon the President's face, and saw it thinned and stern lines seemingly engraven in it, while the Senator looked weary and aged. The casket was closed and the soldiers and sailors advanced from the points where they had been stationed. Lifting it gently on their broad shoulders they slowly began their solemn march to the hearse, which stood waiting outside. Close behind the casket followed President Roosevelt, with Secretary Root on his left and the other members of the Cabinet following. Slowly, very slowly, they took their way into the hall, out of the front door, down the steps and down the walk to the hearse, while the band posted across the street softly played, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross,
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Tho' like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou send'st to me,
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

In the first carriage President Roosevelt, Secretary Root, Postmaster-General Smith and Attorney-General Knox took seats, and started out on their long drive to the city hall. In the second carriage sat Secretaries Wilson, Hitchcock and Long and Secretary Cortelyou. General Brooke sat alone in the third carriage, and Dr. and Mrs. Locke occupied the fourth.

Then came the hearse, drawn by four great, black horses. Walking beside the hearse were the active pallbearers, the soldiers and marines and a detail from the Grand Army of the Republic following close behind. Next came a company of marines from Camp Haywood at the Pan-American Exposition, then the Sixty-fifth Regiment Band, a company of the Fourteenth Regiment stationed at Fort Porter, a company each from the Sixty-fifth and Seventy-fourth regiments and a detail of sailors and marines from the steamship Michigan.

The funeral cortege left the Milburn house at 11:45 o'clock. Slowly and solemnly, in time to the funeral march, it moved between two huge masses of men, women and children, stretching away two miles and a half to the city hall. Nearly two hours were required to traverse the distance.

Fully fifty thousand people saw it pass. They were packed into windows, perched on roofs, massed on verandas, and compressed into solid masses covering the broad sidewalks and grass plots.

Directly above the spot where the coffin was to lie there was a dome of black bunting, within which hung straight down above the coffin four American flags, forming with their lower edges a cross which pointed to the four points of the compass.

President Roosevelt and the Cabinet ranged themselves about the spot where the body was to rest. Mr. Roosevelt stood at the foot of the coffin on its right hand, with Secretary Root opposite and facing him. On President Roosevelt's left were Attorney-General Knox, Secretary Long and Secretary Wilson. On Mr. Root's right hand were Postmaster-General Smith, Secretary Hitchcock and Mr. Cortelyou.

The casket's upper half was open. The lower half was draped in a flag upon which were masses of red and white roses. The body of the President lay on its back and was clad in a black frock coat, with the left hand resting across the breast. One glance at the face, startlingly changed from its appearance in life, told the story of the suffering which had been endured.

More than twice as many as could hope to get through the lines in that time came from all over western New York until fully 200,000 were massed during the morning. In the face of such a concourse the limit was extended, but the patient thousands did not know it. They merely stayed on through the storms and hoped.

For nearly ten hours they streamed through the city hall corridor where the President lay, passing in two lines which formed faster than they melted. Ten thousand an hour flowed past until weather and physical collapse wore out other thousands and the thinned lines ended at eleven o'clock at night.

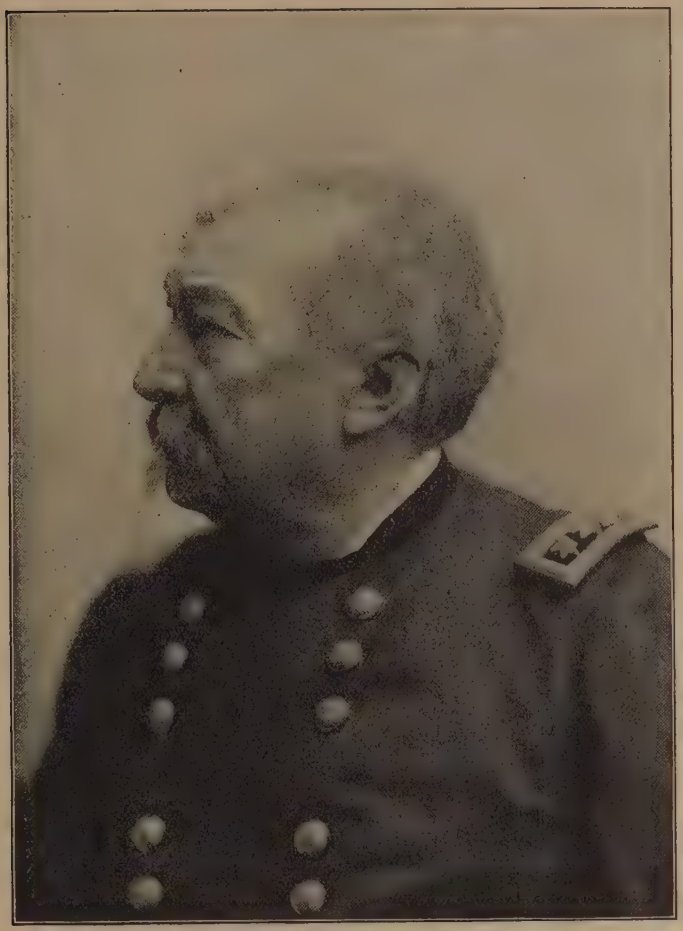
In preparation for the arrival at Washington the sergeant-at-arms had the catafalque which supported the remains of Lincoln, Garfield and other statesmen brought out of the crypt. It was covered with new black cloth. Upon this gloomy furniture the remains of three murdered Presidents have been placed, the three most liberal, kind, gentle statesmen who ever filled the great office—all of them massacred for their virtues, their good will to man, and loyalty to the Constitution.

Somber weather greeted the funeral train at Washington. The day on which the National Capital paid its last respects to the third martyred President was the anniversary of the battle of Antietam, the bloodiest single day's fighting in the great civil war. This comparison is made between the pageantry on the 4th of March last and the day of bereavement:

The universal sadness was too deep to be turned back by the force of the elements, and the sorrowful multitudes which viewed the funeral pageant to-day were almost as great as those which, on a more joyous occasion, six months ago, saw President McKinley driven to the Capitol for his second inauguration. The weather on the two occasions was similar, with a difference only in temperature, but the crowds which cheered and applauded on March 4 were silent and weeping to-day.

The distance from the White House to the Capitol is one mile, and along the whole route of the funeral procession crowds packed the broad sidewalks from building to curb. Rain fell almost incessantly, but the numbers of spectators were continued undiminished during the hours while the melancholy parade was passing.

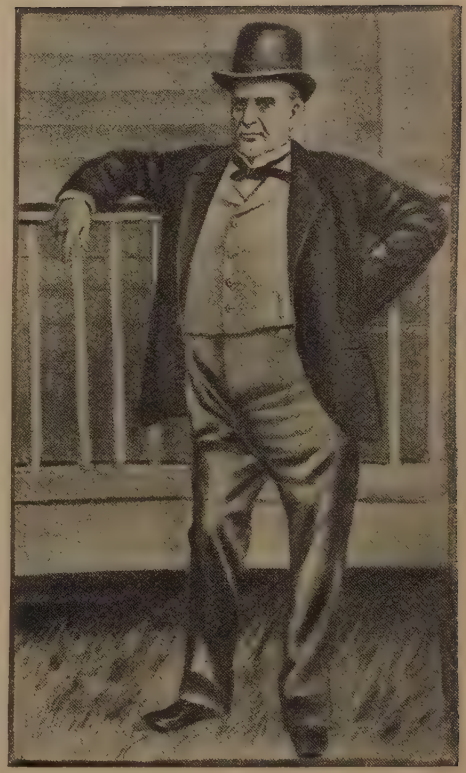
There was nothing that recalled the reason of the procession more forcibly to mind than the tolling of bells. If anything had been needed



PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

This book, on the life of William McKinley, would not be complete without a picture of "Phil" H. Sheridan. At the end of Sheridan's ride from Winchester, to the sound of the Confederate guns, slowly driving the U. S. Army and desperately striving to put it to rout, the first soldier who met him and gave a clear account of the fight, and spread the news that Sheridan was on the field, was William McKinley.

MR. AND MRS. McKINLEY TWENTY YEARS AGO.



WM. McKINLEY AS A FARMER.

to subdue the minds of the crowds, it should have been found in this tolling. From the moment the strokes began, at the start of the procession from the White House, the great crowds were hushed.

So great was the desire of those in every walk of life who assembled for the purpose to see the body of the late President lying in state that a tremendous crush occurred under the shadow of the tall white dome. As a result many persons were injured, some perhaps fatally, and a scene was enacted on the broad piazza in front of the Capitol that struck horror to the hearts of those who saw it.

As the sweet notes of Mr. McKinley's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," floated through the great rotunda the assemblage rose to its feet. Bared heads were bowed and eyes streamed with tears. At the close of the hymn, as the Rev. Dr. Naylor, presiding elder of the Washington district, rose to offer prayer, the hush that fell upon the people was profound. When, in ending, he repeated the immortal words of the Lord's prayer, the great audience joined solemnly with him. The murmur of their voices resembled the roll of far distant surf.

Scarcely had the word amen been breathed when the liquid tone of that sweetly pleading song, "Some Time We'll Understand," went straight to the heart of every auditor.

The venerable Bishop Edwin G. Andrews of Ohio, the oldest Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, then took his position at the head of the bier. A gentle breeze through the rotunda stirred the delicate blooms which lay upon the coffin, and the "peace that passeth all understanding" seemed to rest upon the venerable man's countenance as he began his eulogy of the life and works of William McKinley. His words were simple, but his whole heart was in every one of them.

At the end of the sermon the audience, as if by prearrangement, joined the choir in singing "Nearer, My God, To Thee." All present seemed to be imbued with a sentiment of hallowed resignation as the divine blessing was asked by the Rev. W. H. Chapman, acting pastor of the Metropolitan M. E. Church, upon both the living and the dead.

Mrs. McKinley, bereft of husband and prostrated by her overwhelming sorrow, did not attend the services at the Capitol. It was deemed wise by those now nearest and dearest to her that she should not undergo the ordeal her attendance would entail upon her. She remained at the White House comforted by every attention that loving thoughtfulness could suggest.

One of the thousands of incidents showing the grief of the people over the death of McKinley occurred in Bridgeport, Conn., when the services on the Sunday after the President's death were interrupted by an outburst of sorrowful emotion.

As the pastor ceased speaking, Mrs. F. H. Lyford, the soprano, started to lead the choir in the hymn, "Nearer, My God, To Thee," but faltered, and her voice sank to a whisper. She attempted the second time, but sank into a seat sobbing. The others in the quartet were so affected that they could not proceed.

Soon Mrs. Lyford became hysterical, and the pastor went from the pulpit to the choir loft to quiet her. His efforts were unavailing, and Mrs. Lyford, still sobbing, was taken home.

The congregation was affected almost as deeply as Mrs. Lyford, and it was ten minutes before the pastor could proceed with the service. After a few words Pastor Cheney was obliged to dismiss the congregation, and every member was weeping.

There was placed upon the bier of the President at Washington a white shield in flowers, with the Eighth Army Corps badge in the center. This was in response to General Chaffee's cable:

"Manila, September 15.—The officers and the soldiers of the Division of the Philippines beg the department to place an appropriate floral design on the bier of the President of the United States as a token of a great sorrow. They offer their deepest sympathy to Mrs. McKinley.
—Chaffee."

The train leaving Buffalo at 8:30 a. m., September 16th, reached Washington at 9 p. m. The remains were carried, under the escort of a squadron of United States cavalry, to the Executive Mansion, where they rested until 9 o'clock in the morning of Tuesday, September 17th, and were then carried to the Capitol, accompanied by a military and civil escort.

The following special order was issued by the Navy Department:

"Navy Department,
"Washington, September 15.

"Special Order No. 13:

"All officers on the active list of the navy and marine corps on duty in Washington will assemble in full dress uniform at 7:30 o'clock Monday evening, September 16th, at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station, for the purpose of meeting the remains of the late President of the United States. They will again assemble in the same uniform in the grounds

of the Executive Mansion and near the eastern gate at 9 a. m. on Tuesday, September 17th, to march as guard of honor in the procession from the Executive Mansion to the Capitol. They will again assemble in the same uniform at the east front of the Capitol at 1 o'clock p. m., September 18th, to march as guard of honor in the procession from the Capitol to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

"The following special guard of honor is hereby appointed: The Admiral of the Navy, Rear Admiral A. S. Crowninshield, Rear Admiral Charles O'Neil, Paymaster-General A. S. Kenny and Brigadier-General Charles Heyward, U. S. M. C.

"The special guard of honor will assemble in special full dress uniform at the Executive Mansion at 8 p. m., Monday, September 16th, to receive the remains of the late President, and will again assemble in the same uniform at the Capitol at 10 a. m., Tuesday, September 17th. On Wednesday, September 18th, the special guard of honor will assemble at the Pennsylvania Railroad Station at 2 p. m., and will thence accompany the remains of President McKinley to their final resting place, in Canton, Ohio.

"All officers of flag rank will constitute an additional special guard of honor and will assemble at the places hereinbefore mentioned for the special guard of honor. The additional special guard of honor will not, however, accompany the remains of the late President to Canton.

"F. W. HACKETT, Acting Secretary."

The following was the order of procession for Tuesday:

SECTION 1.

Funeral escort, under command of Major-General John R. Brooke,
U. S. A. Artillery Band.
Squadron of Cavalry.
Battalion of Light Artillery.
Company A, United States Engineers.
Two Battalions Coast Artillery.
Marine Band.
Battalion of Marines.
Battalion of United States Seamen.
Brigade of National Guard of the District of Columbia.

SECTION 2.

Civic Procession, under Command of Chief Marshal, Gen. Henry V. Boynton.

Clergymen in attendance.
Physicians who attended the late President.
Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.
Grand Army of the Republic.

BEARERS.

GUARD OF HONOR. | HEARSE. | GUARD OF HONOR.

BEARERS.

[Officers of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps, who were not on duty with the troops forming the escort, formed, in full dress, right in front, on either side of the hearse, the Army on the right and the Navy and Marine Corps on the left, and compose the Guard of Honor.]

Family of the late President.
Relatives of the late President.
The Ex-President of the United States.

SECTION 3.

The President.
Members of the Cabinet.
The Diplomatic Corps.
The Chief Justice and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States.
Senators of the United States.
Members of the House of Representatives of the United States.
Governors of the States and Territories, and the Commissioners of the District of Columbia.
Judges of the Court of Claims, the Judiciary of the District of Columbia and Judges of the United States Courts.
The Assistant Secretaries of State, Treasury, War, Navy, Interior and Agriculture.
The Assistant Postmasters-General.

The Solicitor-General and the Assistant Attorneys-General.
Representatives of the Departments and Commissions of the Government.
Organized Societies.
Citizens.

The Military Guard escorted the remains from the Capitol to the railroad station.

At the close of the day of the funeral of William McKinley at Canton, his home city, there was on the hillside in which the receiving vault is built a great mound of flowers, covering the hill.

Amid impressive scenes the flag-covered, flower-laden coffin was carried through the gates of the tomb to wait until the time comes for it to be placed in its final resting place in the late President's family lot in the cemetery, where his father and mother, his brother and sister, and his two children are sleeping. A guard of United States soldiers will keep watch over the tomb. Their vigil has begun; a sentry is to pace through the nights to and fro before its grated fence.

The McKinley burial plot is at the crest of a knoll, the highest spot in the old cemetery. It faces the main driveway and is prettily shaded by great oak trees. Fronting to the north and east is a bed of living plants into which has been worked "McKinley." The tombstones that have been erected there mark the tragedies of the President's life. In that plot are buried his father and his mother, a brother and a sister. There, too, lie buried the babes, sorrow because of whose death first caused Mrs. McKinley's break in health.

Marking the graves of William McKinley the elder and of his wife, President McKinley's mother, are marble shafts of considerable size. Small granite obelisks stand at the head of the graves of the children. On the first is inscribed:

IDA McKINLEY,
DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM AND IDA,
DIED AUG. 23, 1873,
AGED FOUR MONTHS TWENTY-TWO DAYS.

On the second obelisk is inscribed:

KATIE McKINLEY,
DAUGHTER OF WILLIAM AND IDA,
DIED JUNE 25, 1875,
AGED THREE YEARS AND SIX
MONTHS.

On still another tombstone is marked:

ANNIE McKINLEY.

On another:

JAMES McKINLEY.

These two were sister and brother of the President. The shafts for his father and mother are simply inscribed thus:

WILLIAM McKINLEY, 1807-1892.

N. A. McKINLEY, 1809-1897.

There were more than one hundred thousand people present in Canton on the funeral day.

The President of the United States, escorted by the same troop, A of Cleveland, which acted as the bodyguard of the President, McKinley, living and dead, started back to Washington, accompanied by his Cabinet.

With majestic solemnity, surrounded by his countrymen and his townspeople, in the presence of the President of the United States, the

Cabinet, Justices of the United States Supreme Court, Senators and Representatives in Congress, the heads of the military and naval establishments, the governors of States, and a great concourse of people who had known and loved him, all that is mortal of the third President to fall by an assassin's bullet was committed to the grave. It was a spectacle of mournful grandeur.

The service at the church consisted of a brief oration, prayers by the clergymen of three denominations, and singing by a quartet. The body was taken to the Westlawn Cemetery and placed in the receiving vault, pending the time when it will be finally laid to rest.

One of the most pathetic features of the day was the absence of Mrs. McKinley from the funeral services at the church and cemetery, when the body of her husband was laid to rest. Since the first shock of the shooting, then of death, and through the ordeal of state ceremonies, she had borne up bravely. But there was a limit to human endurance, and when the last day came it found her too weak to pass through the trials of the final ceremonies.

Those very near to her are not so much alarmed by her passionate weeping and shedding of tears as they were by her unnatural composure for a time.

In the Canton procession there were 6,000 Ohio troops and a still larger body of men not of the Ohio National Guard marched in the procession. The order of parade was as follows and the march was between walls of thousands and tens of thousands:

Squad of police.
Chief Marshal Doll of Canton and aids.

FIRST DIVISION.

General Eli Torrence, national commander G. A. R., commanding staff.
Grand Army Band.
E. F. Taggert, department commander G. A. R. of Ohio, and staff.
Canton Post, Canton, Ohio.
Buckley Post, Akron, Ohio.
Bell-Harmon Post, Warren, Ohio.
C. G. Chamberlain Post, East Palestine, Ohio.
Given Post, Wooster, Ohio.
Union Veteran Legion, Canton, Ohio.

SECOND DIVISION.

Major General Charles F. Dick commanding.
Detachments of Ohio National Guard.
Troop A of O. N. G., guard of honor.
Survivors of Twenty-third Ohio, President McKinley's regiment.
President Roosevelt and Cabinet.
Honorary bearers, generals of army and admirals of navy.
Officiating clergymen.
Officers of the army and navy.
Funeral car.
Family and relatives of President McKinley.
Loyal Legion.
President of Senate and United States Senators.
Speaker of House of Representatives and Congressmen.
Governors of States, with staffs.
Louisiana delegation, representing State and United Confederate Veterans.
Governor Nash of Ohio and other State officers.
Circuit Court Judges of the State of Ohio.
Governor McKinley's former staff officers.
Federal officials of Cleveland, Chicago, Canton and Massillon, Ohio.
Board of Directors of Pan-American Exposition.
Board of Cook County Commissioners, Chicago.

THIRD DIVISION.

Captain H. S. Moses commanding.
Gate City Guards, Atlanta, Ga.
Cleveland Greys.
Cleveland Scots Guards.
William McKinley command Spanish-American War Veterans.
Sons of Veterans.

FOURTH DIVISION.

A. B. Foster, grand commander of Ohio, commanding.
Knights Templar.
Commanderies from following cities: Louisville, Canton, Massillon, Toledo, Zanesville, Steubenville, Cleveland, Painesville, Lima, Cincin-

nati, Youngstown, Mansfield, Pomeroy, Akron, Circleville, Marion, Warren, Hamilton, Salem, Wooster, Marietta, Uhrichsville and East Liverpool, Ohio.
Grand Lodge State of Ohio.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Brigadier General Thomas W. Minchule commanding.
Eighth Infantry of State Militia.
Fifth Infantry.
Ohio City Company, Martin's Ferry, Ohio.
Second Infantry, Lima.
Lodges of the Knights of Pythias.
Odd Fellows.
Junior Order United American Mechanics.
Knights of St. John.
Representatives of Sigma, Alpha and Epsilon Fraternity.

SIXTH DIVISION.

Theodore Voges commanding
Cleveland Chamber of Commerce.
Americus Club, Pittsburg.
Union League Club, Chicago.
Lincoln Club, Chicago.
Hamilton Club, Chicago.
Lincoln Club of New Brighton, Pa.

SEVENTH DIVISION.

Officials and citizens of various Ohio cities.

As the time approached for bearing the body of the dead President from the McKinley home to the church, the little cottage on North Market street was the center of a vast concourse of people. Regiment after regiment of soldiers, acting as guards, were in triple lines from curbs back to the lawns. The walks had been cleared and the multitude took refuge on the great sweep of lawns, where they formed a solid mass of humanity, surging forward to the lines of soldiers. In front of the McKinley cottage were drawn up the two rigid files of body-bearers—eight sailors of the navy and eight soldiers of the army—awaiting the order to go within and take up the casket.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT APPROACHES.

Just at 1 o'clock the black chargers of the Cleveland Troop swept down the street, their riders four abreast, in their brilliant huzzar uniform, with flags bound in crape, and every saber hilt bearing its fluttering emblem of mourning. Their command was the signal for the approach of President Roosevelt and the members of the Cabinet. The Presidential party moved up the walk to the entrance of the house and formed in a group to the left.

The President's face looked very grave, and he stood there silently with uncovered head awaiting the body of the dead chieftain.

Extending further down the walk was the guard of honor, the ranking generals of the army on the right and the chief figures of the navy on the left. Lieutenant General Miles, in the full uniform of his rank, with sword at side and band of crape about his arm, stood alongside the members of the Cabinet, and with him were Major General Brooke, Major General Otis, Major General MacArthur and Brigadier General Gillespie. Across from them was ranged Rear Admiral Farquhar, representing Admiral Dewey, ranking head of the navy; Rear Admiral Crowninshield, Rear Admiral O'Neill, Rear Admiral Kenney and Brigadier General Heywood, the latter commander-in-chief of the Marine Corps.

Just inside the gate stood the civilian honorary court, in double line, including Governor Nash and Lieutenant-Governor Caldwell of Ohio.

Toward noon the crowds in the vicinity of the McKinley cottage had increased to tens of thousands. North Market street was a living, seething mass of humanity for five squares below the house and for three squares above. Several regiments of soldiers were required to preserve a semblance of order. With guns advanced, the men were posted along the curbs and within the walks for half a mile in either direction.

Sorrowfully the throngs turned away, the people to take up their positions at the church, the representatives to seek their places in the imposing procession which was to follow the remains to the cemetery.

President Roosevelt spent a quiet morning at the Harter residence. He did not go out to the crowded street where thousands were gathered, hoping to catch a glimpse of his face, but took a walk in the spacious grounds of the residence. While at breakfast Judge Day joined him for

half an hour, and later Secretary Root and Secretary Hitchcock came in to see him.

Many unofficial visitors left cards of respect, but the President saw very few people, preferring to remain in retirement. Among those who called were a half score of his old command of the Rough Riders, several of them in their broad-brimmed sombreros. The President saw them only for a moment.

The face of the dead President was seen for the last time when it lay in state Wednesday in the court-house. The coffin was not opened after it was removed to the McKinley residence, and the members of the family had no opportunity to look again upon the silent features. The coffin was sealed before it was borne away from the court-house. It had been the hope of many of the old friends of the family here that the face would be exposed while the services in the church were being held this afternoon, but this suggestion could not be agreed to.

The collection of flowers was probably the most beautiful ever seen in the United States. The conservatories of the country had been denuded to supply them. By the direction of the monarchs of Europe, the South American rulers, the governors of the British colonies in Australia and Canada, the Emperor of Japan, from the four quarters of the earth in fact, came the directions to adorn the bier of McKinley with flowers whose fragrance might be symbolical of the sweetness and purity of the ended life. But these tributes from foreign countries were buried beneath the floral tributes of McKinley's countrymen.

Dr. C. E. Manchester delivered the funeral sermon at President McKinley's church.

Dr. Manchester said:

"Our President is dead.

"The silver cord is loosed, the golden bowl is broken, the pitcher is broken at the fountain, the wheel broken at the cistern, the mourners go about the streets.

"One voice is heard—a wail of sorrow from all the land; for the beauty of Israel is slain upon the high places. How are the mighty fallen.

"I am distressed for thee, my brother. Very pleasant hast thou been unto me.

"Our President is dead.

"We can hardly believe it. We had hoped and prayed and it seemed that our hopes were to be realized and our prayers answered, when the emotion of joy was changed to one of grave apprehension. Still, we waited, for we said: 'It may be that God will be gracious and merciful unto us.' It seemed to us that it must be his will to spare the life of one so well beloved and so much needed. Thus, alternating between hope and fear, the weary hours passed on. Then came the tidings of defeated science, of the failure of love and prayer to hold its object to the earth.

"We seemed to hear the faintly-muttered words, 'Good-bye, all; good-bye. It's God's way. His will be done,' and then, 'Nearer, My God, To Thee.' So, nestling nearer to his God, he passed out into unconsciousness, skirted the dark shores of the sea of death for a time, and then passed on to be at rest. His great heart had ceased to beat. Our hearts are heavy with sorrow.

"A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping
The loss of one they love;
But he has gone where the redeemed are keeping
A festival above.

"The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple
The funeral bells toll slow;
But on the golden streets the holy people
Are passing to and fro

"And saying as they meet, 'Rejoice, another
Long-waited for is come;
The Savior's heart is glad—a younger brother
Has reached the Father's home.'

"The cause of this universal mourning is to be found in the man himself. The inspired penman's picture of Jonathan, likening him unto the 'Beauty of Israel,' could not be more appropriately employed than in chanting the lament of our fallen chieftain.

"Not only was our President brave, heroic and honest; he was as gallant a knight as ever rode the lists for his ladylove in the days when knighthood was in flower. It is but a few weeks since the nation looked on with tear-dimmed eyes as it saw with what tender conjugal devotion he sat at the bedside of his beloved wife, when all feared that a fatal illness was upon her. No public clamor that he might show himself to

the populace, no demand of a social function was sufficient to draw the lover from the bedside of his wife. He watched and waited while we all prayed—and she lived. This sweet and tender story all the world knows.

"It was a strong arm that she leaned upon, and it never failed her. Her smile was more to him than the plaudits of the multitude, and for her greeting his acknowledgments of them must wait. After receiving the fatal wound his first thought was that the terrible news might be broken gently to her. May God in this deep hour of sorrow comfort her.

"Another beauty in the character of our President, that was a chaplet of grace about his neck, was that he was a Christian. In the broadest, noblest sense of the word, that was true. When we consider the magnitude of the crime that has plunged the country and the world into unutterable grief, we are not surprised that one nationality after another has hastened to repudiate the dreadful act. This gentle spirit, who hated no one, to whom every man was a brother, was suddenly smitten by the cruel hand of an assassin, and that, too, while in the very act of extending a kind and generous greeting to one who approached him under the sacred guise of friendship.

"Could the assailant have realized how awful was the act he was about to perform, how utterly heartless the deed, methinks he would have stayed his hand at the very threshold of it. In all the coming years men will seek in vain to fathom the enormity of that crime.

"Had this man who fell been a despot, a tyrant, an oppressor, an insane frenzy to rid the world of him might have sought excuse, but it was the people's friend who fell when William McKinley received the fatal wound. Himself a son of toil, his sympathies were with the toiler. No one who has seen the matchless grace and perfect ease with which he greeted such can ever doubt that his heart was in his open hand. Every heart-throb was for his countrymen. That his life should be sacrificed at such a time just when there was abundant peace, when all the Americas were rejoicing together, is one of the inscrutable mysteries of Providence.

"It is well known that his godly mother had hoped for him that he would become a minister of the gospel, and that she believed it to be the highest vocation in life. It was not, however, his mother's faith that made him a Christian. He had gained in early life a personal knowledge of Jesus, which guided him in the performance of greater duties

and vaster than have been the lot of any other American President. He said at one time, while bearing heavy burdens, that he could not discharge the daily duties of his life but for the fact that he had faith in God.

"William McKinley believed in prayer, in the beauty of it, in the potency of it. Its language was not unfamiliar to him, and his public addresses not infrequently evinced the fact. It was perfectly consistent with his lifelong convictions and his personal experiences that he should say, as the first critical moment after the assassination approached: 'Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done,' and that he should declare at the last: 'It is God's way; His will be done.' He lived grandly; it was fitting that he should die grandly. And now that the majesty of death has touched and claimed him, we find that in his supreme moment he was still a conqueror.

"Washington saw the beginning of our national life. Lincoln passed through the night of our history, and saw the dawn. McKinley beheld his country in the splendor of its noon. Truly, he died in the fullness of his fame.

"With Paul he could say, and with equal truthfulness: 'I am now ready to be offered.' The work assigned him had been well done. The nation was at peace. We had fairly entered upon an era of unparalleled prosperity. Our revenues were generous. Our standing among the nations was secure. Our President was safely enshrined in the affections of a united people. It was not at him that the fatal shot was fired, but at the very life of the government. His offering was vicarious. It was blood poured upon the altar of human liberty. In view of these things we are not surprised to hear, from one who was present when this great soul passed away, that he never before saw a death so peaceful, or a dying man so crowned with grandeur.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SPLENDID TRIBUTES TO McKINLEY.

Orations by Men of the Highest Distinction—Rarely has Eulogy been so Superb, Sincere, or so Eloquent over the Grave of any Man—The Universal Acclaim is that never were Affection and Admiration More Worthily Bestowed.

The deaths of Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Harrison and McKinley leave in Cleveland the only living ex-President who appeared at his successor's funeral in Washington, and subsequently spoke at a memorial service at Princeton, at Alexander Hall.

The pit and gallery of the big auditorium were filled to overflowing by the undergraduates. The faculty and authorities of the university occupied the rostrum. President Patton presided. On his right sat Grover Cleveland, the only living ex-President of the United States. Mr. Cleveland was dressed in academic costume, the long flowing gown and black mortar-board cap. The services were opened with a prayer by Dr. Patton. Then the audience took up with fervor the late President's favorite hymn, and as the words "Nearer, My God, to Thee" rang out through the hall Mr. Cleveland bowed his head. He remained so during the singing of the hymn, the emotion which he was feeling plainly discernible on his face.

TRIBUTE BY EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

Dr. Patton introduced the former President, who cleared his throat, stepped forward with bowed head, and began in broken tones:

"To-day the grave closes over the body of the man but lately chosen by the people of the United States from among their number to represent their nationality, preserve, protect, and defend their constitution, to faithfully execute the laws ordained for their welfare, and to safely hold and keep the honor and integrity of the republic. His time of service is ended—not by the lapse of time, but by the tragedy of assassination. He has passed from the public sight—not joyously bearing the garlands and wreaths of his countrymen's approving acclaim, but amid the sobs and tears of a mourning nation. He has gone to his home—

not to a habitation of earthly peace and quiet, bright with domestic comfort and joy, but to the dark and narrow home for all the sons of men, there to rest until the morning light of the resurrection shall gleam in the east.

"All our people loved their dead President. His kindly nature and lovable traits of character and his amiable consideration for all about him will long be in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. He loved them in return with such patriotism and unselfishness that in this hour of their grief and humiliation he would say to them: 'It is God's will; I am content. If there is a lesson in my life or death, let it be taught to those who still live and have the destiny of their country in their keeping.'

"Let us, then, as our dead is buried out of our sight, seek for the lessons and the admonitions that may be suggested by the life and death which constitute our theme.

"First in my thoughts are the lessons to be learned from the career of William McKinley by the young men who make up the body of our university. These lessons are not obscure or difficult. They teach the value of study and training, but they teach more impressively that the road to usefulness and to the only success worth having will be ruined or lost except it is sought and kept by the light of those qualities of the heart which it is sometimes supposed may safely be neglected or subordinated in university surroundings. This is a great mistake. Study, and study hard, but never let the thought enter your mind that study alone or the greatest possible accumulation of learning alone will lead you to the heights of usefulness and success.

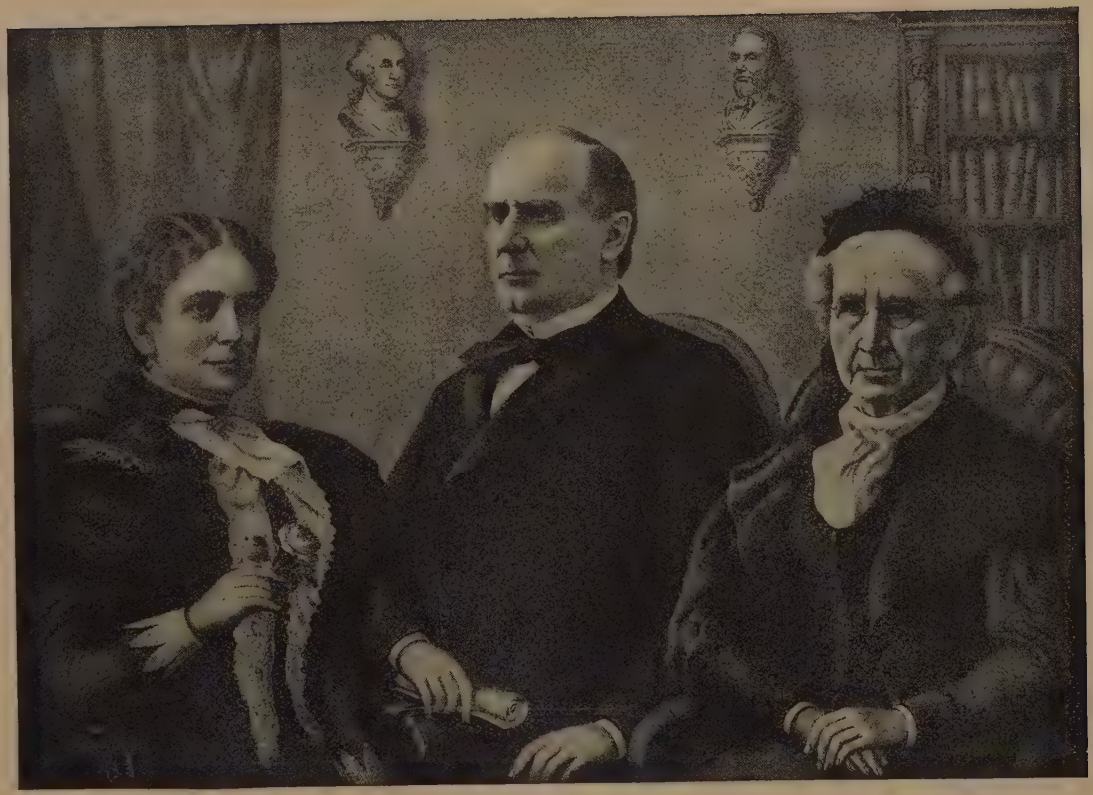
"The man who is universally mourned to-day achieved the highest distinction which his great country can confer on any man; and he lived a useful life. He was not deficient in education, but with all you will hear of his grand career and his services to his country and his fellow-citizens you will not hear that the high plane which he reached or what he accomplished was due entirely to his education. You will instead constantly hear as accounting for his great success that he was obedient and affectionate as a son, patriotic and faithful as a soldier, honest and upright as a citizen, tender and devoted as a husband, and truthful, generous, unselfish, moral, and clean in every relation of life.

"He never thought any of those things too weak for his manliness. Make no mistake. Here was a most distinguished man—a great man—

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AT HOME.

The above shows President McKinley in his favorite "rocker" on the porch at his home in Canton, Ohio.

MR. AND MRS. WM. McKINLEY OUT DRIVING.



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WIFE WILLIAM McKINLEY MOTHER

a useful man—who became distinguished, great, and useful because he had and retained unimpaired qualities of heart which I fear university students sometimes feel like keeping in the background or abandoning.

"There is a most serious lesson for all of us in the tragedy of our late President's death. The shock of it is so great that it is hard at this time to read this lesson calmly. We can hardly fail to see, however, behind the bloody deed of the assassin, horrible figures and faces from which it will not do to turn away. If we are to escape further attack upon our peace and security we must boldly and resolutely grapple with the monster of anarchy. It is not a thing that we can safely leave to be dealt with by party or partisanship. Nothing can guarantee us against its menace except the teaching and the practice of the best citizenship, the exposure of the ends and aims of the gospel of discontent and hatred of social order, and the brave enactment and execution of repressive laws.

"The universities and colleges cannot refuse to join in the battle against the tendencies of anarchy. Their help in discovering and warning against the relationship between the vicious councils and deeds of blood and their steadying influence upon the element of unrest cannot fail to be of inestimable value.

"By the memory of our murdered President, let us resolve to cultivate and preserve the qualities that made him great and useful, and let us determine to meet any call of patriotic duty in any time of our country's danger and need.

In the afternoon Mr. Cleveland spoke again in the Second Presbyterian Church Hall. He said that he recalled with sharp distinctness some incidents that occurred at the first inauguration of Mr. McKinley; how the incoming President in his amiable manner manifested his serious appreciation of the responsibilities he was about to assume.

"As we sat side by side amid the cheers of many thousands," said Mr. Cleveland, "I shall never forget his manner as he turned to me and said: 'What an impressive thing it is to assume tremendous responsibility.'"

Mr. Cleveland told how the thought had come to him with vivid impressiveness while standing beside the dead President in Washington on Tuesday—"I have been related in a most intimate way to the beginning of a distinguished Presidential career of which the end is

before me in death—death with honor and without fear of the judgment of God.

"William McKinley," said Mr. Cleveland, "has left us a priceless gift in the example of a useful and pure life, of his fidelity to public trusts and his demonstration of the valor of the kindly virtues that not only ennoble mankind but lead to success."

He concluded with these words: "God still lives and reigns and will not turn His face from us who have always been objects of His kindness and care."

ELOQUENT WORDS BY REV. FRANK W. GUNSAULUS.

At the Auditorium, Chicago, Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus said:

"The three great graves which have received the dust of our martyred Presidents have been three points toward which in each instance God has led his Moses, and on the mountain top, lit by a moment of divine success, Moses has been seen looking into the promised land. How little have we thought that our Moses was to die there and enter his grave before his nation reached his Canaan.

"Each of these men left a grave which is such an altar place, the sacrifice was so made, and God so guides history, that the nation is inspired to march unfalteringly to the better day. Slavery assassinated Abraham Lincoln. And never until that moment was there a Canaan before the American people so rich and secure that the nation was sure to go forward, leaving the precious dust of its leader behind and walking in his spirit forevermore. The spoils system murdered Garfield. And never until it had shown its base spirit kindling a brain into madness was our country certain that her feet pointed Canaanward.

"And now comes anarchy, the torch of flame lighting up the picture gallery of the past, which it would destroy, its satanic bomb hissing already with ruin for the palaces of government and the temples of religion, its loathsome face sneering at virtue, its leprous hand grasping the instrument of murder, and this infernal fiend of the pit has slain our beloved and stainless knight. From these graves we go forth knowing that in death alone these men have given the fatal thrust to the hellish powers which assassinated them. More than armies, more than emancipation proclamations, more than the statutes of Congress has the spirit of liberty which flowed out of Lincoln's

wound slain slavery. More than resolutions of conventions, more than party promises or official orders, the awful cost and sacrifice of Garfield and the spirit flowing from his wounds have fatally struck the spoils system. More than jails or scaffolds, more than national armaments or stringent legislation, the gentle, pure, just, and loving spirit of William McKinley flowing from his wounds will at last, under God's helping hand, annihilate anarchy. Civilization costs, but it is worth all it costs. These three graves have been dug in the heart of the American people, but they alone will keep the heart of the nation strong and pure.

"It is fitting that we should reflect upon that majestic power for self-sacrifice which won victory after victory until it reached its grandest triumph in conquest over death itself. When he came to death, at the moment when the aims and purposes of his life had brought forth a visible harvest of seeds waiting to be planted for a new era and a new harvesting, he transformed death into a messenger of the highest and made him servant to that same self-sacrificing spirit that said, 'It is God's way. His will be done.'

"Tears magnify, we are told. The truth is, tears do not magnify; they clarify; and Death, the mighty one, tall of stature and wellnigh omnipotent unto ruin, only lends himself to stand by the side of such a man as William McKinley that one may know what is his stature. Removed just a little from us, how magnificent is our star, a little area of which we saw and touched and knew. How gloriously he pours forth serene light as he mounts in the heavens of history. Yet it was impossible that it should be otherwise. Our President was arranged for in the long development of his physical, mental, and spiritual characteristics through heredity and by divine providence, and God's foresight was so spacious that nothing could have come of it all save a great man. We who have known the fatherhood, and motherhood, the environment and atmosphere which were his could not think that Providence intended him to be other than strong, full-orbed, well-poised, harmonious, and a valiant soldier whose qualities shall be none the less illustrious a century hence than they were on that day when he lay dead on his shield.

"He came into youth vivacious and impressionable in the hour when his father's home, the community, and his native State were athrob with the greatest debate of modern times, the prelude of the most

important war. How he grew into that manly courage and how his opinions hardened into those convictions which were soon to send him with those who were marching to the front to save the Union.

"It is not strange that he came home from the war, young as he was, a patriot and statesman who had learned his patriotism and statesmanship while he was helping to save his country.

"His career has been the career of a truly great man. William McKinley's greatness has not a solitary element of the theatrical or romantic in its composition or influence. His was the genius which is so full-orbed and harmonious that it is most likely to require years that its completeness and serviceableness shall be rightly estimated.

"Washington was no brilliant genius, and he beneficently inaugurated the movement of American republicanism. A Napoleon at the beginning of our governmental experiment would have Napoleonized our youth. Equally unfortunate would we have been had our experiment been fathered by a political philosopher of extraordinary visions.

"Lincoln's greatness was republican greatness. His arm was strong when public sentiment lifted it, and he was able to incarnate the intellect and conscience of the republic. McKinley's greatness was of this type. He did listen with an ear close to the ground for the tread of the millions, and after a moment, which assured him of the righteousness and wisdom of public sentiment, he was erect and leading them Zionward. His imperialism was that of absolute loyalty to the people's will after the people's will had been educated by a knowledge of the facts in the case. The quality of the man's nature, his great public services, his practical faith in the institutions and processes of Republican government make his grave a rallying point for all those elements of order and progress which will at last achieve for earth in many-spirited reality the city of God."

Then the audience sang "America."

TRIBUTE BY SENATOR FORAKER.

Senator Foraker of Ohio spoke at the Cincinnati Music Hall and the hall was packed before 11 a. m. The memorial meeting was presided over by Mayor Julius Fleischmann, who was a member of McKinley's staff when the latter was Governor of Ohio. The Catholic festival chorus sang, "Lead, Kindly Light," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and other numbers, all present joining in singing "America."

In Music Hall were many who had heard Senator Foraker present McKinley's name to two State conventions for Governor and to two national conventions for President. Senator Foraker in part said:

"In the vigor of robust manhood, at the height of his powers, in the possession of all his faculties, in the midst of a great work of world-wide importance, in the enjoyment of the admiration, love, and affection of all classes of our people to a degree never before permitted to any other man, at a time of profound peace, when nothing was occurring to excite the passions of men, when we were engaged in a celebration of the triumphs of art, science, literature, commerce, civilization, and all that goes to make up the greatest prosperity, advancement and happiness the world has ever known, surrounded by thousands of his countrymen, who were vying with each other in demonstrations of friendship and good will, the President of the United States, without a moment's warning, was stricken down by an assassin, who, while greeting him with one hand. shot him to death with the other.

"History has no precedent for such treachery and wickedness since Joab, stroking his beard as though to kiss him, inquiring, 'Art thou in health, my brother?' smote unsuspecting Amasa in the fifth rib and 'shed out his bowels to the ground.'"

The Senator reviewed President McKinley's public services, from his enlistment in 1861 to his death—a period of forty years. He laid special stress upon his service of fourteen years in Congress, in which capacity he was already entitled to the highest rank before becoming Governor or President. He called him the successor of Henry Clay in maintaining a protective system, contending that the way to reach free trade, or tariff for revenue only, as to articles of home production without injury to the country was through the operation of the policy of protection, whereby the nation would in time reach the point where, fully supplying its own demands, it could go into the markets of the world to dispose of whatever surplus it might have

Continuing, the Senator said: "He died proud of his work and in the just expectation that time will vindicate his wisdom, his purpose, and his labors—and it will.

"What he was not permitted to finish will be taken up by other hands, and when the complete crowning triumph comes it will rest upon the foundation he has laid.

"Who can exaggerate the gratification he must have experienced in pointing out the immeasurable prosperity that has resulted from the energizing effects of the policies he had done so much to sustain?

"Dwelling upon the fact that we had now reached a point in the development of our industries where we are not only able to supply our home markets but are producing a large and constantly increasing surplus, for which we must find markets abroad, he reminded us that if we would secure these markets and continue these happy conditions we must not only maintain cordial relations with other nations but must establish such reciprocal relations of trade as will enable them to sell as well as to buy, and that in this great work we should utilize the protective element of existing duties where it is no longer needed for purposes of protection.

"The remarkable tale is not all told. No language can adequately tell of his devoted love and tender affection for the invalid partner of all his joys and sorrows.

"The story of this love has gone to the ends of the earth, and is written in the hearts of all mankind everywhere. It is full of tenderness, full of pathos, and full of honor.

"But he was more than gentle. He was thoroughly religious, and too religious to be guilty of any bigotry. His broad, comprehensive views of man and his duty in his relations to God enabled him to have charity and respect for all who differed from his belief. His faith solaced him in life and did not fail him when the supreme test came.

"When the dread hour of dissolution overtook him and the last touching farewell had been spoken, he sank to rest murmuring 'Nearer, My God, to Thee.'

"The touching story of that deathbed scene will rest on generations yet unborn like a soothing benediction. Such Christian fortitude and resignation give us a clearer conception of what was in the apostle's mind when he exclaimed, 'O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?'"

EULOGY BY CARDINAL GIBBONS.

In Maryland, business was generally suspended throughout the State. The memorial services at the Cathedral were unusually elaborate. Cardinal Gibbons, always a warm personal friend of the murdered President, delivered the following eulogy:

"It has been my melancholy experience in the course of my sacred ministry to be startled by the assassination of three Presidents of the United States. Abraham Lincoln was shot in 1865. James A. Garfield was mortally wounded in 1881, and William McKinley received a fatal wound on the 6th day of September, 1901. Mr. Lincoln was shot in a theater; Mr. Garfield was shot while about to take a train to enjoy a needed vacation, and our late beloved President fell by the hand of an assassin while lending the prestige of his name and influence to the success of a national exposition.

"In the annals of crime it is difficult to find an instance of murder so atrocious, so wanton and meaningless as the assassination of Mr. McKinley. Some reason or pretext has been usually assigned for the sudden taking away of earthly rulers. Baltassar, the impious King of Chaldea, spent his last night in reveling and drunkenness. He was suddenly struck dead by the hand of the Lord.

"How different was the life of our chief magistrate! No court in Europe or in the civilized world was more conspicuous for moral rectitude and purity, or more free from the breath of scandal than the official home of President McKinley. He would have adorned any court in christendom by his civic virtues.

"Brutus plunged his dagger into the heart of Caesar because of his overweening ambition. Whatever may have been the errors of judgment on the part of our late President (and who is free from them?), no man can honestly charge him with tyranny or official corruption.

"The Redeemer of mankind was betrayed by the universal symbol of love. If I may reverently make the comparison, the President was betrayed by the universal emblem of friendship.

"Christ said to Judas, 'Friend, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss?' The President could have said to his slayer: 'Betrayest thou the head of the nation with the grasp of the hand?'

"He was struck down surrounded by a host of his fellow citizens, every one of whom would have gladly risked his life in defense of his beloved chieftain.

"Few Presidents were better equipped than Mr. McKinley for the exalted position which he filled. When a mere youth he entered the Union army as a private soldier during the Civil War and was promoted for gallant service on the field of battle to the rank of Major. He served his country for fourteen years in the halls of Congress, and

toward the close of his term he became one of the most conspicuous figures in that body. He afterward served his State as Governor.

"As President he was thoroughly conversant with the duties of his office, and could enter into its most minute details. His characteristic virtues were courtesy and politeness, patience and forbearance and masterly self-control under very trying circumstances. When unable to grant a favor he had the rare and happy talent to disappoint the applicant without offending him.

"The domestic virtues of Mr. McKinley were worthy of all praise. He was a model husband. Amid the pressing and engrossing duties of his official life he would, from time to time, snatch a few moments to devote to the invalid and loving partner of his joys and sorrows. Oh, what a change has come over this afflicted woman! Yesterday she was the first lady of the land. To-day she is a disconsolate and heart-broken widow. Let us beseech Him who comforted the widow of Naim that He console this lady in her hour of desolation.

"It is a sad reflection that some fanatic or miscreant has it in his power to take the life of the head of the nation and to throw the whole country into mourning. It was no doubt this thought that inspired some writers within the last few days to advise that the President should henceforth abstain from public receptions and handshaking and that greater protection should be given to his person.

"You might have him surrounded with cohorts, defended with bayonets and have him followed by Argus-eyed detectives, and yet he will not be proof against the stroke of the assassin. Are not the crowned heads of Europe usually attended by military forces, and yet how many of them have perished at the hand of some criminal?

"No, let the President continue to move among his people and take them by the hand. The strongest shield of our chief magistrate is the love and devotion of his fellow citizens. The most effective way to stop such crimes is to inspire the rising generation with greater reverence for the constituted authorities and a greater horror for any insult or injury to their person. All seditious language should be suppressed. Incendiary speech is too often an incentive to criminal acts on the part of many to whom the transition from words to deeds is easy.

"Let it be understood, once for all, that the authorities are determined to crush the serpent of anarchy whenever it lifts its venomous head.

"We have prayed for the President's life, but it did not please God to grant our petition. Let no one infer from this that our prayers were in vain. No fervent prayer ascending to the throne of Heaven remains unanswered. Let no one say what a lady remarked to me on the occasion of President Garfield's death. 'I have prayed,' she said, 'for the President's life. My family have prayed for him, our congregation prayed for him, the city prayed for him, the state prayed for him, the Nation prayed for him, and yet he died. What, then, is the use of prayer?'

"God answers our petitions either directly or indirectly. If He does not grant us what we ask, He gives us something equivalent or better. If He has not saved the life of the President He preserves the life of the Nation, which is of more importance than the life of an individual. He has infused into the hearts of the American people a greater reverence for the head of the Nation and a greater abhorrence of assassination. He has intensified and energized our love of country and our devotion to our political institutions.

"What a beautiful spectacle to behold prayers ascending from tens of thousands of temples throughout the land to the Throne of Mercy! Is not this universal uplifting of minds and hearts to God a sublime profession of our faith and trust in Him? Is not this national appeal to Heaven a most eloquent recognition of God's superintending providence over us? And such earnest and united prayers will not fail to draw down upon us the blessings of the Almighty.

"The President is dead. Long live the President! William McKinley has passed away, honored and mourned by the Nation. Theodore Roosevelt succeeds to the title, the honors and the responsibilities of the presidential office. Let his fellow citizens rally around him. Let them uphold and sustain him in bearing the formidable burden suddenly thrust upon him. May he be equal to the emergency and fulfill his duties with credit to himself, and may his administration redound to the peace and prosperity of the American people."

ADDRESS BY HON. W. J. BRYAN.

Memorial services were held at Lincoln, Nebraska. The Hon. W. J. Bryan was one of the speakers, and said:

"As monuments reared by grateful hands to the memory of heroes testify to the virtues of the living as well as to the services of the dead,

so the sorrow that has overwhelmed our Nation, obliterating the distinctions of party, race and religion, is as complimentary to the patriotism of our people as to our departed chief magistrate. It would indeed be a disgrace to our Nation if the murder of a President concerned only the members of the dominant party. While no recent campaigns have aroused deeper feeling than those through which Mr. McKinley passed, yet in no contests did the minority more cheerfully acquiesce in the will of the majority as expressed at the polls. He was the President of all the people, and their dignity and sovereignty were attacked when he was assaulted."

Mr. Bryan said he yielded to one in his appreciation of the private character and public virtues of McKinley, and paid him tribute in the following words:

"I rejoice that his career so fully demonstrated the possibilities of American citizenship. The young men of the country can find inspiration and encouragement in the fact that he made his own way from obscurity to fame; those who are nearing the boundary of life can find consolation and example in the superb manner in which he fought his final battle, his courage and fortitude in the closing hours recalling the bravery which he showed as a soldier. Domestic happiness has never been better illustrated than in his life, and Christian faith and trust never better exemplified than in his death.

"Few if any of our public men have been more approachable, and his generous conduct and genial ways held to the last the friends whom his genius attracted. His associates early recognized his qualities of leadership, and no statesman has exerted greater influence upon his party or upon the politics of his generation. He possessed rare ability in presenting and defending his views and has made a profound impression upon the history of his time.

"The President's position made him a part of the life of all his countrymen, and the circumstances which attended his taking off added indignation to grief—indignation that even one murderous heart could be found in all the land, and grief that the wicked purpose of that heart should have been consummated against one so gentle in spirit and so kind in word and deed.

"This is neither the time nor the place for a discussion of remedies for anarchy. It can have no defenders in the United States.

"The universality of the respect shown for the deceased and the

genuineness of the good will manifested toward him teach a lesson that should not be forgotten, namely that the best things in life are above and beyond the domain of politics. In campaigns the points of difference between citizens are emphasized and ofttimes exaggerated, but the points of similarity are really more numerous, more important and more permanent.

"In stature and in strength, in plans and in purpose, in love, in hope, in fear and in all human needs we are much the same. It is not possible that all good should be confined to one party and all evil to another. It would be a sad day for the country if all the virtue, all the intelligence and all the patriotism were to be found in one political organization, if there were another organization of any considerable size having the allegiance of all the vicious, ignorant and unpatriotic. It is unfortunate that in the heat of political controversy partisanship sometimes becomes so strong as to cause injustice to be done to the motives of political opponents, and it should be our constant aim to place our campaigns on such a high plane that personalities will be eliminated and the issues made to turn upon the principles involved.

"Let us hope that this National affliction, which unites all factions in a common sorrow, will result in a broader charity and a more liberal spirit among those who by different policies and through different parties seek to promote the welfare and increase the glory of our common country."

HON. JOHN P. DOLLIVER'S ELOQUENT WORDS.

At a memorial service held in Chicago on Sunday, September 22d, Senator John P. Dolliver delivered the following address:

"Three days ago, near by the house in which he lived, with a multitude which no man could number, I stood by the grave of William McKinley; and while among so many voices I would prefer to remain silent, yet I am grateful for the opportunity to join with you in this memorial and to speak a few words in reverent eulogy of the statesman and the man.

"There will be opportunity enough to make inquiry into the causes of the enormous offense against mankind of which the President of the United States was the victim. But it cannot be out of the way, even at such a time as this, to recognize that in the midst of modern society there are a thousand forces manifestly tending toward the moral

degradation out of which this wicked hand was raised to kill the chief magistrate of the American people. Other Presidents of the United States have been murdered, but the men who did the deed bore such obvious marks of a diseased mind that one of them, at least, received the penalties of the law rather than its compassion, only because in the administration of justice the line which separates the maniac from the murderer is drawn with rather a clumsy hand.

"The crime brought with it a passionate expression of the public sorrow, without the sense of shame which makes the tragedy at Buffalo so hard to bear. The Government of the United States has given no attention and the government of the several states but little to the activity in many of our cities of organizations, inconsiderable in numbers, which boldly profess to seek the destruction of all government and all law. Their creed is openly written in many languages, including our own, and its devotees the world over do not try to conceal the satisfaction which they take in these deeds of darkness.

"The crime of the 6th of September, though evidently committed under the influence, if not the direction, of others, easily baffles the courts, because, being without the common motives of murder, it leaves no tracks distinct enough to be followed, and for that reason escapes through the very tenderness of our system of jurisprudence toward persons accused of suspicions, however grave. A government like ours is always slow to move and often awkward in its motions, but it can be trusted to find effective remedies for conditions like these, at least after they become intolerable.

"But these remedies, in order to be effective, must not evade the sense of justice, which is universal, nor the traditions of civil liberty, which we have inherited from our fathers. The bill of rights, written in the English language, stands for too many centuries of sacrifice, too many battlefields sanctified by blood, too many hopes of mankind, reaching toward the ages to come, to be mutilated in the least, in order to meet the case of a handful of miscreants whose names nobody can pronounce.

"Whether the secret of this ghastly atrocity rests in the keeping of one man or many we may never know, but if the President was picked out by hidden councils for the fate which overtook him there is a mournful satisfaction in the fact that in his life as well as in his death he represented the American manhood at its best.

"I have studied, with some degree of care, such literature as the working creed of anarchy has given to the modern world, and in all the high places of the earth it could not have chosen a victim whose life among men has made a more complete answer to its incoherent programme of envy and hatred and crime. Without intending to do so, it has strengthened the whole framework of the social system, not only by showing its own face, but by lifting up before the eyes of all generations this choice and master spirit of our times, simple and beautiful in his life, kingly and serene in death.

"The creed of anarchy, in common with all kindred schools of morbid social science, teaches that only the children of the rich find their lives worth living under our institutions and, therefore, in order to emancipate the poor, these institutions must be overthrown. The biography of William McKinley records the successful battle of at least one young man in the open arena of the world, and tells the story of his rise from the little schoolhouse, where he earned the money to complete his own education, to the highest civic distinction known among men. One life like that put into the light of day, where the young men of America can see it, will do more for the welfare of society than all the processions that ever marched behind beer wagons through the streets of Chicago with red flags can do it harm.

"The creed of anarchy knows no country, feels in its withered heart no pulse of patriotism, sees under no skies the beauty of any flag—not even ours, that blessed symbol now draped in mourning, which lights up this time of National affliction with the splendor of the great republic.

"It ought not to be forgotten that conspirators, working out their nefarious plans in secret, in the dens and caves of the earth, enjoy an unconscious co-operation and side partnership with every lawless influence which is abroad in the world. Legislators who betray the commonwealth, judges who poison the fountains of justice, governments which come to terms with crime—all these are regular contributors to the campaign fund of anarchy. That howling mass, whether in Kansas or Alabama, dancing about the ashes of some negro malefactor, is not contributing to the security of society—it is taking away from society the only security it has. It belongs to the unenrolled reserve corps of anarchy in the United States.

"Neither individuals nor corporations nor mobs can take the law

into their own hands without identifying themselves with this more open, but not less odious, attack on the fortress of the social order.

"The creed of anarchy teaches that popular government has failed and that enactments made by the people for themselves are no more sacred than arbitrary decrees promulgated by tyrants and enforced by bayonets. Professor Ely in his work on the labor movement preserves this expression from the editorial page of the chief organ of anarchy in the United States:

" 'The Republican party is run by robbers and in the interest of robbery; the Democratic party is run by thieves and in the interest of thievery. Therefore vote no more.'

"Each proposition is an infamous lie. Yet nobody can deny that the sensational press of both parties had contributed enough to the volume of current scandal and hearsay to make these infernal slanders acceptable to all enemies of the human race.

"The creed of anarchy despises the obligations of the marriage contract, impeaches the integrity of domestic life, enters into the homes of the people to pull down their altars and subject the family relation, which is the chief bond of society, to the caprices of libertinism and lust. In all these things it has an alliance, implied if not expressed, with every variation of that rotten public opinion which in many American States has turned the court of equity into a daily scene of perjury and treason against the hearthstone of the community—a treason so flagrant that a year ago, for the accommodation of one man, the Legislature of Florida was induced to descend below the level of all paganisms and all barbarisms by so amending the laws of divorce as to permit a wealthy resident to legally desert the wife of his youth, not on account of any fault of hers, but because of the pathetic burdens which she bore.

"I look upon it at least as a passing misfortune for us that the atheistic doctrines of anarchism have been translated into the language of common life by a famous American, now dead and gone, who in the days of his strength was the most captivating popular orator who ever spoke our tongue. On taking the chair as president of the American Secular Union he uttered these words:

" 'Away with the old nonsense about free moral agency; a man is no more responsible for his character than for his height; for his conduct than for his dreams.'

"It requires no very deep investigation to find such a sentiment the

seed of all anarchists, beginning with the bomb shells in the streets of Chicago and ending with chaos come again.

"It is the saddest spectacle ever known in this poor world to see the leaders of the radical labor movement both in Europe and America deliberately turning their back on the workingman of Nazareth and laying hold of the philosophy which complacently dismisses all value except strength and has no place in it for the weak and outcast millions of the earth.

"It may be an idle imagination, but as I have heard the prayers which have been offered and the sermons which have been preached about the dead body of William McKinley it has come to look more and more rational to me that if indeed his assassination was an incident of the standing challenge of atheism against the peace and order of society it could not, now that Gladstone is no more, have chosen a sacrifice more fit to illustrate the nobility of human character, nurtured in the fear of God and trained from infancy in the law of Christ."

Senator Dolliver dealt to some length with the relations of anarchy to atheism, and then closed his address with an eloquent tribute to the memory of President McKinley.

"A long acquaintance with the late President," he said, "has always saved me from that error of judgment which has in some quarters underrated his abilities and underestimated the value of his public services, but standing here, before yet the flowers have withered which cast their faded beauty upon his grave, I declare my solemn belief that no achievement of his great career, no triumph of his epoch making record at our capital, will weigh so much for the welfare of the world as the everlasting ministry of the stainless life which he lived in the faith of the mother who taught him first to repeat the words of the Master, 'Thy will be done.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VOICE OF THE CLERGY ON THE MARTYRDOM OF McKINLEY.

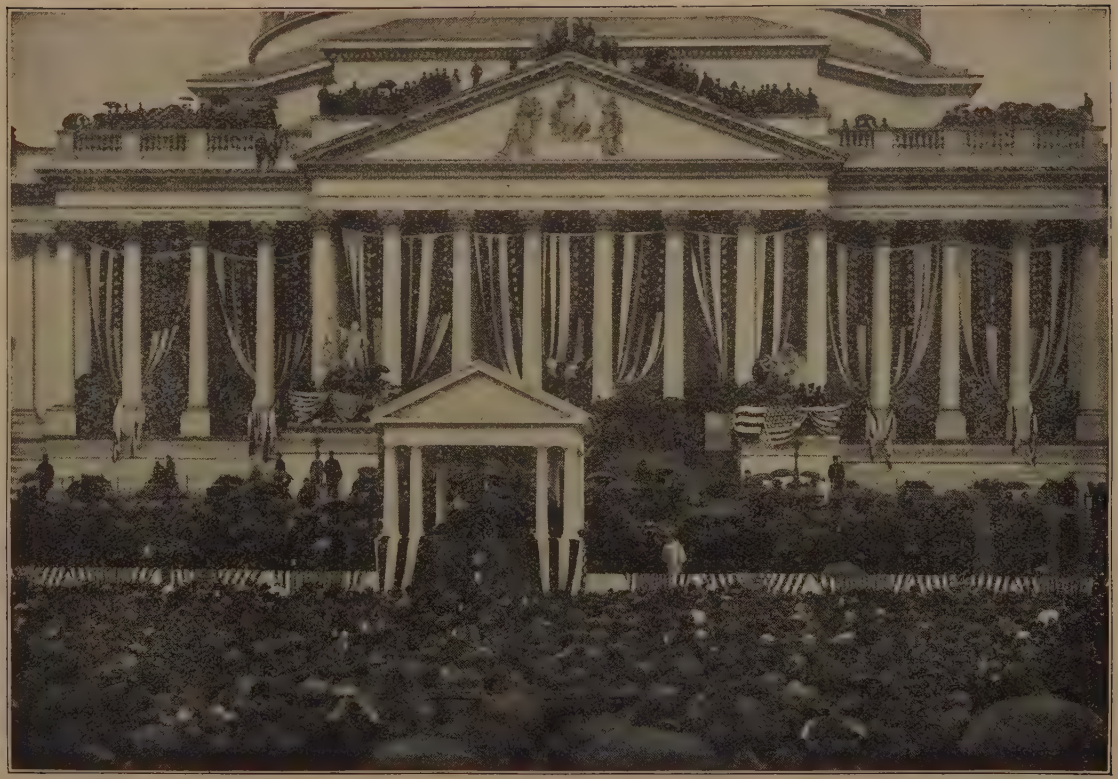
An Unexampled Union in Prayers and Sermons from All Christian Denominations, First that the Precious Life of the President Might Be Preserved, and that Hope Lost that the Lessons of His Life Might Live, and the Lessons of His Death Be an Everlasting Benediction to Mankind.

Ages on ages the death of President McKinley will be remembered as the most Christ-like, of all the world has known since Calvary. The great matters of this earth are always simple, and there can be no sublimity, that has not simplicity. It was in the very spirit of the Savior, that when the mortally wounded chief magistrate sank into a chair shot down by an anarchist assassin, the man whose agony was horrible, seeing the scuffle to subdue the murderer, said: "Let him not be hurt." Here are five tremendous words of one syllable each. There never was parting between man and woman in all the tragedies, more tragic, more heart-wringing than that between the dying President and his wife. It cannot be put on the stage, because it is too sacred, and this statement will not be lost:

Our President was a great man in the highest sense in which that adjective can be applied. I am not speaking as a publicist, nor analyzing a political career; there is room for difference of judgment there; but there are other matters upon which we are all agreed.

What is it to find in the highest place among us a man devout and faithful in his Christian profession, modest, calm, capable; a pattern of the domestic virtues, an example of right living? Has not the public—the great American Nation—taken in the beauty first of that good, honest, loyal life? Is it not for that the man has been beloved and mourned throughout our families and our homes, but will gain infinite pathos for a thousand years to come? Then came the "Good-bye all," not farewell, for the dying man believed in meeting again and used the very word that told his faith in truth and fervor. It was "Good-bye." It was not our way, but God's way, and so "Thy will be done." Each word a monosyllable, fraught with the significance of things everlasting.

WILLIAM McKINLEY AS AN ORATOR.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY TAKING OATH OF OFFICE.

There was one thing more possible at this awful elevation and the words came from the hymn that will forever be his hymn, and there will be sobs in the singing of the words he had comfort in uttering in the dark valley of the shadow of death as the kindly light led on through the valley, until the white feet of the bearer of good tidings shone on the mountain beyond which was eternal day, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

It is too soon to understand how transcendent the glory of the death bed of McKinley will be, but he has arisen into the dawn of an immortality the brightness of which will increase through the eternal procession of the centuries. Magnificent as were his works for his country, the organization and achievements in the man for humanity and peace for liberty, his few words when dying as a Christian in the loftiest sense of the term that means in the likeness of Christ, will outlast them all in the splendor that shall endure, and never turn pale though the stars and the sun may be pallid.

There never has been such Christian unity on this or any continent—in this or any age, as appears in the invocations and utterances—the prayers, the sermons, the orations—in which the hearts of the American people have found some expression of sorrow and hope, that we may see by and by the better way, though the path seems deeply overshadowed.

There let the way appear
Steps up to Heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me.

The Information, the clerical organ in Vienna, says:

"The Pope addressed the Catholic bishops Sunday and declared that the late President McKinley was a victim of the excessive freedom granted to the people of the United States. He urged that it was the duty of society to oppose the spread of socialism, Free Masonry, Judaism and anarchy."

"London, Sept. 20.—The Russian government," says a dispatch to the Standard from Odessa, "has ordered the head of the political police to draft suggestions for the suppression of anarchism in anticipation of the Washington cabinet making proposals for united European action."

This is interesting and cannot be accepted as authentic, but it has an expression that belongs to European thought rather than that on this side the Atlantic. It must be said that the people of the United States grant their own liberties to themselves. They acknowledge no power to grant them their inheritance of liberty, but those who fear the weakness of our government may dismiss apprehension, for it will come out in the struggle with anarchy, as with other enemies, a government stronger than is possible to monarchical power. Dr. Locke, at Buffalo, in the first prayers voiced over President McKinley in his coffin, said:

"We thank Thee, that Thou dost answer the sobbing sigh of the heart and dost assure us that if a man die he shall live again. We praise Thee for Jesus Christ, Thy Son our Savior, and elder Brother, that He came to 'bring life and immortality to light,' and because He lives we shall live also. We thank Thee that death is victory, that 'to die is a gain.' Have mercy upon us in this dispensation of Thy providence. We believe in Thee, we trust Thee, our God of Love, 'the same yesterday, today and forever.'

"We thank Thee for the unsullied life of Thy servant, our martyred President, whom Thou hast taken to his coronation, and we pray for the final triumph of all the divine principles or pure character and free government for which he stood while he lived and which were baptized by his blood in his death."

It seems well to say that at the time this prayer was delivered, the hymn President McKinley loved as much as "Nearer, My God, to Thee," Dr. Newman's "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung by the Buffalo quartette:

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom;
Lead thou me on;
The night is dark and I am far from home;
Lead thou me on;

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my way; remember not past years.

So long thy power has blessed me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.

In his own home church at Canton, the President was in the habit of joining in the singing and to find it comforting to do so, and while his mother lived there never was an omission of an attention by the President to her. When the benediction was offered, he immediately joined her, when he happened, owing to the pressure for seats, not to sit with her, he was at her side when she was on her feet and walked to her carriage and assisted her to be well seated, when as she took her departure he invariably took off his hat to her. It was something the people of Canton loved to see.

Archbishop Ireland sent this prayer to the Priests of the St. Paul See September 8th:

"Reverend Dear Rector: A horrible crime has been committed in our country. The life of the Chief Magistrate of the nation has been assailed, the majority of the nation has been outraged, the fabric of the civil society has been imperiled. It behooves the Christian people of America to bow their heads before the Almighty ruler of men in profound humiliation and earnest supplication.

"Have we, as a people, through pride and self-trusting, through forgetfulness of the laws of religion and of righteousness, merited that this dreadful visitation should have come upon the land? God knows and God judges. As the penitent Israel of olden days gathered between the porch and the altar let us weep and say:

"Spare, O Lord, spare Thy people and give not Thy inheritance to reproach that the heathen should overrule them. Why should they say among the nations, Where is their God? For our own and the nation's welfare, in coming years, our dependency must be upon the great and good Lord, who is our Heavenly Father. Only through Him who reigns amid the tempests and the billows of the seas can peace and security be ours. Only through Him who is the Father of Lights, from whom is every perfect gift, can there be given to us the intelligence of duty and the strength to accomplish.

"Let us in fervor of heart invoke His blessed name, and by prayer draw upon ourselves and upon the nation His most bountiful graces.

"And with especial fervor must we supplicate the God of Mercy and

of Love for the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Upon him the wrath of crime heavily fell; the sympathies of our souls go out to him and our heartful entreaties ascend to the skies for his comfort and his recovery.

"May the Master have him in holy keeping, granting him patient courage amid present sufferings, and speedily restoring him to the joys of health, that he may with renewed strength again consecrate himself to the service of his country and his fellow men.

"To those ends we ordain that all pastors do, in their churches, before the principal mass, recite together with the faithful the Psalm, 'Have mercy on me, O God,' as an act of penitential reparation for sins personal and national and the litany of the Holy Name of Jesus as an invocation to Heaven for an outpouring of divine grace in a special manner for the return to health of the President of the Republic.

"JOHN IRELAND, Archbishop of St. Paul."

The Catholics of Texas used this form of prayer:

"Beloved children in Christ, a most atrocious crime has been perpetrated by the hand of a cruel assassin. His Excellency, the President of the United States, is now lying at the door of death.

"Christian charity and national loyalty urges us to offer him the help of our prayers and to extend to him our heartfelt sympathy. We therefore direct you to unite in fervent prayer to God, that in His goodness and mercy He may be pleased to spare to our nation its Chief Executive, and to grant him a speedy restoration to health. We recommend for this intention the prayers for the authorities, with one 'Our Father' and 'Hail, Mary' daily, after the church services during the illness of our worthy President.' Yours faithfully in Christ,

"NICHOLAS ALOYSIUS, Bishop of Galveston.
"N. A. GALLAGHER, Bishop."

On September 15, in historic old Trinity, the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix delivered a warm eulogy on the virtues of the late President. During the liturgical part of the service which preceded the sermon the President's favorite hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was sung.

Dr. Dix spoke in part as follows:

"Two things are filling our thoughts today. We are looking at the man; we are looking at the crime. As for the man, his warmest friends, his greatest admirers, could have asked for him no more brilliant apotheosis. Estimates have varied of him, his ability, his work. But millions have been praying as men seldom pray that his life might be precious in the sight of God, and far beyond our borders and widely through foreign

lands, others innumerable, our brethren in a common humanity, have been on their knees pleading for his life. This tells the story of his character, his acts, his greatness; the general consent of the wide world from which there can be no appeal.

"The crime, what was it? We see in it the worst of all we have ever known, the most outrageous ever committed in this land. Lincoln fell by an assassin's hand. But this act was bred by the passions engendered by the civil war. It meant nothing against the order of the world or the stability of government. It was a personal act of revenge by one who loved the Confederacy, and thirsted for vengeance for a lost cause.

"President Garfield died also the victim of the assassin's hand. But the act, though it stirred the nation with horror, had no political significance. The wretch who committed the deed was merely a disappointed office-seeker.

"But there was worse to come. And it has come. Right in the path on which the great nation is advancing stands the most horrid spectre by which social order has yet been confronted. Be the individual whom he may that happens to represent this new foe, he is of very little consequence compared with the motive which inspired his act. This spectre today announces as its aim and end the total destruction of modern civilization.

"Will the nation fail to act as a great nation should; to deal as it ought to do with the most deadly foe that it has or ever can have? Are we to lapse into a fatal apathy, and let the preaching of murder and inciting to murder and the applauding of murder go on as before? It seems to me that the most solemn issue of the hour is as to what we have to do who remain; whether we are equal to the occasion; whether we who have subdued foe after foe are now to fall back before this enemy, the last and most dangerous we have ever encountered.

"And so leave we the beloved and honored President to his rest and his future glory; great in his closing words, great in his constant thought for others, great in his submission to the will of God— greatest, perhaps, in that deathbed scene, so perfectly accordant with the precepts of the Gospel and the example of his Savior." [Here Dr. Dix became so affected that he sobbed audibly.]

"Let us bear in mind that wife, his devotion to whom forms one of the loveliest and purest pictures in the past. God comfort her and help her, and grant her glad reunion with her beloved."

The Rev. Dr. Washburn, Mrs. Roosevelt's pastor, in an address at the memorial services at Oyster Bay, spoke these eloquent words:

"Neither a free press nor free speech is responsible for anarchy or the crimes committed in its name. Anarchy does not exist because of a free press and free speech. It did not have its origin here, but it grew up in the poverty, ignorance and lack of moral education of other countries. If it has been transferred here, neither a free press nor free speech is to blame for it.

"The policy which should be adopted to suppress it must be moral training for our young, which will do more to obliterate it than all the laws that may be enacted. People must be educated, so that they can reason and think."

Dr. W. B. Huntingdon at Grace Church, New York:

"Our leader has fallen, our foremost man is perished, our President is dead. And yet it is an hour for thankfulness as well as mourning, for religion is stronger in America today for this death, because of the gracious words that fell from the lips of the stricken man. More influential for the popular well-being than even that significant and suggestive last speech will be President McKinley's simple sentence, 'Let no one hurt him.' Let us make it a proverb and use it as a cry. It may be made, depend upon it, more helpful in the crusade against lynch law, now fairly opened, than any learned citation or labored argument. When next the temptation comes to some infuriated mob to shoot, or burn, or strangle some untried, unjudged object of suspicion, let some one in the crowd, in clear tones, repeat the words now made tenfold more significant by the seal death has set upon them, and depend upon it, there will be magic in the cry, 'Let no one hurt him.'

The Rev. Father M. J. Lavelle, St. Patrick's Cathedral—William McKinley is one whose name, even if misfortune had not overtaken him, would have gone down to posterity as one of the greatest Presidents of the United States. This is conceded by all, those who opposed him politically as well. He was really the idol of the nation. We all voted for him either directly or indirectly. If we voted for his opponent we did so for the principle, not for the man, as no one had a better character than William McKinley. He was a statesman who has left an indelible impression upon the history of this country and of the world, and before he was President the name of William McKinley was better known outside of the United States and throughout the world than that of any other American.

He was a man of large faith in God and of deep religious sense. He was devoid of bigotry. Does it not seem strange that a life so noble, a life without stain, at which the voice of calumny was never once lifted, should find an enemy capable of destroying the vital spark? These misguided creatures (Anarchists) sometimes pretend to find root of their false doctrine in the Scriptures themselves. Anarchy is as impossible as that five is equal to two. If we wish to prevent a renewal of the calamity which we mourn today it is only through stronger faith in God. That is the bulwark of society and of this nation.

The Rev. Dr. R. S. MacArthur, Calvary Baptist Church—Anarchy is a state of society without government, without law and without authority. It is a condition in which society cannot exist. The class of Anarchists known as communists shrink from no form of violence by which they could attain their end. They are the deadly foes of all social order. They ought to be driven from every land and made to live on a lone island. They live here protected by the very laws they defy. But for these laws many of them would have been torn to pieces within the last week. Law is of God, but Anarchy is of Satan.

The American nation today sits with heads bowed in sorrow and hearts uplifted in prayer. This is the saddest day in the history of the younger generation and one of the saddest days in the history of the American people. The most beloved President we have ever had in office and the foremost man of the world lies dead, foully murdered by the hand of an assassin. There is in the minds of all patriotic Americans a source of deepest humiliation in the sight of the civilized world. For the third time in this generation an American President has been slain by American hands. We are on trial as never before at the bar of civilization.

The Right Rev. Archbishop Corrigan occupied the throne during the high mass at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, but did not take part in the service. At times, while the Rev. M. J. Lavelle, the pastor, was preaching the sermon and spoke feelingly of President McKinley, the Archbishop could be seen sobbing.

The Rev. Father Lavelle, the rector of the Cathedral, devoted his entire sermon to the life of President McKinley, saying, in part:

"On occasions of this kind the very best words seem hollow and meaningless compared with the depth and vast significance that stirs the heart of the nation. William McKinley is one whose name, even if misfortune had not overtaken him, would have gone down to posterity as one of the

greatest Presidents of the United States. He was really the idol of the nation. We all voted for him either directly or indirectly. If we voted for his opponent we did so for the principle, not for the man, as no one had a better character than William McKinley.

"During two summers spent away from Washington he spent his vacation at Lake Champlain, in the immediate vicinity of the Catholic Summer School, and the courtesy and kindliness he showed were such as to bring him nearer to the hearts of all people there and make him seem as if he was one of them."

Father Lavelle then related some instances in connection with these two vacations, and one in particular, where a Catholic had a just grievance and the President told him that "justice would be done." Continuing, he said:

"Justice will be done. That was the principal guiding star of his life; the aim and object that spurred him on to his duty. Well does he deserve a nation's tears and gratitude."

Father Lavelle then referred to anarchism and to the writings of Pope Leo XIII on the subject. He added:

"These misguided creatures sometimes pretend to find a root of their false doctrines in the Scriptures themselves. In our family, where the father and mother must be the head, this man, the Anarchist, gets over the difficulty by destroying the family. If we wish to prevent a renewal of the calamity which we mourn to-day it is only through stronger faith in God. That is the bulwark of society and of this nation.

"President McKinley was the idol of the whole people. We all voted for him, either by directly casting our suffrages for him or by having part in making and preserving the law which makes us all bow loyally to the expressed will of the majority. He was a statesman who has left an indelible impression on the legislation of his country and of the world. Years before he was a serious candidate for the Presidency he was the American most widely famous in Europe. He was a soldier who spent the most precious years of his youth in defense of the flag for which he was destined to win so many victories of peace. He was a man of unblemished life. In all the agitation and bitterness of party strife he never was accused of anything dishonest or vile. He was a man of deep religious faith and practice, devoid of bigotry, with a charity that embraced first his whole country and then the entire world.

"How is it possible that such a man should have become the target of

an assassin? The reason is found in that most wretched passion of the human heart which can magnify its own affected grievances, its own jealousies and spites to such a size that they overshadow the rights of the rest of the world. This is the foundation of anarchy. It is generally accompanied by denial of God, and by disrespect for the marriage tie, thus doing away with the idea of respect for paternity, either divine or human, and consequently of all authority. Sometimes the votaries of these doctrines pretend to find the foundation for their false thinking in Holy Scripture, where the equality of all men before God is so clearly laid down. Yet God himself is the father and superior of all. There are grades among the angels. So must there be among men."

Prayer of the Senior Bishop of the Methodist Church, Andrews, at the head of the bier at Buffalo—the service in the rotunda:

"Blessed be the God and Father of Our Lord, who of his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope of the resurrection of Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for us who are now, by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time.

"The services for the dead are fitly and almost of necessity services of religious and of immortal hope. In the presence of the shroud and the coffin and the narrow home, questions concerning intellectual quality, concerning public station, concerning great achievements, sink into comparative insignificance; and questions concerning character and man's relation to the Lord and giver of life, even the life eternal, emerge to our view and impress themselves upon us.

"Character abides. We bring nothing into this world; we can carry nothing out. We ourselves depart with all the accumulations of tendency and habit and quality which the years have given to us. We ask, therefore, even at the grave of the illustrious, not altogether what great achievement they had performed and how they commended themselves to the memory and affection or respect of the world, but chiefly of what sort they were; what the interior nature of the man was; what were his affinities? Were they with the good, the true, the noble? What his relation to the infinite Lord of the universe and to the compassionate Savior of mankind; what his fitness for that great hereafter to which he had passed?

"And such great questions come to us with moment, even in the hour when we gather around the bier of those whom we profoundly re-

spect and eulogize and whom we tenderly love. In the years to come the days and the months that lie immediately before us will give full utterance as to the high statesmanship and great achievements of the illustrious man whom we mourn today. We shall not touch them today. The nation already has broken out in its grief and poured its tears, and is still pouring them, over the loss of a loved man. It is well. But we ask this morning of what sort this man is, so that we may perhaps, knowing the moral and spiritual life that is past, be able to shape the far-withdrawing future.

"I think we must all concede that nature and training are—reverently be it said—the inspiration of the Almighty, conspired to conform a man, a man admirable in his moral temper and aims. We none of us can doubt, I think, that even by nature he was eminently gifted. The kindly, calm, and equitable temperament, the kindly and generous heart, the love of justice and right, and the tendency toward faith and loyalty to unseen powers and authorities—these things must have been with him from his childhood, from his infancy; but upon them supervened the training for which he was always tenderly thankful and of which even this great nation from sea to sea continually has taken note.

"It was a humble home in which he was born. Narrow conditions were around him, but faith in God had lifted that lowly roof according to the statement of some great writer, 'up to the very Heavens and permitted its inmates to behold the things eternal, immortal, and divine;' and he came under that training.

"It is a beautiful thing that to the end of his life he bent reverently before that mother whose example and teaching and prayer had so fashioned his mind and all his aims. The school came but briefly, and then came to him the church with its ministration of power. He accepted the truth which it taught. He believed in God and in Jesus Christ, through whom God was revealed. He accepted the divine law of the scripture; he based his hope on Jesus Christ, the appointed and only Redeemer of men; and the church, beginning its operation upon his character at an early period of his life, continued even to its close to mold him. He waited attentively upon its ministration. He gladly partook with his brethren of the symbols of mysterious passion and redeeming love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He was helpful in all of those beneficences and activities; and from the church, to the close of his life, he received inspiration that lifted him above much of the trouble and weakness incident to our

human nature; and, blessings be to God, may we say, in the last final hour they enabled him confidently, tenderly, to say: 'It is His will, not ours, that will be done.'

"Such influences gave to us William McKinley. And what was he? A man of incorruptible personal and political integrity. I suppose no one ever attempted to approach him in the way of a bribe; and we remember with great felicitation at this time for such an example to ourselves that when great financial difficulties and perils encompassed him he determined to deliver all he possessed to his creditors—that there should be no challenge of his perfect honesty in the matter. A man of immaculate purity, shall we say? No stain was upon his escutcheon, no syllable of suspicion was ever heard whispered against his character. He walked in perfect and noble self-control.

"Beyond that this man had somehow wrought in him—I suppose upon the foundations of a very happily constructed nature—a great and generous love of his fellowmen. He believed in men. He had himself been brought up among the common people. He knew their labors, struggles, necessities. He loved them; but I think that beyond that it was to the church and its teachings concerning the fatherhood of God and universal brotherhood of man that he was indebted for that habit of kindness, for that generosity of spirit, that was wrought into his very substance and became him so, though he was of all men most courteous, no one ever supposed but his courtesy was from the heart. It was spontaneous, unaffected, kindly in a most eminent degree.

"What he was in the narrow circle of those to whom he was personally attached, I think he was also in the greatness of his comprehensive love toward the race of which he was part.

"Shall I speak a word next of that which I will hardly advert to? The tenderness of that domestic love which has so often been commented upon? I pass it with only that word. I take it that no words can set forth fully the unfaltering kindness and carefulness and upbearing love which belonged to this great man.

"And he was a man who believed in right, who had a profound conviction that the courses of this world must be ordered in accordance with everlasting righteousness, or this world's highest point of good will never be reached; that no nation can expect success in life except as it conforms to the eternal love of the infinite Lord and pass itself in individual and collective activity according to that divine will."

This was the form of prayer used in the Episcopal Church of Ohio, during the time of the suffering of President McKinley:

"Almighty God and merciful Father, to whom alone belong the issues of life and death, look down from Heaven, we humbly beseech Thee, with the eyes of mercy upon our President, William McKinley, for whom our prayers are offered.

"Deliver him, O Lord, in Thy good appointed time, from his bodily pain and visit him with Thy salvation, that if it should by Thy good pleasure to prolong his days here on earth, he may live for Thee and be an instrument of Thy glory, by serving Thee faithfully and doing good in his generation, or else receive him into those Heavenly habitations where souls of those who sleep in the Lord Jesus enjoy perpetual rest and felicity.

"Grant this, O Lord, for the love of Thy Son, our Savior, Jesus Christ."

Bishop Potter of New York said: "Let all hearts turn in prayerful sympathy to our President in heartfelt supplication for his recovery."

Bishop Dudley of Kentucky: "I join with Bishop Potter in his prayer. Let all hearts turn in prayerful sympathy to our President in heartful supplication for his recovery."

The congregation of which Mr. McKinley was a member sang "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Services on September 16, in the Metropolitan Methodist Church, of which President McKinley was a member and constant attendant when at Washington, were of an unusually impressive character.

The congregation present tested the capacity of the building, many persons being compelled to stand. Drapings of black covered the President's pew, and these sombre habiliments of woe covered the pulpit, partly made of olive wood from Jerusalem. During the service the choir sang, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," favorites of the dead President, the vast congregation joining in both selections. The Rev. W. H. Chapman delivered the sermon, taking his text from Jeremiah, "Judah mourneth." In the course of his remarks Dr. Chapman said:

"No safer, purer man than William McKinley has ever presided over this great republic and no man was ever more admired. Adorned was he with the highest and noblest virtues, which gave dignity and force to his character and moral beauty to his life. He was a Christian man and exemplified in his daily life the sublime principles of Christianity. From

early manhood he had been identified with the Christian church, with that branch we represent. It was the church of his mother, the church in which he had been trained from childhood, that he had received lessons which, added to those imparted to him by his maternal parent, laid the foundation for that solid symmetrical character which he attained and for which he was distinguished.

"Christianity nobly sustained him during his illness, enabling him to endure calmly and submissively. In his quiet moments, with eyes closed but not asleep, he said, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee.' To his beloved companion, who had trod with him for many years the path of life, bending over him, with tearful eyes and throbbing heart, near the parting hour, he said: 'Not our will, but God's will, be done,' meaning 'be resigned, but trustful; leave all with the Lord and it shall be well with thee when I am gone.' How peaceful and resigned he went into the valley, covered with splendid sunshine and found rest from his labors! He has left behind, to his kindred and to us, the rich legacy of a splendid character and an unsullied record. A life that says to others: 'This is the way. Walk in it, the way that leads to moral wealth, far above all material wealth, and which leads at last to Heaven and to God.'

"We shall miss him in this sanctuary and look no more upon him in yonder pew devotional in worship and listening attentively to the precious word as if indeed it were manna to his soul and a refreshing stream from the fountain of life. But he worshipped today in the temple not made with hands, with many of those with whom he was wont to worship in the church below. May we all imitate his example, emulate his virtues and at the last be counted worthy of a place with him in the Kingdom of Heaven."

The President's pew was draped in black in the Metropolitan Church at Canton, and the McKinley home, when the body of the President arrived in his home city, was the only one upon which there was no emblem of mourning.

Tribute of Rabbi Grossman to President William McKinley, in Temple of Rodeph Sholom, at the New Year's services:

"The first offering that we must lay before the throne of God on this solemn New Year's morn is an offering of tears. Well mayest thou weep, America! One of thy noblest sons has fallen. Well mayest thou weep, Humanity! A gifted brain, a brave heart, a godly soul, a true man has passed into the eternal shadow."

The Rev John F. Carson, Central Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn: "The death of President McKinley is more than a national calamity. It is a distinct personal loss to every American. There was something so virtuous, so innocent, so strong in his manhood that his death touches those tenderer feelings which belong peculiarly to individual sorrow."

The Rev. Dr. Charles L. Goodell, pastor of the Hanson Place Methodist Episcopal Church, Brooklyn: "It is not too much to say: 'He ascended fame's ladder so high, from the round at the top he has slipped to the sky.'"

The Rev. Dean Richmond Babbitt, in the Church of the Epiphany, in Donough street and Tompkins avenue, Brooklyn: "Anarchism is lawlessness by principle, annihilation by system, chaos by deliberation. It is the enemy of government, the foe of society and the opponent of religion. It recognizes neither God nor brotherhood. It is political madness. It is social insanity. It is the Ishmael among all nations, with its hand against every one."

The Rev. Father Hugh B. Ward, in St. Malachy's Roman Catholic Church at Van Sicklen and Atlantic avenues, Brooklyn: "Anarchy must be stamped out of this country. This is the land of the free, but not the harbor of the assassin or the fanatic."

The Rev. David D. Gregg, in the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn: "In this republic of ours, there are but three things that we have for anarchy and anarchists. These are the insane asylums, prisons and scaffolds. Let us consecrate them to the use of the anarchists, and God will bless the consecration."

In the Roman Catholic churches of Jersey City sermons were delivered in relation to President McKinley. At St. Joseph's Church, Mgr. Robert Seton, who was a personal friend of the President, said that his death was sublime because it was the death of a Christian. "'God's will, not ours, be done,' were his last words," said Mgr. Seton. "Those words should be a lesson to every Christian."

In all the Protestant churches memorial services were held in the evening.

The prayer of Bishop Leonard of Ohio:

"Our hearts are wrung by the terrible calamity that has befallen our beloved President. Our one recourse is to earnest and united prayer to the God of Nations that if it be His will this good and faithful man may

be spared to serve Him and serve our country yet longer as we love him so dearly that the sorrow is personal.

"Nothing but horror and amazement can fill the mind because of the dastardly and cruel blow that has smitten our beloved President. Horror that an intelligent citizen of this republic could be guilty of such a cowardly and atrocious act, and amazement that so kind, generous and noble an executive as William McKinley could be the object of an assassin's bullet.

"We who know him love him dearly because of his superior characteristics, and one of these characteristics is his goodness of heart. He was accessible to every one, no matter how obscure; he never treated with hardness or harshness those who approached him. In the very act of giving joy to the people, he was shot by his would-be murderer. Grief and shame for the blot on our civilization fill every breast. May God in His loving mercy spare his life to this sorrowing nation."

Bishop Cortlandt Whitehead's prayer:

"To those who believe God hears all prayers and answers them as He thinks best. If our beloved President should not recover, it will be God's will. Let us pray that He will spare the life of one who lives in the hearts of his countrymen. I appeal to all creeds to offer up prayer for the recovery of the head of the nation, who is now lying at death's door."

The Rev. M. B. Moss, Mt. Olivet Baptist Church, colored: "I knew Mr. McKinley well. A sweeter spirit I never met. No wonder the father of the girl he won for his wife said to him once, 'I see a man in your face, a genuine man.' Look at that face. Do you not see good in it? Do you not see character in it? It bears the mark of the Christian statesman. When did he show his noble character more nobly than in the hour when he received his death wound? Here is the triumph of Christianity. As the prophet records it, 'A great prince is indeed fallen in Israel.' "

Prayer sent to the American by Bishop Edward Cridge of Victoria, B. C.:

"O, Father of Mercies and God of all Comfort, our only help in time of need, look down from Heaven. Visit and relieve Thy servant, the President of the United States. Look upon him with the eyes of Thy mercy, comfort him with a sense of Thy goodness; give him patience under his affliction, and in Thy good time restore him to health or else give him grace so to take this visitation that after this painful life is ended may he dwell with Thee in life everlasting, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

CHAPTER XX.

THE SYMPATHY OF THE NATIONS.

Heartfelt Expressions of Sorrow on the Assassination of President McKinley, the Third of the Chief Magistrates of the United States to Be Shot Down—Remarkable Expressions of Regrets and Regards from All Parts of the World.

In the absence of Lord Salisbury and the Marquis of Lansdowne from London, Schomberg McDonnell, principal private secretary to the prime minister, said to a representative of The Associated Press:

"You cannot use terms too strong in expressing our indignation at the outrage and our sympathy with the President. It is terrible. If Mr. McKinley dies, which we sincerely hope he will not, the whole world will lose a man of greater integrity and statesmanship than it even at present realizes. This latest attempt may produce an international arrangement by which anarchists may be dealt with according to their deserts and this canker of civilization be suppressed. Certainly England would favor such a plan. We and America are blamed on the continent for harboring anarchists."

The Lord Mayor of London addressed to Ambassador Choate the following communication:

"The citizens of London have received with profound regret and great indignation intelligence of the dastardly attack upon the life of the distinguished President of the United States, and they desire to convey through your excellency their sincere sympathy with your country in this melancholy event and their trust that so valuable a life as President McKinley's may be spared for the welfare of the American people."

The United States embassy also received many telegrams and telephone messages from distinguished persons, inquiring for news and expressing anxiety and regret at the attempt of the assassin.

Lord Pauncefote, the British Ambassador to the United States, accompanied by his daughter, was one of the earliest callers at the United States embassy in London. He expressed the greatest sympathy and anxiety regarding President McKinley's condition. The other callers at the embassy included Judge Gray of Delaware, Pro-

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS WAR CABINET OF 1898.

THE UNITED STATES SENATE VOTING THE $50,000,000 SPANISH WAR APPROPRIATION, MARCH 9, 1898.

fessor Saunders of Harvard, and practically all the leading Americans in London.

The telegrams of sympathy and inquiry read at the embassy from all parts of Great Britain included messages from the mayor of Liverpool, Birmingham and Portsmouth.

By night the embassy had received telegrams from almost every city in the United Kingdom, besides countless inquiries from individuals, including the Duke of Cambridge, the Bishop of Ripon, the foreign ambassadors, and the Argentine Minister. The following telegram is a fair sample of the messages referred to:

"I wish to convey the expression of my deep sorrow and grief for the abominable outrage to which President McKinley has fallen a victim."

TRIBUTES OF THE FRENCH PRESS.

The Figaro said: "President McKinley personified in the eyes of the crowd the aristocracy of riches. Nevertheless he was simple and kind, and we trust the American people will be spared from grief and mourning."

The Temps, speaking as if President McKinley were already dead, said:

"He will leave to history a considerable name. He has incarnated a double title that is new to America, starting a movement that was not dreamed of by the founders of the republic in two directions—protection and expansion. McKinley was the champion of the classes, a man of capital, monopolies, and trusts. Evil tongues added that he was a puppet of Senator Hanna.

"The conquests of the Spanish war begot an insoluble constitutional question, and the germ of military glory. Having turned back upon the principles of his forefathers, Congress gave him carte blanche, and the Supreme court proclaimed that it was possible for the United States to possess dependencies where the constitution was not known. It was a personal triumph. All the advocates of jingoism and conquest and admirers of the army acclaimed McKinley as a hero, yet he was on the point of facing the greatest difficulties. He has already shown signs that he is in favor of abandoning protection for reciprocity, which will possibly raise the standard of revolt among the trusts and syndicates. Each day reveals more contradictory and insoluble embarrass-

ments for Vice-President Roosevelt, whose role will be nothing enviable."

The Liberte devoted an article to pointing out the dangers of anarchy.

The Journal Des Debats was much more sympathetic. It praised President McKinley for his honorable career, and said he had revealed himself in the White House, as at his Canton cottage, as a simple and even brave man, who deserved his popularity throughout the Union. He was also a far-seeing man, the paper said, and realized that the moment had come when America's enormous output would necessitate the opening of outside markets to Americans, and for that reason he became a convert to reciprocity.

The Debats referred feelingly to President McKinley's tactful dealings with M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador, after the Spanish war, when the feeling in France was somewhat hostile to the United States. The Debats expressed the hope that for the interests of America the life of the President would be spared, because a critical period is opening, when a change of rulers might possibly be disastrous.

Cables were received from all the crowned heads and those in authority under republican forms in all parts of the world. The nations of the earth were heard from without exception. The King of England, Edward VII, was constant in inquiries, and there was nothing perfunctory in his dispatches. They showed a sincere and very sympathetic interest.

TRIBUTE OF PRESIDENT DIAZ.

President Diaz, on September 14, when informed of the death of President McKinley, expressed himself as follows:

"I have been deeply shocked by the horrible crime, which has not even the excuse that the anarchist is persecuted in the United States, since, as is well known, freedom and tolerance are there extended to him. Nor has it the excuse that President McKinley was a ruler of exclusive or aristocratic tendencies, for he was, by reason of his position as a popular ruler and his own personal feelings, sympathies and habits, a good friend of the people, a genuine democrat in the best sense of the word; so that this crime was as useless and unprovoked as it is abominable in every respect.

"With regard to Mexico, President McKinley had ever evidenced such

friendly sentiments that his death will be mourned in this country hardly less keenly than in the United States; for myself it is a loss of a warm personal friend. These sentiments I have expressed to the ambassador of the United States, Ambassador Powell Clayton, on two occasions on which I have personally called at the embassy. My deepest sympathy and condolence go out to Mrs. McKinley and the family of the late President.

"On the other hand, the high reputation of President Roosevelt is a guarantee that there will be no change in any matter affecting the important interests of the United States or its international relations."

GRIEF OF THE CUBANS.

Havana, September 14.—As early as four o'clock this morning boys were on the streets selling special editions of the newspapers containing the announcement of the death of President McKinley.

Feeling is expressed in all parts of the island, and telegrams and messages of sympathy come from all sections. All work in the public offices was stopped to-day, and most of the business community suspended operations of their own accord. Judges and civil governors of the provinces, the government secretaries and the foreign consuls went to the palace to express sympathy. A commission of the Constitutional Council also called upon General Wood and asked him if the policy of the Government was likely to be changed. The Governor replied that he believed President Roosevelt would pursue exactly the same policy as that of President McKinley.

All the public buildings are draped in black, and Mayor Gener to-day issued an order suspending all public meetings and directing the closing of all places of amusement on "account of the sorrow felt at the death of the President of the United States."

SERVICES IN ENGLAND.

London, September 15.—Heart-moving religious services, marked by extraordinary scenes of popular grief, took place this morning and to-night all over London and throughout the provinces in memory of President McKinley. Everywhere the sermons, prayers and music bore almost exclusively upon America's great loss and the sore bereavement

that has fallen on Mrs. McKinley. References to the President's widow were especially touching and wrung tears from both men and women.

The tributes to the dead President left no note of eulogy untouched. Ministers of all denominations seized upon the deathbed heroism of President McKinley as a matchless triumph of Christian faith and drove the lesson home with telling eloquence. Perhaps the most dramatic, beautiful and affecting service was that held in Christ Church, Westminster road, by Rev. Frederick B. Meyer

For peculiar reasons this church is enshrined in the affections of the American colony and is particularly dear to them at this moment. Rev. F. B. Meyer always has a kind word for the United States, and the northeast tower of the building was erected jointly by Englishmen and Americans in honor of the murdered President Lincoln.

The audience in the great marble-pillared auditorium this morning occupied every chair. The choir comprised one hundred voices. Shafts of vari-colored sunlight checkered the sea of solemn faces and lay like an iridescent bar across the preacher's black gown. Ushers tip-toed through the aisles, directing silent people to pews. Every aspect of the scene told of a nation's sympathy. Mr. Meyer's usually ringing voice was thick and he spoke with apparent difficulty. He said:

"We blend our tears with those of America. We grieve with that mighty nation. Our hearts go out in deepest sympathy to Mrs. McKinley. This tragedy, one of the most awful of modern times, strikes down a man possessed of such gifts of mind and such qualities of character as God vouchsafes to but few of his creatures. President McKinley seemed almost divinely appointed to guide the destinies of the United States. His unselfishness, wisdom, patriotism and godliness, his love of home, and his love of peace set him forth to the world as one of the rarest and greatest characters ever born into it.

"Why did God let him die? Why did not some swift angel turn aside the weapon and save this lovable man, standing in the very zenith of his strength and glory? I venture to declare that God meant by this calamity to teach statesmen, philanthropists and patriots to ponder on the awful phenomena of earth's inequalities, to study anarchism at its source and to attack it there; to turn from selfish indulgence, from leisured indifference, from the consuming pursuit of power and wealth to the imperative problems of civilized human life.

"The world needs tremendous general sacrifices of money, energy and

talent. If President McKinley's death awakens it to this realization his life has not been lost in vain."

While the organist played Chopin's "Funeral March" the audience stood with bowed heads. There were few if any dry eyes in the congregation. Many women, particularly the Americans, sobbed aloud. The service was closed by singing "Nearer, my God, to Thee," the hymn which the cables say was the last words that fell from President McKinley's lips.

London, September 18.—The English press records to-day the final honors to the murdered President at Washington, the progress of the heir to the crown in Canada, and the journey of the Czar to Dunkirk and Rheims. The American record is the longest, because it is inseparably connected with the opening of the new administration which will take up the policies of McKinley and work them out in detail.

English eulogy of McKinley has not ceased. Every journal is impressed with the unique spectacle of a nation in mourning for a beloved ruler, yet calm and self-possessed, and inspired with courage and hope.

Tributes to Roosevelt are constantly appearing in print, and every word is friendly.

Little is written about the effect of the change in administration upon the relation of the United States and the British Empire, but much is said in diplomatic circles, where there is a general belief that the settlement of outstanding questions between the two countries will not be retarded. It has been no secret that the Foreign Office is willing and anxious to bring about an adjustment of the canal question and only requires assurance that the treaty agreed upon shall not be vetoed by the Senate.

The view taken by practical diplomatists is that any convention to which President Roosevelt may assent will certainly be sanctioned by the Senate, since he has the reputation of representing the stalwart kind of Americanism and will have the country behind him.

The adjustment of the canal controversy will carry all the less difficult questions relating to Canada with it. There is also a confident feeling that President Roosevelt will make haste to conclude the negotiations for the purchase of the Danish West Indies, which have been in progress a long time.

The American Embassy was besieged yesterday with applicants for places in Westminster Abbey at the Thursday memorial services. While

the services there and at St. Paul's Cathedral will be unlike in form, the music will be equally solemn and impressive, and a vast audience is expected at each place.

The closing session of the Methodist Ecumenical conference had been reserved for missions, and while the subject was too important to be set aside in City Road, where John Wesley's parish window looked out on the wide world, the discussion was curtailed, and a memorial meeting held in honor of McKinley, with fervent prayers, eloquent tributes from American delegates, and hearty singing of the President's favorite hymns.

The fateful coincidence did not escape comment that each of the two Ecumenical conferences in City Road has been called upon to deplore the death of an American by assassination.

London, September 16.—The "Dead March From Saul" was played in hundreds of English churches yesterday, while the worshipers reverently stood and honored the memory of William McKinley. Westminster Abbey was an exception to the rule, owing to the absence of the regular organist, but the preacher at the morning service, the Rev. J. H. Cardwell, opened his sermon with an impressive reference to the tragic ending of a noble life, and the source of the inspiration of that life, which had been disclosed in the President's religious faith during its closing hours. The abbey was thronged with American tourists, and they were deeply touched by the preacher's simple but eloquent tribute to the dead President.

Canon Henderson, the new vicar of St. Margaret's, Westminster, opened his sermon with an expression of English sympathy with America, and appreciative comments upon the President's life and character, and closed it with a thoughtful discussion of the causes of anarchism and the remedies for the evil tendencies of modern life and society. At the end of the service Handel's "Dead March" was played while the congregation stood.

Most of the morning newspapers appear in mourning. Column after column is devoted to the one topic, the death of McKinley and the succession of Roosevelt. Telegraphic dispatches are showing how the whole civilized world mourns with America and leading articles pay eloquent tributes to the sterling qualities of the murdered President in his private as in his public life.

Many continental journals express alarm at the accession to power of Theodore Roosevelt and even in this country there is some anxiety as to

the course that he will adopt. It is noted, however, with great satisfaction that in the first moments of his assumption of office he took occasion to express his determination to continue McKinley's policy.

The Times acknowledges Mr. Roosevelt's great gifts, which, it considers, rightly used, may lead to great issues. It hopes that those who dread his impulsiveness are over anxious. It concludes:

"He has had much experience and assumes office in conditions that are calculated to sober the judgment of the most adventurous."

London, September 16.—The black-bordered columns of the London papers are chiefly filled with descriptions of the final scene at Buffalo, subsequent events in the United States, obituaries, reminiscences of Mr. McKinley, sketches and estimates of President Roosevelt, a general reflex of the world's reception of the news and anticipations built thereon.

All the papers repeat the sincere regret they expressed when the outrage was committed. All deplore the removal from the world's stage of the great and conspicuous figure who was expected to continue his signal and beneficial services. The fact is specially emphasized that Great Britain may claim the right through common origin to share the grief of the American nation, although she may not realize it with the same poignancy. There is not a discordant note in the chorus of appreciation of the dead President.

Dwelling upon the conspicuous strengthening of the amicable relations between Great Britain and the United States during Mr. McKinley's Presidency, the Chronicle makes the suggestion that some special and striking means be taken to display British sympathy on the occasion of the funeral.

Turning to the future, the editorials, with practical unanimity, base great hopes on President Roosevelt. The Morning Post says that the American people are to be congratulated on the fact that in the hour of national affliction the guidance of the Republic passes to a man who won distinction as a soldier, a man of letters and in the government of the vast Commonwealth of New York. The hope has long been cherished that Mr. Roosevelt would one day do important work in the purification of public life and the better organization of city government, and this fact gives promise of a brilliant and illustrious administration.

The Telegraph, recording President Roosevelt's words when he took the oath of office, says that such a pronouncement was only to be expected from a man of Mr. Roosevelt's high reputation. He clearly recognizes that

the spirit of the Constitution demands that he give effect to the mandate committed to his predecessor. It is with a distinct appreciation of this truth that Mr. Roosevelt enters upon his term of office, which, beginning as it does in grief and sorrow, may none the less be one of brilliancy and distinction. That it may be so is the fervent prayer, not only of all Americans, but of the Anglo-Saxon race, which through sincere tears and deep regret for the late President, with equal sincerity and truth bids the new President a hearty godspeed.

The Chronicle is convinced that Mr. Roosevelt will maintain the high traditions of his office, and that he will surely add to his own great reputation. Speculating upon his foreign policy, the paper says:

"We can glean an indication of the line he will take from his record. He believes in a big America. He is an expansionist and imperialist, and will out-Monroe the Monroe doctrine in his interpretation of the policy which goes by that name. He was a most earnest advocate of the acquisition of Hawaii, and was foremost in demanding a strong navy. He was thoroughly opposed to England in the Venezuela question. We can gather from these actions what his attitude will be over the canal question. Mr. Roosevelt is far too level-headed a statesman to do anything rash, but his policy will be firmly, if not aggressively, American in the widest sense of the term."

The Standard does not anticipate at present any important change in the American foreign relations owing to the succession of President Roosevelt, whose next steps, it says, will be watched with sympathetic eyes in Great Britain. Summing up Mr. Roosevelt's record, the paper says that in many respects he recalls the Presidents of the earlier days of the Republic, who were statesmen in the European sense of the term, men of education, administrative experience, large views and dignified character. It adds: "We may hope, therefore, that President Roosevelt's place in history may be beside Madison, Jefferson and Adams."

The churches of every sect in Great Britain unanimously and spontaneously turned their thoughts toward America to-day and joined in prayerful sympathy for the bereaved nation. It is doubtful if a single preacher in the country abstained from making reference to the assassination of President McKinley, while among the congregations, where prayers are extempore instead of liturgical, petitions were earnestly raised to the Deity to comfort and bless his widow and the American people and to guide the new President. With remarkable unanimity, too, "Nearer, My

God, To Thee," was sung, being introduced with some sympathetic reference to the deathbed of the President. In not a few instances Mr. McKinley's last words, "His will be done, not ours," were taken by preachers for a text, and condemnation of the assassin's hideous sin was combined with moral lessons deduced from the tragedy. At many churches the services were concluded by playing "The Dead March in Saul," and other funeral music on the organs, the congregations meanwhile standing.

There was an immense congregation at St. Paul's Cathedral in London. Among those present were Ambassador Choate and the staff of the Embassy. The Rev. Henry Scott Holland, precentor of the cathedral, preached the sermon, which was prefaced with a tribute to President McKinley, at the conclusion of which the speaker said:

"A great hope that once filled humanity lies slain. We once dreamed that the New World had awaked from the nightmare of evil memories and set out to live its free life unburdened and uncursed, but the new has like bitterness to work through as the old. We must face it calmly and patiently. Not that we may be driven into a fierce reaction by the sting of this insane crime does the poor man lie dead. With renewed humility and with severer resolution we must work together for a new order of social intercourse, in which it will become impossible for passions which issue in such an outrage to exist."

At Westminster Abbey Canon Duckworth said: "We have watched the career and studied with increasing admiration the character of the late President, and we know that his death is an unspeakable loss not only to his own country, but to ourselves and, indeed, to the whole world."

At the Metropolitan Tabernacle the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon ended his tribute by saying: "What can be said now of the hated and devilish treachery that made such a dastardly deed possible? The best thing is to say with the dying President, 'Thy kingdom come; all is done.'"

At the Salvation Army meeting at Congress Hall nearly ten thousand persons were present. General Booth prayed for Divine sympathy and support for the widow and nation. In his address he referred appreciatively to President McKinley's personally expressed sympathy with the army's work.

Dean Farrar of Canterbury Cathedral accounted for the hideous and meaningless crime as the act of one of those men who individually and collectively reject the doctrine of Christianity and so become enemies of the human race.

At St. David's Church in Marthyr-Tydvil, Wales, Curate Wykes, in referring to Mr. McKinley, was overcome by his feelings and fainted. He was carried out of the church.

The Times, referring to the suggestion that the Duke of Cornwall and York attend the funeral of President McKinley, says: "The obstacles to the adoption of this proposal are, no doubt, considerable, and may even prove insuperable, but should means be found to overcome them the decision would cause the deepest satisfaction in this country.

"All England would rejoice that we should be able to give the Americans so signal a token of our desires to take part with them in paying every tribute in our power to the great citizen they have lost. We should be proud to see the heir to the throne following the remains of the late President and testifying by his presence in a way which would appeal to the masses of both peoples that their grief is a common grief now, as truly as it was when our loved Queen passed away.

"Whether this wish can be realized or not we shall pay our homage of love and reverence to his memory not less sincerely than those over whom he ruled. He died as he lived, with simple, manly courage and unaffected piety, which make the best men of his race."

London, September 20.—A close approach to church unity was made by the religious bodies of London in honoring the memory of the murdered President. Nonconformist and free churches united in a memorial service at the City Temple, where the platform was draped with the flags of all nations and occupied by the ministers of many Protestant bodies.

The burial office was repeated in Westminster Abbey with stately simplicity in the presence of representatives of royalty, the full diplomatic corps, many leading Englishmen and a vast concourse of spectators.

The service of solemn supplication was modeled closely after the one held after the death of Queen Victoria and was reverently followed by an assemblage filling every available yard of floor space of St. Paul's Cathedral. There were also special services in St. Martin's in the Fields and other English churches, and the vespers in the Roman Catholic Cathedral were well nigh converted into a memorial service for the President.

The anarchist's revolver has united the religious world in reverent acts of homage to the memory of the hearty, old-fashioned Methodist, who was the first citizen of the great Republic.

Among these services the most impressive was one in the storied abbey.

The north transept was filled long before noon, and the south transept was occupied mainly by the members of the American Society and their friends. The staff of the American Embassy acted as ushers for the choir, where the representatives of royalty and members of the Cabinet were seated with the diplomatic corps and other distinguished company.

Lord Rosebery's intellectual face was near Lord Pauncefote's bent figure, and Viscount Cranborne, Sir William Harcourt, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir William Colville, and Lord Revelstoke were prominent in the choir stalls.

The service opened with Tschaikowsky's and Chopin's funeral marches, the calm, reflective and almost logical movement of one contrasting with the purity and exaltation of the other. A procession of choristers and clergy was seen through the screen door advancing from the remote end of the nave, which was crowded with spectators.

The opening sentences of the burial office were chanted by a choir of thirty-six men and boys, and the clergy, in three groups, with their insignia and chapter draped, slowly passed to their places. "Nearer, My God, To Thee," was sung to the English score written by the Rev. J. B. Dykes, the voices of the sopranos and tenors singing out in the higher passages. The ninetieth Psalm, with Purcell's setting, was followed by the lesson, read with simple eloquence by Dean Bradley. Then a passage from Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Light of the World," beginning "Yea, though I walk through the valley," was sung with delicacy and shading by the choir and was a fitting prelude for the interval of silent prayer for the President's bereaved wife.

Spohr's "Blest Are the Departed" was sung most impressively and was followed by the "Dead March From Saul," magnificently played on the great organ.

Beethoven was subjected to the supreme test in being reserved for the final number after this uplifting funeral march, but the organist's judgment was vindicated. The funeral march closed the service with epical dignity worthy of the glorious memories of the abbey and the supreme act of reverent homage for a President suffering martyrdom for the cause of civilized government.

The service at St. Paul's was opened by a series of funeral marches played with refinement, feeling and a cumulative richness of effect by the organist. It was a simple but beautiful choral service, beginning with the Lord's Prayer, continuing with Sir John Martin's setting of "De Profun-

dis" and Stainer's "Miserere," and closing with the anthem, "I Heard a Voice," prayers from the English service, with William McKinley's name written in, and with the hymn, "O, God, Our Help in Ages Past," sung by a vast congregation with thrilling effect, but the supreme moment was reserved for the end, when thousands stood reverently while Handel's matchless funeral march was played on the organ.

The Lord Mayor and corporation attended in state and the staff of the American Embassy was present, but more significant than anything else was the vastness of the audience. The cathedral was filled half an hour before the service began, and thousands, unable to enter, hung about Queen Anne's statue and blocked the passage. The Stock Exchange was closed and a memorial service in St. Lawrence's, Old Jewry, took the place of the ordinary revel of speculation. The President's favorite hymns were sung in the City Temple by an immense congregation. Shops were open in the city, but business was virtually suspended. The streets were filled with men and women in mourning, and even the omnibus drivers and cabbies tied bunches of crêpe around their whips.

From the provinces come tidings of scores of memorial services and signs of universal mourning. Even conservative Oxford has felt the impulse of the Anglo-Saxon feeling and the American flag was hoisted at half-mast over one of the most prominent university buildings.

The King has been more sympathetic than ever in his message to the American Ambassador, and the working people of the metropolis have shown how deeply their hearts were moved by standing guard for hours around St. Paul's. Never has England honored any foreigner as it has paid homage to the American President.

The McKinley tragedy made a deep impression in Paris. That was to be expected of the American colony, but the earnestness in sorrow of the French people was among the most striking tributes. The memorial service on the 19th of September was held in Trinity Church, following the lines of the ceremonies at the time of Queen Victoria's funeral except that the hymns, "Lead, Kindly Light," and "Nearer, My God, To Thee," were selected.

The church holds fifteen hundred people, but as many more were unable to gain admission. A strong body of police, under Superintendent Lepine himself, maintained order.

General Porter, the American Ambassador; First Secretary Vignaud, and the entire staff of the American Embassy were present.

All the Cabinet ministers were represented and the diplomatic corps were present in full uniform. Colonel St. Marc represented President Loubet.

The Rev. Dr. Morgan, assisted by twelve clergymen, officiated. A full choir rendered President McKinley's favorite hymns. Among the men in uniform the son of the late President Carnot was seen. When asked whom he represented, he replied: "Myself and the Carnot family."

The organist, Behrend, who rendered the music, was from Canton, Ohio, where he played at the funeral of the father and mother of President McKinley.

IN COPENHAGEN.

Copenhagen, September 15.—King Edward and Queen Alexandra, who are visiting here, attended the services at the English Church to-day. The preacher, the Rev. Mr. Mortimer Kennedy, ended his reference to Mr. McKinley by saying:

"He filled a difficult position with great tact, energy and wisdom. His chief aim was to promote the welfare of his people. Moreover, he was a faithful, earnest and sincere servant of Christ. His deathbed was cheered and its pain alleviated by a realization of his nearness to God, and by the hushed sorrow and sympathy of the entire nation, one might almost truthfully add of the whole world.

DAY OF MOURNING IN ROME.

Rome, September 19.—A memorial service for President McKinley was held at the American Methodist Episcopal Church at 3 o'clock.

All the members of the American Embassy and Consulate were present, as well as the entire Italian Cabinet, who were in full dress and were accompanied by under secretaries.

All the American residents attended and there were generals, admirals, representatives in parliament and diplomats in the congregation.

SERVICE AT ST. PETERSBURG.

St. Petersburg, September 19.—Under the auspices of the United States Ambassador, Charlemagne Tower, impressive memorial services in honor of the late President McKinley were held this afternoon in the British-American Church.

Among those present were the Grand Duke Vladimir Alexandrovitch,

the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, and the Grand Duke Boris Vladimirovitch, their son, and the Grand Duke Sergius Michaelovitch.

Other prominent Russians in attendance included Prince Obolenski, representing the Foreign Office; Russian Minister of Interior, M. Sipyaguin, Vice Admiral Tyrtoff, General Rydzeffsky, General Kleigel, the prefect of police, and Prince Jules Ouroussoff.

The diplomatic corps was represented by the British Ambassador, Sir Charles Scott, the only Ambassador besides Mr. Tower now in St. Petersburg.

The United States Ambassador and his entire staff, the United States Consul, Mr. Holloway, and the United States Vice Consul, Mr. Heydecker.

The St. Petersburg Novoe Vremya says: "He was a man of large talents and a beloved son of the country for whose welfare he unceasingly and successfully labored."

The Sviet says: "Let us hope that the death of a talented and energetic President will rouse those lands which, for the sake of freedom of conscience and thought, harbor bad elements and become the breeding grounds for plots, to action against the enemies of civilization."

The Boerse Gazette says: "Mr. McKinley was one of the most popular figures in American history and one of the best representatives of American ideals. Society is defenseless against the propaganda of murder. It is scarcely probable that means will be found to prevent the repetition of such crimes.

"On account of the extraordinary purity of Mr. McKinley's character, the American people will find sympathy wherever civilized men dwell. Mr. Roosevelt admires Mr. McKinley's steadfast purity and the programme in which he incorporated the hopes and ambitions of a great majority of the American people. Opinion in Europe regarding Pan-Americanism may possibly be divided, but it is comprehensible from the American point of view. Mr. McKinley died firmly believing that the work he had begun in domestic and foreign policy would find suitable instrument for its continuation."

The semi-official Journal of Commerce and Industry says: "Mr. McKinley was not an extreme protectionist. Shortly before his death he spoke out against crude trust protection."

American officials in St. Petersburg to-day attended services at the Anglican Church, where a dead march was rendered and suitable hymns were sung. The Rev. Dr. Francis, minister of the British-American Cha-

pel, preached against anarchy. The pulpit was hung with crepe. Memorial services will probably be held on the day of the funeral.

Special services were also held in the English Church in Moscow, where memorial services will be held on the day of the funeral, and will be attended by all the members of the Consular Corps.

IN BERLIN.

The service of mourning for the death of President McKinley was held in the American church, which was heavily hung with crepe and crowded with Germans, British and Americans. Among those who attended were Baron von Richthofen, German Minister of Foreign Affairs; Mr. White, the United States Ambassador; Mr. Jackson, Secretary of the United States Embassy; Mr. Mason, United States Consul General in Berlin; the members of the family of Commander Beehler, the United States naval attache, and many German-Americans.

Dr. Dickie's text was found in First Corinthians, fifteenth chapter and fifty-seventh verse: "But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

The Kaiser personally and the government also were represented by high dignitaries. A special prayer was read for Mrs. McKinley. The church was elaborately decorated with flowers, flags and crepe.

Memorial services were also held in various German cities. Those in Dresden attracted a large attendance of the highest official society, and the Anglo-American colony. The King of Saxony and the royal Princess were represented by their respective court marshals, and among those present were the members of the Saxon Cabinet, representatives of the diplomatic corps, and the various Consulars, and Mrs. White, wife of the United States Ambassador to Germany.

At Munich the services were held in the Markuskirche. The Prince Regent was represented by his chief master of ceremonies, Count von Moy. A number of the members of the Cabinet and representatives of the diplomatic corps, together with many British residents, were present. Mme. Nordica sang.

The service at Stuttgart was held in the English Church and was attended by Dr. von Breitling, the Premier, and representatives of all the legations.

At Cologne the Anglo-American colony held a meeting in the English chapel.

The Executive Committee of the Berlin Boerse has cabled an expression of profound sympathy to the New York Stock Exchange.

MEMORIAL SERVICES IN VIENNA.

In Vienna, on the 19th of September, memorial services were held at the American Church at the same time as the funeral took place at Canton. The Master of the Household represented Emperor Francis Joseph. The Prince of Lichtenstein. Count Golouchowski, the Minister of Foreign Affairs; Dr. Koerber, the President of the Cabinet and Minister of the Interior, and all his associates, with many prominent civil and military personages were present.

United States Minister McCormick, referring to the religious faith of the late President, said:

"His faith was as complete and steadfast as it was broad and generous. Once at the beginning of the war with Spain, when he had worked late into the night, Mr. McKinley pushed back his chair and closed his desk wearily. Adjutant General Corbin, who sat beside him, said:

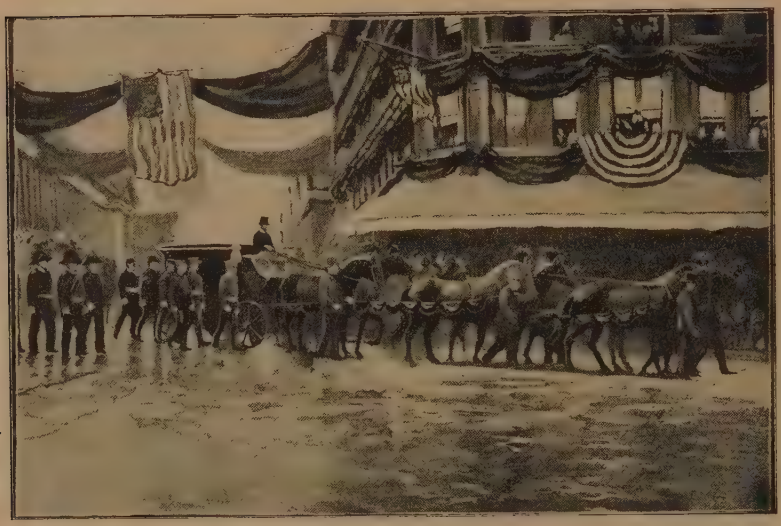
" 'You are wearied to death, Mr. President.' McKinley replied, 'Yes, and I could not keep it up, Corbin, did I not feel that I was doing the work of the Master.' "

In addition to Mr. McCormick and the members of the United States Legation, Lloyd C. Griscom, United States Minister to Persia; Charles S. Francis, United States Minister to Greece, Roumania, and Servia, and Frank D. Chester, United States Consul at Buda-Pesth, attended the services. Many who sought admission had to be turned away.

THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH, CANTON, OHIO.
Where President McKinley's Funeral Was Held.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S TRANSCONTINENTAL TRIP.
From the platform of the train Mr. McKinley greeted thousands, who, at every station, were waiting to give him welcome.

FUNERAL TRAIN REMOVING PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S BODY FROM BUFFALO TO CAPITOL.



PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S FUNERAL CORTEGE ON THE WAY TO THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

CHAPTER XXI.

TWO OF OUR PRESIDENTIAL TRAGEDIES.

The Mortal Wounds of Garfield and McKinley Scientifically Compared—The Case Professionally Considered and a Most Interesting Study Made of the Medical Mysteries Attending the Death of the Two Latest Presidents Elected from Ohio.

The names of Garfield and McKinley have been coupled together in the speech of millions all over the world during the sad first September of the century. The widow of President Garfield has lived over again the sorrows of the summer that was so fearful for her. It is horribly strange that two men of Ohio, distinguished on the battlefield and in the House of Representatives, and elected President on their merits, both men combining immense capacity with incessant industry, should receive mortal wounds from two depraved egotists, each of the murderers equipped with a pistol, one shooting his victim selected as the head of the nation for slaughter. The assassin of Garfield shot him in the back, and was hidden in the recess between a door and a window, and unnoticed until the President of the United States walked in, accompanied by the Secretary of State, James G. Blaine, when there was a sound of a fire cracker and Garfield fell; McKinley, extending his hand as an act of courtesy to a citizen, who managed to force himself almost into contact with the President, and shot him through a handkerchief. There never were more venomous reptile scoundrels born than the murderers of the two Presidents who were representative of the high civilization of a great industrial community. It happened that the funeral of McKinley was on the anniversary of the death of Garfield.

There were two shots fired by the murderer in each case. Garfield was hit first slightly in the left arm, a mere flesh-wound, as was the first received by McKinley. The Journal of the American Medical Association says:

The second and fatal wound of President Garfield was caused by a 44-caliber bullet from a British bulldog revolver, fired from the rear. The result of the autopsy showed how completely the distinguished surgeons in attendance had been deceived as to the real nature of the injury; for instead of passing through the liver, transversing the

abdominal cavity, and lodging in the anterior wall, as was thought, the wound was entirely extra-peritoneal. The records of the autopsy leave no room for doubt, for the post-mortem was made by the President's eight surgeons themselves and the report was signed by all. The official announcement of its results said:

"It was found that the ball, after fracturing the right eleventh rib, had passed through the spinal column in front of the spinal canal, fracturing the body of the first lumbar vertebra, driving a number of small fragments of bone into the adjacent soft parts and lodging below the pancreas, about two inches and a half to the left of the spine and behind the peritoneum, where it had become completely encysted.

"The immediate cause of death was secondary hemorrhage from one of the mesenteric arteries adjoining the track of the ball, the blood rupturing the peritoneum and nearly a pint escaping into the abdominal cavity. An abscess cavity, 6x4 inches in dimensions, was found in the vicinity of the gall-bladder, between the liver and the transverse colon, which were strongly adherent. It did not involve the substance of the liver, and no communication was found between it and the wound. A long suppurating channel extended from the external wound between the loin muscles and the right kidney almost to the groin. This channel, now known to be due to the burrowing of pus from the wound, was supposed during life to be the track of the ball."

While the immediate cause of President Garfield's death is said to have been secondary hemorrhage, such a result was due to a sloughing blood vessel, one of the usual terminations of septic cases. President Garfield had pyemia. His symptoms indicated it; the autopsy proved it. The question has been asked a thousand times during the last few days on account of the favorable bulletins reporting President McKinley's condition, if his distinguished predecessor in office could have been saved by modern surgery. Possibly he could, though it is optimistic and presuming too much to say that such a result would have been, as has so often been said in the recent past, reasonably certain.

A 44-caliber revolver bullet fracturing the rib, then crashing through the body of a lumbar vertebra and driving a number of fragments into the soft parts, thence lodging behind the pancreas, makes a wound and condition not to be despised by even the boldest and deftest of modern operators. Moreover, President Garfield was a stout man, which would have increased the difficulties. Were such a bullet promptly located

to-day by the X-Rays, any experienced and conscientious surgeon would hesitate as to his course. If he elected to remove the bullet, again he would be embarrassed to know whether it were best to choose the anterior or posterior route. A laminectomy is a comparatively simple operation in a thin subject, but to reach the body of a vertebra, much less go anterior to it, as would have been necessary to have recovered the ball and removed the spiculæ of bone driven forward by it, in a patient of President Garfield's build, would have taxed both the anatomical knowledge and surgical daring of the greatest of his surgeons, the gifted Agnew. If the anterior route were chosen, one has only to think of the important vessels and nerves superimposed on the bullet, and almost in contact with it. By either, anterior or posterior route, the danger from hemorrhage would of necessity have been great.

Again, can we say that pyemia has been banished from surgery? Certainly not; rare it is, to be sure, at present; but President Garfield had just the kind of a wound that is to-day, with all our much-vaunted aseptic and antiseptic surgery, difficult to treat and uncertain in its results. Compound fractures, especially of soft bones such as vertebra and ribs in inaccessible situations, constitute the most fertile cause of pyemia to-day. Moreover, pyemia following bone injuries is admittedly more fatal than pyemia following injury to soft parts. Therefore, there should not have been at the time so much criticism of those brave and skillful men who labored incessantly for nearly three months to save their distinguished patient. Now that the matter is up again for discussion, it should be the duty of medical men, particularly, to set matters and history right, and not encourage the belief, so general, that President Garfield's wound, fatal in 1881, would be trivial to-day. It was fatal in 1881 and would probably be fatal in 1901. Mistakes may have been made, but even if they had not been, there is little likelihood that the nation would have been spared the poignant grief at the brilliant Garfield's untimely taking-off and the disgrace of a second murdered President.

President McKinley was shot from the front with a 32-caliber ball entering five inches below the left nipple and one and one-half inches to the left of the median line. It transversed the abdominal cavity, perforating both anterior and posterior walls of the stomach, the opening in the former being small, the one in the latter large and ragged—just the character of wound usually made by a pistol ball at close range.

After thorough closure of the gastric wounds, from which there had been some extravasation, a careful search was made for other possible injuries. None was discovered, and the surgeons were reasonably certain that the bullet had found lodgment in the muscles of the back. The abdominal cavity was freely irrigated with normal salt solution and closed without drainage by through-and-through sutures of silkworm gut. A small piece of clothing—presumably from the undershirt—had been carried in by the bullet, but was, we understand from the statements given out, found in the abdominal portion of the wound.

In exploring the abdomen, Dr. Mann acted wisely in enlarging the original wound, rather than performing median section. Irrigation of the cavity is to be distinctly commended; likewise the use of interrupted sutures, saving as they do the loss of time, and facilitating to no inconsiderable degree, when rightly placed, drainage—two important elements in the President's condition.

Whether or not provision should have been made for further drainage depends entirely upon the existing conditions, and they were best judged by the distinguished surgeons charged with the responsibility of saving, if possible, the most precious life in the world. The profession has had the utmost confidence in each of them; the nation has shown its gratitude for the promptness with which their awful responsibility was assumed, and the thoroughness and ability with which it was carried out.

If the operation had been hurried there might be some reason to feel that possibly each step of it could not have been considered as judiciously as the occasion demanded. Such was not the case; the President was under ether an hour and a half, and was in such good condition all the time that there was no demand made upon the operator for haste. The autopsy shows that good judgment was shown in not prolonging search for the ball.

In declining to use the X-rays subsequently, notwithstanding the general anxiety as to the ball's exact location, the surgeons were judiciously passive and followed the teachings of the greatest of military surgeons. A second anesthesia and operation for the extraction of a 32-caliber bullet in the muscles of the back would, under the circumstances, have been not only injudicious, but censurable. One cannot forbear to say at this time that the Roentgen rays are not an unmixed blessing, as death has followed operations for encysted bullets that were

doing no harm at the time of their removal. One of a yielding nature may be induced to act against his better judgment, on account of the anxiety and importunings of patient and friends, always greater than they should be, but due to an exaggerated importance given by laymen to the "ball" and its recovery. Those who knew the President's surgeons personally have felt assured from the first that no precipitate action would be taken to meet a danger largely chimerical in its nature, whilst urgent, portentous, awful problems were pressing forward for solution.

What were the probabilities when it was known that President McKinley, a man fifty-eight years old, with a weak heart, had sustained a penetrating wound of the abdomen? Death, undoubtedly, was the likelier issue. When, however, the details of the operation were given on Saturday morning, and it was recalled that the President was shot at 4:30 in the afternoon, when his stomach was presumably empty, or nearly so, more than a modicum of comfort and hope was felt by a stricken nation. The operation had been promptly done; it had been thoroughly well done; it had been done by the best exponents of modern surgery. The incidents of the first, second, and third days—the period of greatest danger—were distinctly favorable to the President's recovery, though his abnormally high pulse rate caused uneasiness. It had all along been out of proportion to the temperature and respirations, but it was explained as being usual with him. The fourth and fifth days served only to fortify his surgeons in the opinion already expressed that he would recover. It seemed that he would and that he should get well; yet there were still dangers ahead to which a too hopeful and impulsive people were oblivious. They came on the sixth day, and had practically ended this magnificent life in another twenty-four hours!

Of the exact causes leading to the change which resulted in death, we shall know more when the full report of the autopsy is published. This will be after cultures have been made and a histological examination has been completed. When this full scientific report is officially given out it will be time to discuss the cause which led to the necrotic condition found at the autopsy, but not before. Until then at least there should be no criticism of the management of the case, and full credence should be given to the official bulletins signed by the attending surgeons, and to these only. The absence from Buffalo of the nearest relatives of President McKinley at the time of the unfavorable change

showed plainly enough that they had left him doing so well that only recovery was thought of. The public was fairly and candidly treated from beginning to end. The unexpected happened. While the nation grieves as it has never done before on account of the pathetic and unusual circumstances surrounding President McKinley's death, we should give full credit and honor to the heroic surgeons who, with a moment's notice, gave to the President of the United States everything that science had to offer. As we think, so will the lay press, his countrymen, and the world.

The criticisms of 1881 are not, we hope, to be repeated. The courageous action of Dr. Mann and his associates in performing an immediate laparotomy is more to be commended now than it would have been three years ago; for since our war with Spain and the Anglo-Boer war in South Africa non-intervention in gunshot wounds of the abdomen has been the rule in military surgery. A masterly inactivity in such injuries has had the weighty indorsement of Senn, Nancrede, Lagarde, Parker, and other surgeons of prominence in our army, and Treves, Sir William MacCormac, and others of the English surgical staff. Many of the supposed perforating wounds of the abdominal cavity in the American and English armies recovered without operation. A rule which is applicable and proper in military surgery cannot always be accepted in civil practice. The wounds are different; the facilities and environments are different. The modern rifle ball is small, conical, .303 of an inch in caliber, of great velocity, and cuts like a knife. Such a wound occurring in soldiers with comparatively empty gastro-intestinal tracts —brought about by starvation and diarrhea, common conditions in soldiers—might be recovered from; whereas, a pistol ball, which is usually larger, rounder, and of less velocity, makes a greater and more ragged opening, through which extravasation from any of the hollow viscera injured would almost surely take place. It is also far more likely to carry in clothing and other foreign material which would have a tendency to cause irritation and even sepsis.

It is of interest to recall the fact that the first successful laparotomy for a shot wound of the abdomen was a pistol shot wound of the stomach, successfully operated on by Kocher of Berne in 1884. Kinloch of South Carolina had previously (1882) unsuccessfully operated on a case of multiple wounds of the smaller intestines. The first successful laparotomy for an intestinal wound was by W. T. Bull in 1884.

While the prompt, commendable and praiseworthy surgery at Buffalo did not result, as it deserved to, in the recovery of President McKinley, it has placed the treatment of gunshot wounds of the abdomen upon a firmer and better footing than ever before; just at a time, too, when it had suffered a partial eclipse, on account of the teachings of military surgeons; teachings which are right for the battlefield and emergency hospitals, with their poor equipment for abdominal work, but wrong when one can have the benefit of timely aid from a competent abdominal surgeon in a well-equipped modern hospital.

If in dying this great and good man has advanced the cause of surgery, and has been the means of exterminating anarchy in the country he loved and served so well, then he will not have suffered and died in vain!

It is not unusual for physicians or surgeons to make mistakes in judgment, and therefore it often occurs, when a case is ended and death supervenes, that those who have been in attendance look back and wish they had done a little differently here or there. Such things are liable to occur until the time comes when human judgment is infallible. But reviewing the facts of President McKinley's case from the beginning, so far as they have come to us from reliable sources, and supplementing the reports by all that we can reasonably surmise, we see no reason for the slightest criticism of the surgical and medical treatment. Whatever medical science could do at the present time was apparently done. The administration of a minute quantity of solid food on September 11, which has been criticised, appears to us to have been perfectly justifiable, and that it could have had no ill effect is sufficiently proven by the autopsy. From the prompt acceptance of responsibility by the surgeons at the beginning to the last sad phase, there is nothing in the conduct of the case that calls for self-reproach on their part or justifies criticism of their course by others. It shows more prominently than many cases our limitations, and is in this way humiliating, but this does not in any way detract from the services of those who did all that human wisdom and ability could do.

The medical journal of Philadelphia, "American Medicine," says:

The surgery of the stomach has existed but little over twenty years. It is true that before 1880 occasional recoveries followed wounds of the stomach, more by good luck than good management, and gastrotomy, like Cesarian section, has been practiced all through the Christian era

when surgeons were driven to it; but the last twenty years have revolutionized this branch of surgery. The discovery of anesthetics has made prolonged operations possible; Lord Lister's contribution of antisepsis has made operative intervention practicable with a certainty of recovery which, were it not an everyday occurrence, would be considered miraculous. While in olden times wounds within the abdomen were treated "expectantly" and patients allowed to die of hemorrhage or peritonitis, many lives are now saved by early surgical intervention. In this progress Americans have had no small part. Gross, Parkes and Senn, by their thorough experimental studies, have thrown a flood of light into the study of abdominal surgery. The work of Gross on "The Nature and Treatment of Intestinal Injuries," begun in 1841, was one of the earliest studies of this subject from an experimental standpoint, while Parkes, author of "Gunshot Wounds of the Small Intestines," was practically the first to show, by saving nine dogs out of nineteen by operation, while eighteen treated expectantly all died, that operation offers the best hope for recovery in penetrating wounds of the abdomen.

The advance of surgery since the assassination of the lamented Garfield is so marked as to demand comment, particularly the advance in surgery of the peritoneal cavity. The introduction of scientific and systematic antisepsis and asepsis and a better knowledge of the physiology and pathology of the peritoneum are responsible for this splendid progress. The multiplicity of operations devised and successfully performed upon the stomach, such as gastrostomy, gastrotomy, pylorectomy, and, more recently, the operation for gastric ulcer, have shown the limits and possibilities of gastric surgery. Since 1846, when Sedillot performed the first gastrostomy upon a human being, until the present time, there has been a steady advance. In 1881 Rydygier operated first successfully for ulcer of the stomach, and the next year Czerny also reported a successful resection of a gastric ulcer; now medical literature is filled with reports of practicable operations on the alimentary canal. But it is unfair to compare the statistics of elective operations with the results of accidental and emergency surgery, in which shock, hemorrhage and the escape of intestinal and gastric contents into the peritoneal cavity may have occurred. A review of the statistics of gunshot wounds of the abdomen is not encouraging. In less than five per cent of those in which the peritoneal cavity has been penetrated have the viscera escaped injury. Of any one hundred such wounds

as they occurred during the Civil War there were sixty-four of the intestines, seventeen of the liver, seven and three-fourths of the stomach and kidneys, three of the spleen and one-half of one of the pancreas. The general mortality has been very high, its rate being in our Civil War 87.2 per cent, and in general wars, as tabulated by Otis, 75.1 per cent. Even in the less grave injuries of civil life the mortality until recently has been generally much about 50 per cent. For a long time the results were so unfavorable, whether cases were treated by exploratory laparotomy or by the "do nothing" system, that surgeons were divided as to the proper plan of procedure; but present increased knowledge and experience have brought better results, and all are now agreed that early and rapid operation with arrest of hemorrhage, toilet of peritoneum, removal of irritant and septic material and careful closure of any and all openings in the viscera, offer the best hope of saving life. All observations show that the chances of recovery rapidly diminish in proportion to the lapse of time before operation, the patient rarely surviving a section done a half day or more subsequent to the injury. Korte, Reclus, Nogues, Morton and others have collected statistics giving the death rate after operation varying from 65 per cent to 78 per cent, and personal reports from fifty-five of our American surgeons of all their cases of abdominal gunshot wounds give a mortality rate of 70.66 per cent.

"The Medical News" says in an editorial on "The Mentally Unbalanced in Modern Life," in referring to the shooting of President McKinley:

It would seem as though such occurrences must be more or less inevitable in our modern life, for the unbalanced we have always with us, and the psychological moment that prepares so sad an occurrence as this may not easily be detected. Yet there are certain lessons that the event teaches, certain warnings that it emphasizes. When the struggle for life was severer than at present, many more of the mentally unqualified were eliminated early in life. There is in our crowded world an ever-growing number of individuals to whom chance influences may prove the source of impulses to acts with consequences out of all proportion to the original influence, and it is to be regretted that this country has been chosen as an outlet for an immense number of this class, as well as a general rendezvous for criminals who cannot find a resting place in their own land. There is need, then, for a more thorough and honest control of immigration, and it daily becomes more apparent that not only those who

suffer from physical ills and financial stress should be refused an entrance here, but those whose early surroundings and training have been such as to engender the seeds of anti-social conduct.

PHYSICIANS WHO ATTENDED PRESIDENT MCKINLEY DECLARE THAT THERE WAS NO DISAGREEMENT CONCERNING THE CASE.

Buffalo, Sept. 17.—The following statement was given out to-night by the physicians who attended President McKinley during his last illness:

The undersigned surgeons and physicians who were in attendance on the late President McKinley have had their attention called to certain sensational statements recently published indicating dissensions and recriminations among them.

We desire to say to the press and public, once for all, that every such publication and all alleged interviews with any of us containing criticism of one another or of any of our associates are false.

We say again that there was never a serious disagreement among the professional attendants as to any of the symptoms or as to the treatment of the case or as to the bulletins which were issued. A very unusual harmony of opinion and action prevailed all through the case.

The unfortunate result could not have been foreseen before the unfavorable symptoms declared themselves late on the sixth day and could not have been prevented by any human agency.

Pending the completion and publication of the official reports of the post-mortem examiners and attending staff we shall refuse to make any further statements for publication, and alleged interviews with any of us may be known to be fictitious.

Matthew D. Mann.
Roswell Park.
Herman Mynter.
Eugene Wasdin.
Charles G. Stockton.

While there were no officially recognized discussions among the medical men, it seems certain there were some serious differences of opinion, especially as to whether the fatal bullet was poisoned. There is one satisfaction in the united testimony of the physicians. The case was professionally well handled, and the wound was a death stroke from the start. The cause of death was plainly gangrene. The handkerchief through which the assassin fired was a woman's handkerchief. It was an ordinary

fabric of white cotton, such as can be purchased for five cents. It was of the machine hemstitched variety, about ten inches square. One of the corners was missing, having been burned by the exploding powder, or shot away altogether by a bullet speeding to its mark. At first glance the handkerchief, with two holes near the middle, looked not unlike a mask improvised by bandits with openings through which to see. The two openings, each somewhat larger than a silver dollar, and with fringes singed brown by the flames of burning powder, showed unmistakably where the bullets passed through. The presence of the two holes and a rent was explained by the theory that one of the bullets passed through the handkerchief at a point where it happened to have been gathered momentarily in a fold.

When the President was shot Detective Gallaher was one of the secret service men in the vicinity of the spot where the Presidential reception was being held in the Temple of Music of the Pan-American Fair. He was not by any means the nearest of the group of secret service men, but he was one of the first to pounce on the assassin after the reports from Czolgosz' revolver resounded in the great rotunda.

Other secret service men wrenched the revolver from the assassin's grasp as they fell on him. In the excitement incident to the endeavor to save the murderer from the enraged crowds Detective Gallaher alone surmised that the handkerchief through which the revolver shots penetrated had been used for a "blind."

Only by the circumstance that the handkerchief had caught fire was Gallaher's suspicion aroused. He picked it up, believing that it had been used as a strategem for securing unmolested approach to the President—a view which the Chicago detective heard confirmed later in the confession made by Czolgosz to the Buffalo police.

The fight that the physicians made to save the life of the President is set forth in a most interesting way as follows:

The doctors attending the President defend the administering of food and assert that it was absolutely necessary to do so. The reason for the resulting bad effects they explain by saying that the intestines failed to do their part—not the stomach. As to the food administered it was almost nothing, and, under normal conditions, would not be a mouthful for a child.

One of the surgeons attending the President was told that many people were criticising the surgeons for having permitted the President to eat

toast, because there was a general belief, among laymen at any rate, that toast was a substance that would be gritty and tend to irritate the weakened stomach. In reply he said:

"I know we were criticised, and bitterly, whenever a change for the worse appeared in the President's condition, no matter what we did. If he had recovered, the people would have been grateful to us. People cannot be altogether responsible at such a time and in such matters as this, and we are too human ourselves to expect them to be.

"But about the toast?" The physician held out his index finger and the one next to it and crossed them just below the nail of the index finger. "There," he said, "that is as large as the piece of toast the President had, and it was quite thin, much thinner by half than are my fingers. He merely nibbled at the toast. He had hardly a mouthful of it, not a mouthful, not half a bite altogether. It was given to him not so much as food, but because there seemed to be no better way of removing the heavy coating on his tongue and the inside of his mouth. The coating was disagreeable to him and was endangering his comfort."

The surgeon added that of all the troubles of the surgeons of the last twenty-four hours none was more distressing to them than the way the President's heart acted. Some people have said that the President had a "tobacco heart." This description has not satisfied the physicians. They cannot understand the causes which influenced the action of the heart, and they cannot treat at all conditions which have symptoms which they cannot understand. Altogether the irregularity of the heart action had been the most alarming feature of their day's work.

Concerning the development of intestinal toxæmia in the President's case this explanation is made:

Toxæmia means the presence of a toxin or poison in the system. Intestinal toxæmia means that the toxin is in evidence somewhere within the alimentary canal, between the beginning of the duodenum at the pyloric orifice of the stomach and the sphincter ani. This portion of the alimentary tract is twenty-five feet in length and comprises the small and large intestines. The former is twenty feet in length and the latter five feet.

Toxic products developed in the intestinal canal must of necessity arise from imperfectly digested food. The poisonous substances which thus develop are termed ptomaines. If not swept out of the tract they increase with alarming rapidity and unless checked the entire system

succumbs to the effects of the poison. The heart muscle relaxes and becomes atonic and a fatal termination is inevitably the result. This saturating of the system by toxins developed in this manner is called auto-intoxication. Intestinal toxæmia is more likely to develop in the small intestines, probably in the duodenum, jejunum, ileum, cæcum, or in some portion of the ascending, transverse or descending colon.

The failing heart is aggravated by the conditions of the stomach and remaining portions of the alimentary tract in such cases.

It was said that an irritation at the rectal opening developed as a result of administration of nourishment per rectum by means of a rectal tube, and that in consequence the sphincter ani, the muscle which controls the termination of the large intestine, became relaxed and refused to perform its function. The liquid nourishment could not, therefore, be retained, and it became absolutely necessary to administer food by the mouth.

Conceding that the repair of the stomach had reached a point where that organ could resume its normal activity and perform its function in a satisfactory manner, then, in the opinion of the attending physicians, according to a statement which is vouched for, it made no difference whether the food given in the natural way consisted of liquids or solids. It is further asserted that the stomach did perform its function, but that the intestines failed to respond to the demand made upon them by the partly digested food, after it had passed from the stomach through the pylorus and into the duodenum.

When it is remembered that the most important part of digestion takes place in the intestines and not in the stomach, as was formerly believed, this is an important consideration. The nutritious elements of the food are absorbed from the intestinal walls, and a failure on the part of the walls to perform their function threatens starvation.

In the present instance relaxation of not only the sphincter ani resulted, but relaxation and atony of the entire intestinal tract followed. As a consequence, the partially digested food simply formed an inert mass in the intestines, which were unable either to convert it into stimulating and nourishing products or to expel it. It remained there, for a time, neither more nor less than a hotbed for the production of toxic agents. Hence the early and vigorous employment of cathartics, whose depressing effects the physicians endeavored to counteract by the use of powerful cardiac and respiratory stimulants.

Dr. Mann gave his views as follows:

"The only parts in the abdominal cavity penetrated or touched by the bullet were the stomach walls and the top of the kidney. Pancreas was not touched, although it was involved in the gangrenous process.

"I was surprised, in fact astounded, at the condition of the internal organs revealed by the autopsy. In all my experience I have never found organs in such a state."

"Did you share in the general feeling that the President would surely recover?"

"No, I did not. When the most optimistic feeling existed I said, and was quoted as saying, that Mr. McKinley was not yet out of the woods."

Concerning the Wasdin assertion of poison a distinguished surgeon of New York says:

"First, as to the question you ask me, 'Were the bullets poisoned?' I am most strongly inclined to think so with Dr. Wasdin. You will remember there have been numerous rumors, hints growing stronger and stronger, that the bullets were poisoned? Wasdin's reasoning that they were is almost convincing. Gangrene followed wherever the bullet struck. You just understand the difference between gangrene and peritonitis. Gangrene is local death—putrefaction in effect."

"I have considered the President's condition critical from the beginning," said Dr. B. B. Eads. "I have held this view in that his rapid heart beats and his temperature have not corresponded. The trouble had its seat in the heart and probably had been going on there for years. So far as his treatment is concerned, it was up to date, and I believe that for efficiency and speed the operation was one of the most creditable ever performed."

"I, too, have never felt certain that the President would recover," said Dr. E. J. Senn. "The patient's pulse was always high. The news, while startling to the public at large, did not astonish me, for a high pulse always shows critical conditions."

"This high temperature always showed that the trouble was serious," said Dr. Allen Haight. "When a temperature of 102 comes as a result of a wound it is alarming. The relapse may have been caused by either of two things—pain caused by the failure of the stomach to act or as a result of pressure of gas. So far as we in this city can judge the President had the best of care."

"The President's pulse was rapid enough all of the time to cause

alarm," said Dr. Christian Fenger, "and such a sinking spell as he suffered was not to be considered probable. So far as the sinking spell is concerned, there seemed to be no direct cause for it. The desire of the patient to smoke a cigar was a splendid sign, but it could not, with safety, have been given him, for the effect of smoke on a convalescent is uncertain and may, in weakening the heart, do great harm."

Dr. D. W. Graham was not surprised by the relapse. "A gunshot through the stomach is next in danger to one through the head," he said. "Such wounds always are critical. The sinking spell was not to be wondered at, for the case was grave from the first. His pulse was 146 the first day—a dangerous sign—and while it has been as low as 115, usually ran about 120. Even under ordinary circumstances that is a bad sign. Then, too, if I am not mistaken, there were signs of a tobacco heart. I have no criticism to make on this case, for the President was well attended. If the food taken by the patient caused his sinking no one can be blamed, for the President had been without food for a week. After that time food should be taken through the mouth or the patient would starve.

"The food given him was strictly proper—the toast, the only solid part of it, being wholly unobjectionable. It could not have done any mechanical injury, for the wounds in the stomach heal quickly. Within twenty-four hours after the operation the stitches might have been removed and the stomach might then have stood digestion. I am satisfied that all that could be done by surgical and medical skill was accomplished."

The tragedy of Garfield has never been so well told as in the peroration of Blaine's oration before the Houses of Congress:

"On the morning of Saturday, July 2d, the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure, and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him in his inauguration had been safely passed; that troubles lay behind him and not before him, that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately

disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his alma mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress from the day he entered upon his college course until he attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

"Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident, in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

"Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interests, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for one short moment, in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage, he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes, whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendship, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boys not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demand. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the center of a nation's love, enshrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-

THE EXECUTIVE MANSION (WHITE HOUSE) AT WASHINGTON
(Front View)

The White House is the residence and executive office of the President during his term of office. Here is held the public and private receptions, and here, too, the President usually convenes his cabinet. The lower room to the left is known as the "East-room," where on certain days, throughout the winter, Mr. and Mrs. McKinley received all who chose to pay them a call.

EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE—PRESIDENT McKINLEY LYING IN STATE.

press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With a simple resignation he bowed to the Divine decree.

"As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power has been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from his prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning."

This famous passage of a noble oration will carry the story of the death of Garfield far along with its melancholy beauty, and each mind and heart can apply that which was said of Garfield to McKinley, and in the painting of the deathbed scene find portrayed not only the last scene of Garfield's life, but the lamentable death of McKinley.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE TREATY WITH SPAIN.

The Inside History of the Paris Negotiation as Told in the Confidential "Cables," Chiefly Those of the President, From Which the Injunction of Secrecy Was Only Removed in January Last—This, Until Lately Secret History, Gives the Best Expression of the Methods of the President and His Character that Anywhere Exists—It Is Most Creditable and Gives a Perfectly Authentic Measure of the Man—How McKinley in Public Policy Was the Rock, While Those Against Him Were as the Waves.

It seems to be always clear as the serenity of a cloudless day that it will be written broadly and brightly where all men shall read and understand, that President McKinley's statesmanship in the expansion of our territories, by possessing the archipelagoes of the Pacific that are ours, and dispossessing Spain in the west Atlantic as well as the west according to the American situation for observation, and we may add the Danish Islands which should include Iceland and Greenland, must be regarded as a happy and glorious consummation. It was by no means simply land greediness that commanded the expansion of our territory, to which President McKinley consented. He did not go forth seeking land that he might devour it for the sake of the country. If any one of a dozen Presidents of the days before the Civil War, and perhaps in more than one case since, had McKinley's opportunity, to take Cuba strong handed, and stifle resistance, it would have been improved for the common good—upon the broad ground that we need all the resources we can gather unto ourselves, all the riches of the torrid and arctic climes, as well as of the temperate zone. We need not have so tamely given up the scope of the Pacific coast that is held by England. We have the better part of the Pacific coast, but we ought to have been urgent for more, and asserted the natural rights of the North American power. There has not been a great nation of the earth in three hundred years that would not have taken the three archipelagoes, our possessions in the Pacific, without an hour's actual hesitation. With Porto Rico and the Danish Islands we have a commanding position in the West Indies, and we do not absolutely need Cuba to fortify the Gulf of Mexico—the Mediterranean Ocean of the hemisphere of the Americas.

There was many a sneer at President McKinley on account of his persistently proclaiming the war with Spain was, on our part, one of humanity, but that characteristic of the warfare was the charm of it for McKinley, who had held the course of National policy unswervingly on a straight line. The result will be, Cuba free to govern herself and find the broader freedom under our flag.

Right to that point drifts the serious public opinion of Cuba, and we do not want a miniature South America in the great island so near our shores that there is manifest destiny in magnetic attraction. The policy of the late President was not impetuous or peremptory, but it was the slow but sure and right way. It was not the original purpose of the President to grasp the Philippines, but Dewey's victory made for us at least the use of the harbor at Manila, the naval arsenal at Cavite, and the retention of the command of the wide waters that we gained by the destruction of the Spanish fleet. Dewey provided the American Asiatic squadron a home on the eastward shore, looking from Asia, of the sea of China. The President was the remotest man high in public favor, and with a natural American ambition, to be found in the country from being a filibuster. He was not of the propaganda of the American Presidents Polk, Pierce and Buchanan. He had not even the militant methods of Generals Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, who inherited the proud passion of the West for the mouth of the Mississippi River, and warned Napoleon III. out of Mexico.

Certainly McKinley did not want the West India islands as sovereign states in our Union, and there was wisdom in his reserve. He did not desire to push the Ostend Conference policy that made James Buchanan President, because he was a member of the Conference, and Douglas could not submit his policy of the annexation of Cuba to Pierre Saule. We had already a good deal of Mexican territory to put into shape for auspicious assimilation.

The management of President McKinley that has preserved the peace in Cuba, since the abandonment of her last American colonies by Spain, and has at the same time maintained with dignity our rights, is a masterpiece, and there has been no difficulty of importance, because there was not a Cuban so factious as not to know he could trust the word of McKinley. It was not the design or desire of President McKinley to acquire the Philippine archipelago. He cabled Dewey and called for Merritt, and sought the fullness of information from General Frank Green, and his

first anxiety was that we might occupy one of a thousand islands as a coal station. But the difficulties in the way could not be overcome. There was no native government. We, after destroying Spanish power, had to accept the responsibility of preserving order, and the one way to protect the people we had liberated from European colonization was to hold them for ourselves. Little attention has been given to the official papers in the case of Cuba and the Philippines that were the last to be given to the public, because they were so personal to the President, and the presidential campaign of last year was so controversial touching our new possessions, the rights by which we gained them, the use we had for them, what they had cost and were costing us, what the war was about and when it could be brought to a close, that a thousand shapes of contention arose. There was conflict, and there was a fog of dust and smoke, mist and sand and gravel in the air, that the time did not seem propitious for the trial of the Nation for its official position and proposals, and put into court the evidence.

This testimony is freely available now, and the proof is that first and last and all the time President McKinley was true to his pledges to the Cubans and the Filipinos—meant what he said all the time—had a sense of honor about candor in the matters great and small—was wise, strong, true and fair in the most exact sense of the word. Diplomacy meant to him plain dealing and fair play.

The people who seek the truth of history and prize it do not generally realize, and the history-makers are hardly conscious of, the paramount proof of great transactions that are carried on across continents and through oceans by cabled communications. The most certain, self-evident truth telling about international questions in dispute is to be found in the dispatches telegraphed between the high contending parties. The dispatches that passed between the War Office and the Navy and State Departments and the generals and admirals, ambassadors and commissioners, give the very atmosphere of the debates—the truth as it was, terse and in confidence. The people of our country ought to know the full proportions of the work done by William McKinley during the war and the times before the war—the negotiations that were precarious, the military and naval operations that were rushed by wire. Heretofore history had not the absolute truth in detail to fall back upon. The fact should be brought to the front now and have the electric lights turned on it, that all the people may know for themselves what the

labors of the President were. There is a resource that is new—witnesses that cannot lie—and they are in the aggregate thousands and tens of thousands of telegrams. The President was not only in the bottom secrets, and was the highest authority in them all, but here are bales of news that came by wire. We pass over the presidential supervision of the three departments immediately associated with the war business, where the preparations were made to back our purposes, the taking time, for instance, to get ready for war before declaring it—a point at which there was friction between the President and Congress.

Take the war itself. One end of it was in Asia, and one in Europe, and the storm centers of it were in Cuba and Luzon. The famous dispatch to Dewey at Hong Kong was sent first across the Atlantic, then across Europe, and then across Asia, and opened the war with a thunder clap—a city shaken by the war of our guns, a Spanish fleet in flames, when the war had been declared a week. There was a sense in which McKinley directed all the operations of the army and the navy and of the diplomatic corps and the consular service. It was as easy to send a cable ten thousand or twenty thousand miles giving an order, as for the ranking officer in a fleet to signal a ship a mile or half a dozen miles away. In the Court of Honor bringing out the whole truth of the naval operations at Santiago we have the logs of the several ships, showing what the weather was, what the coal supply was, what the signals were, by whom the codes were understood, the distances at which firing was done, and we know recently the records of the correspondence between the fleets and armies and the War and Navy Departments—that is, with the President himself, who commands all. The chapters of the history of combats are well known. This country of ours, and all countries, know about the battles, but the knowledge of the talk over the wires between Washington City and Paris during the presence in the French Capital of the Commissioners of the two countries, on examination, will soon disclose to the student capable of studiousness that very able men represented at Paris both nations.

The President was as closely on the watch, sitting in Washington, as he would have been if he had been where he could have been consulted in conversation. All our Commissioners represented the President, but Judge Day did so particularly in a personal sense. Judge Day was an old friend and characterized by the President as a man with a "genius for common sense." Secretaries Davis, Frye and Gray were

important representative Senators, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid a scholarly editor with experience of official relations abroad to our foreign affairs.

The call upon the President to go to the bottom of the archives was made Jan. 6, 1899; the injunction of secrecy removed Jan. 31, 1901. It was a year and thirty days after the papers were laid on the table of the Senate until the removal of the injunction of secrecy. It will be remarked that this year included the entire year of the Presidential election. The call for the papers was undoubtedly welcomed by the President. The papers are all such as he would care to have all the world know. The only hesitation that could have been felt on the subject was the respect due to the sensibilities of Spain. The President, in his confidential instructions to the Commissioners, took high ground, and we quote:

"It is my wish that throughout the negotiations intrusted to the Commission the purpose and spirit with which the United States accepted the unwelcome necessity of war should be kept constantly in view. We took up arms only in obedience to the dictates of humanity and in the fulfillment of high public and moral obligations. We had no design of aggrandizement and no ambition of conquest. Through the long course of repeated representations which preceded and aimed to avert the struggle, and in the final arbitrament of force, this country was impelled solely by the purpose of relieving grievous wrongs and removing long-existing conditions which disturbed its tranquillity, which shocked the moral sense of mankind, and which could no longer be endured.

"It is my earnest wish that the United States in making peace should follow the same high rule of conduct which guided it in facing war. It should be as scrupulous and magnanimous in the concluding settlement as it was just and humane in its original action. The luster and the moral strength attaching to a cause which can be confidently rested upon the considerate judgment of the world should not under any illusion of the hour be dimmed by ulterior designs which might tempt us into excessive demands or into an adventurous departure on untried paths. It is believed that the true glory and the enduring interests of country will most surely be served if an unselfish duty conscientiously accepted and a signal triumph honorably achieved shall be crowned by such an example of moderation, restraint, and reason in victory as

best comports with the traditions and character of our enlightened Republic.

"Our aim in the adjustment of peace should be directed to lasting results and to the achievement of the common good under the demands of civilization rather than to ambitious designs. The terms of the protocol were framed upon this consideration. The abandonment of the Western Hemisphere by Spain was an imperative necessity. In presenting that requirement we only fulfilled a duty universally acknowledged. It involves no ungenerous reference to our recent foe, but simply a recognition of the plain teachings of history, to say that it was not compatible with the assurance of permanent peace on and near our own territory that the Spanish flag should remain on this side of the sea."

The masterful tone of this paper cannot escape attention, nor can the lofty sentiment of it be mistaken. The paragraphs we have just quoted contain the keynote of the whole proceeding, and the President permitted no discordant variation. After passing the guiding principles the President said, certainly with a distinction of moderation: "The United States can not accept less than the cession in full right and sovereignty of the island of Luzon. Numerous persons are now held as prisoners by the Spanish Government for political acts performed in Cuba, Porto Rico, or other Spanish islands in the West Indies, as well as in the Philippines. You are instructed to demand the release of these prisoners so far as their acts have connection with the matters involved in the settlement between the United States and Spain."

The concluding paragraph of the instruction is:

"It is desired that your negotiations shall be conducted with all possible expedition in order that the treaty of peace, if you should succeed in making one, may be submitted to the Senate early in the ensuing session. Should you at any time in the course of your negotiations desire further instructions, you will ask for them without delay.

William McKinley."

The date of this document is September 16, 1898. The first telegram from Day of the Commission was dated Paris, September 28, 1898:

"Commission send greetings. All well and preparing for meeting on Saturday. Spanish Commissioners are here. Minister of Foreign

Affairs entertains our body, also Spanish Commissioners, on Thursday morning at breakfast."

Telegrams follow:

Paris, September 28, 1898.

Commission presented to Minister of Foreign Affairs yesterday. Will communicate as to General Greene after we have seen General Merritt, unless you wish to send him at once. Day.

Washington, September 29, 1898.

Present my congratulations to the Commissioners upon their safe arrival in good health, and the auspicious beginning of their important work. William McKinley.

Washington, September 28, 1898.

The order will be issued. General Greene has just arrived and had long talk with him. He is thoroughly well informed. If you care to have him, will direct him to report to you. William McKinley.

MR. DAY TO THE PRESIDENT.

[TELEGRAM.]

Paris, September 30, 1898.

Minister for Foreign Affairs gave joint entertainment yesterday to the two Commissions; passed off very agreeably. Meet for business to-morrow. Commissioners will be presented to the President of France on Tuesday. Can you send word of greeting to him to be delivered at our presentation? Day.

THE PRESIDENT TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

Washington, September 30, 1898.

Answering your telegram of to-day, I request you to deliver to President of the Republic, on the occasion of your presentation, the following message in my name:

His Excellency Felix Faure,

President of the French Republic, Paris:

On this occasion, when the Commissioners of the United States and Spain are about to assemble in the capital of France to negotiate peace, and when the representatives of this Government are receiving the

hospitality and good will of the Republic, I beg to tender to you a most friendly personal greeting and the assurances of my grateful appreciation of your kind courtesies to the American Commissioners.

William McKinley,
President of the United States.

MR. DAY TO THE PRESIDENT.

[TELEGRAM.]

Paris, October 1, 1898.

At our first meeting to-day the Spanish Commissioners by instruction of their Government presented as preliminary to any discussion of a treaty a written communication basing on Article VI of the protocol a demand that the American commission join them in declaring that the status quo in the Philippine Islands existing at the time of the signing of the protocol must be immediately restored by the contracting party that may have altered it or have consented or failed to prevent its alteration to the prejudice of the other. Spanish communication represents that status quo has been altered and continues to be altered to prejudice of Spain by Tagalo rebels, whom it describes as an auxiliary force to the regular American troops, and demands that commissioners jointly declare that American authorities in Philippine Islands must at once proceed completely to restore status quo in territories they occupy and refrain from preventing restoration thereof by Spain in territory not occupied by United States. Spanish commissioners ask for an answer on Monday next. We propose to reply that these demands having been presented to the Government of the United States, were answered by notes of the Department of State to French Embassy of September 5 and 16, and that any further demands as to military operations in the Philippine Islands must be addressed to government at Washington, and consequently that we can not join in the proposed declarations. We await instructions.

Day.

MR. DAY TO MR. HAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

To Secretary of State:

Our answer submitted to Spanish commissioners declining to join in declarations as to restoration status quo in Philippine Islands on grounds stated in our telegram October 1st well received by them. We then submitted articles of the treaty covering Cuba, Porto Rico and

other islands in West Indies and Guam, as provided in protocol. They asked until Friday to consider them. Adjourned to Friday afternoon. Hear Merritt to-morrow. Day.

MR. DAY TO MR. HAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

No. 2.] Paris, October 4, 1898—12:51 p. m.

The opinions of Admiral Dewey, in the possession of the Commission, seem to favor retention of Luzon alone, but appear to have been given in answer to question as to which island in Philippine Islands the United States should retain. If this assumption is correct, will you, if it is deemed advisable, ascertain by telegraph through proper channel, and telegraph us whether Admiral has formed an opinion, and if so what (it) is on the question whether it would be better for United States to retain Luzon, and perhaps one or two small adjacent islands, or the whole group. Day.

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE TO THE PRESIDENT.

[TELEGRAM.]

Paris, October 4, 1898.

I have had great pleasure in receiving the American Plenipotentiaries of the Spanish-American Peace Commission. During the audience Mr. Day read me the telegram which you had the kindness to send me. I am much touched at the sentiment which Your Excellency has had the goodness to express in respect to me, and I thank you very much. I hope that the American Commissioners will have a pleasant memory of their stay in Paris, and I will do my best to make it agreeable. I sincerely trust that the peaceful work of the commission will come to a happy conclusion. Felix Faure.

It will not be overlooked that there must have been a considerable saving of telegraph tolls due to the fact of the brevity of the names of Mr. Day and Mr. Hay.

Mr. Hay, on October 5, 1898, stated that "the President, on the 13th of August, requested Dewey's opinion on relative desirableness of the several islands."

The Spanish Commissioners at Havana construed the protocol in a surprising way, and the President's cable was:

Wade, Habana:

Your message of October 5, giving the differences between the Spanish Commissioners and yourselves, is received. Their claims are wholly inadmissible, and yours are in strict accordance with the protocol and the instructions heretofore given, and must be adhered to.

William McKinley.

Executive Mansion,
Washington, October 7, 1898.

To Day:

There are still 3,500 Spanish troops in Porto Rico. No transports have been provided to carry them to Spain. Longer delay can not be permitted. Can you hasten transports? If troops can not be moved away on or before October 18, then, on that day, possession should be given to the American Evacuation Commission and notice should be so served. Whatever help the American Peace Commission can give in this direction should be given. The Cuban Commissioners are evidently intent upon delay, and they have been notified that the evacuation must be completed by the 1st of December. William McKinley.

MR. HAY TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

Department of State,
Washington, October 13, 1898.

The President sees no reason for departing from instructions already given, but many reasons for adhering strictly to terms of protocol concerning Cuba. We must carry out the spirit and letter of the resolution of Congress. The Commission will use its own best judgment as to pressing to definite conclusions.

Thursday, 3 afternoon. Hay.

MR. HAY TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

Department of State,
Washington, October 14, 1898.

The Secretary of the Navy has just received the following telegram from Admiral Dewey, which is communicated for your information:

It is important that the disposition of the Philippine Islands should be decided as soon as possible, and a strong government established.

Spanish authority has been completely destroyed in Luzon, and general anarchy prevails without the limits of the city and bay of Manila. Strongly probable that islands to the south will fall into same state soon. Distressing reports have been received of inhuman cruelty practiced on religious and civil authorities in other parts of these islands. The natives appear unable to govern. Dewey.

Hay.

MR. HAY TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

Department of State,
Washington, October 23, 1898.

Your numbers thirteen and fourteen received. Your position as to Cuban debt and your proposed procedure in accordance with engagements of note of July 30th are fully approved. Hay.

MR. HAY TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

Department of State,
Washington, October 24, 1898.

The following telegram has been received by the President from Habana:

October 23, 1898.

Believe it not possible under existing circumstances for Spain to complete military evacuation before January 1. From unofficial information have reason for believing that agreement with Spanish Commission may be reached in fixing date. This not to interfere with our taking possession at earlier date in event of completion of evacuation before that time. This statement made for your information and such direction as you may wish to give. Wade, Major General.

To this the President to-day made the following reply:

Answering your message of October 23, you can fix January 1, 1899, for Spain to complete the military evacuation, but it should be done by that time; this date not to interfere with our occupation of such places as may be evacuated at an earlier date or which may require to occupy for military reasons. You must continue to insist that no fixed artillery or military or naval armament shall be removed or disposed of.

William McKinley.

Hay.

There were differences of opinion among the Commissioners of the United States concerning the Philippine Islands, the President strongly inclined to take Manila and the Island of Luzon. This would have been to let Europe in, as was soon understood, and it appeared that if there was to be any rebellion it would be in Luzon, and that if other centers of commerce were found for European colonies the trade would be diverted from Manila. Cushman K. Davis, William P. Frye and Whitelaw Reid said over their joint signatures:

"There is hardly a single island in the group from which you can not shoot across to one or more of the others—scarcely another archipelago in the world in which the islands are crowded so closely together and so interdependent. Military and naval witnesses agree that it would be practically as easy to hold and defend the whole as a part—some say easier, all say safer. Agree, too, that ample and trustworthy military force could be raised among natives, needing only United States officers and a small nucleus of United States troops; also that islands could be relieved from oppressive Spanish taxation, and yet furnish sufficient revenue for the whole cost (of) administration and defense. Great dangers must result from division. Other islands, seeing benefits from our government of Luzon, are sure to revolt and to be aided and encouraged by natives of Luzon, thus repeating in more aggravated form our troubles with Spain about Cuba.

"Visayas already in revolt. Division would thus insure lawlessness and turbulence within gunshot of our shores, with no prospect of relief, unless in Spanish sale of islands to unfriendly commercial rivals, which would probably happen if we hold the most important, Luzon, and release the others. Generally expected now that this would be attempted the moment we released them."

Day would not agree that we "should peremptorily demand the whole Philippine group," and he added: "The insurgents could not be left to mere treaty stipulations or to their unaided resources, either to form a government or to battle against a foe which, (although) unequal to us, might readily overcome them. On all hands it is agreed that the inhabitants of the islands are unfit for self-government. This is particularly true of Mindanao and the Sulu group. Only experience can determine the success of colonial expansion upon which the United States

is entering. It may prove expensive in proportion to the scale upon which it is tried with ignorant and semi-barbarous people at the other side of the world. It should therefore be kept within bounds."

Gray would "not agree that it was wise to take the Philippine Islands in whole or in part." Gray added it was absurd "to say that we will not negotiate but will appropriate the whole subject-matter of negotiation." Hay cabled Day October 26th that "the information which has come to the President since your departure convinces him" that "the cession must be of the whole archipelago or none—the latter wholly unstable and the former therefore be required."

Hay said further this conclusion was reached by the President "after most thorough consideration of the whole subject," and he was "deeply sensible of the grave responsibilities it will impose."

The crisis in the negotiations came in the night. This declaration by the President reached Paris—Day—"Thursday morning, 3." Cable was wired, dated Paris, October 27th, sent the President, as follows:

"Special (No. 17 A) for the President.]

"Our telegram No. 15 to Secretary of State Hay informs you of the question put by us to Spanish Commissioners on Monday. Last night Spanish Ambassador called upon Mr. Reid. Represented that Spanish Commissioners must break off treaty rather than answer it in such wise as to abandon their claims on Cuban debt unless they could get some concession elsewhere. Mr. Reid assured ambassador that we could not assume this debt. The American people and Commission absolutely united upon it without exception and without distinction of party. Ambassador then urged the question to be laid aside until it could be seen if some concessions elsewhere might not be found which would save Spanish Commission from utter repudiation at home; if not, rupture was inevitable. Montero Rios could not return to Madrid now if known to have accepted entire Cuban indebtedness.

"Mr. Reid said Commissioners insisting on settlement of Cuban business now. Ambassador again said that if forced to direct answer on the question now must answer no and break off conference. Mr. Reid earnestly urged them not to take that course, declaring that it must be far worse for Spain. Ambassador then begged him to search for some possible concession somewhere, and inquired about Philippine Islands. Mr. Reid said at first the American people not very eager for

them; believed, however, had practically conquered them when conquered capital, sunk fleet and captured arms, and had right to all of them. Preponderance of sentiment in favor of the taking all, but respectable and influential minority, which did not go to that length. It was possible, he said, but not probable, that out of these conditions the Spanish Commissioners might be able to find something either in territory or debt which might seem to their people at home like a concession.

"To-day Spanish Commissioners presented document now being translated, which we understand accepts articles proposed by us, subject to agreement in final treaty, and invite proposals as to the Philippine Islands from us. After meeting Spanish Secretary said to me that they accepted our articles in the hope of liberal treatment in Philippine Islands; said no government in Spain could sign treaty giving up everything and live, and that such surrender without some relief would mean national bankruptcy. He made further appeal, to which I made no answer except to receive his communication. We shall now be in position to take up Philippine Islands matter. We deem it proper that you should know exact situation before sending conventional instructions on Philippine Islands. We are inclined now to believe that rupture to-day only averted because Spaniards grasped at hint thrown out in the conversation of Mr. Reid last night with Ambassador Day."

Reid's conversation saved the negotiation; and the fruit of the continuance of the negotiation—instead of the war—was the payment of $20,000,000 for the Philippines, and the repudiation of the Cuban debt incurred by the Spaniards. Whether the "suggestion" that had so great a result was Mr. Reid's own proposal is not stated. He seems to have taken the responsibility. The reply of the President through Mr. Hay was delayed a day. Thus explained:

"Washington, October 28, 1898.

"Hay to Day:

"President in Philadelphia. Have sent him this day's dispatches. He returns to-morrow morning. Instructions will be sent to-morrow."

This was dated Thursday, 1:30 afternoon. On that date Hay cabled Day:

"We can not permit Spain to transfer any of the islands to another

power. Nor can we invite another power or powers to join the United States in sovereignty over them. We must either hold them or turn them back to Spain.

"Consequently, grave as are the responsibilities and unforeseen as are the difficulties which are before us, the President can see but one plain path of duty—the acceptance of the archipelago. Greater difficulties and more serious complications—administrative and international—would follow any other course. The President has given to the views of the Commissioners the fullest consideration, and in reaching the conclusion above announced in the light of information communicated to the commission and to the President since your departure, he has been influenced by the single consideration of duty and humanity. The President is not unmindful of the distressed financial condition of Spain, and whatever consideration the United States may show must come from its sense of generosity and benevolence, rather than from any real or technical obligation."

MR. DAY TO MR. HAY.

"Paris, October 29, 1898.

"Telegraphic instructions as to Philippine Islands received. We will, unless otherwise instructed, present on Monday an article to provide for cession of the whole group, together with statement that we are prepared to insert in the treaty a stipulation for the assumption by the United States of any existing indebtedness of Spain incurred for necessary works and improvements of a pacific character in the Philippine Islands. Day."

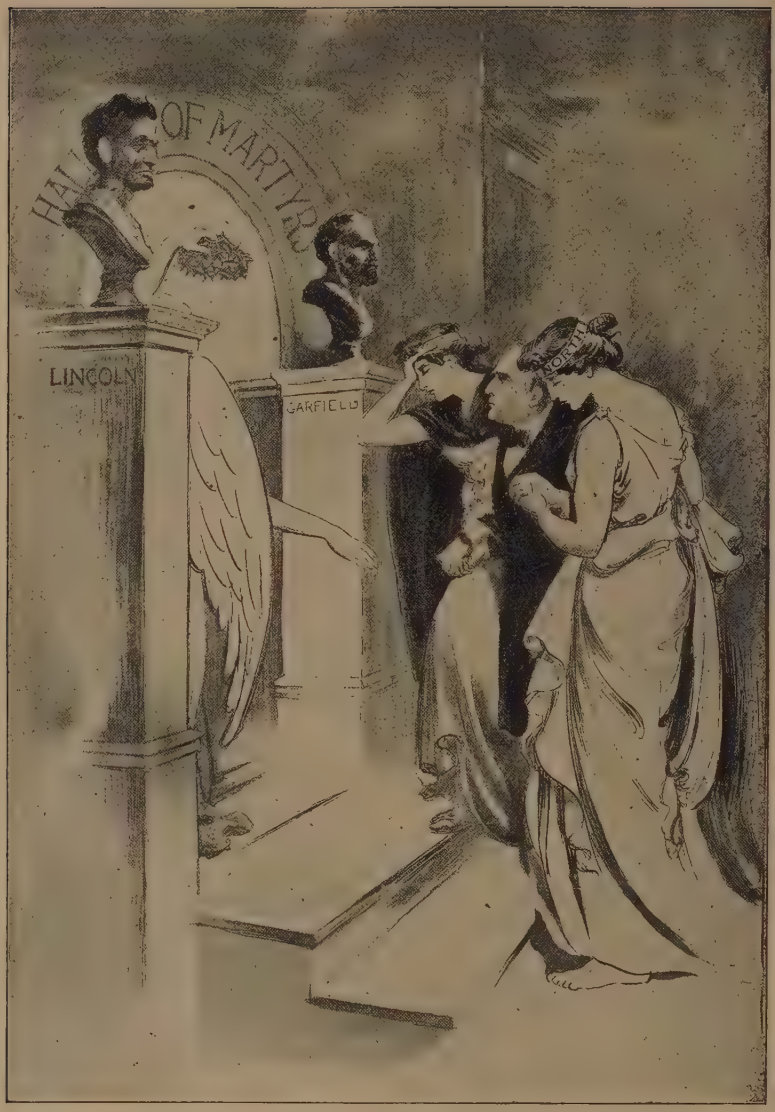
Senator Frye cabled Mr. Adee of the State Department "for the President" that "it seems to me that the most undesirable happening would be our return without a treaty of peace. Yet that is probable in my opinion.

"If the Spanish Commissioners should accede to our demands as at present outlined they could not return home, while our country, it may be, would not justify us in tendering any more liberal terms. Spain made a determined fight to secure concessions as to the Cuban debt, while we were persistent in our refusal to yield anything. Our articles were accepted, but provisionally, for if no final agreement is reached

THE McKINLEY FAMILY PLAT IN WESTLAWN CEMETERY, CANTON, WHERE PRESIDENT McKINLEY WILL REST.

VAULT IN CEMETERY—CANTON, OHIO.

Where President McKinley's Body Was Borne After the Funeral.



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ENTERING THE HALL OF MARTYRS.

they, too, failed. It seemed to me that we might have agreed to use our good offices with any government hereafter established in Cuba to secure the assumption by it of any indebtedness incurred in internal improvements there, and ourselves assume any like indebtedness in the territories finally ceded to us. The amount could not be large. Might we not go further and agree to pay to Spain from ten to twenty million dollars if thus a treaty could be secured? If no treaty, then war, a continued disturbance of business, an expenditure of a million dollars a day and further loss of life. Would not our people prefer to pay Spain one-half of war expenditures rather than indulge in its costly luxury? Europe sympathizes with Spain in this regard exactly.

"The correspondent of the London Times, in his yesterday's letter, criticised severely our attitude. The precedents for the last century are antagonistic to our position. Of course we will not pay debts incurred in the suppression of colonial rebellions. I do not forget that we demand no money indemnity for cost of war to us. It may be because our enemy is bankrupt. I am sorry the Carolines were not taken by us, as they are infinitely more valuable than the Ladrones. If war is resumed I hope orders will be given Dewey to seize at once all of the Philippine Islands, also the Carolines.

"You may be sure I should not make these suggestions if I did not regard a treaty of peace of vital importance to our country and the danger of failure to secure it gravely imminent.

"Sunday, midnight. Frye."

MR. HAY TO MR. FRYE.

[TELEGRAM.]

"Department of State,
"Washington, November 1, 1898.

"Your message marked special received yesterday. The President directs me to say that no one would more deeply regret than himself a failure to make a treaty of peace, and is surprised to hear from you that that result is not improbable. He hopes and believes that your negotiations can be so conducted as to prevent so undesirable a happening. He desires the commissioners to be generous in all matters which do not require a disregard of principle or duty, and whatever the commissioners may deem wise and best in the matter of the debts for internal improvements and public works of a pacific character in the Phil-

ippines will receive his favorable consideration. Nor does he desire the commission to disregard well-established precedents or make any conditions which will not be worthy of ourselves and merit the approval of the best judgment of mankind. If it should be the opinion of the commissioners that there should be paid a reasonable sum of money to cover peace improvements, which are fairly chargeable to us under established precedents, he will give cheerful concurrence. The money payment, if any is determined upon, should rest solely upon the considerations suggested in your message of Sunday night. He desires that you may read this to the commission with your message to him.

Hay."

MR. HAY TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

Department of State.

(Undated; about November 1, 1898.)

Surely Spain can not expect us to turn the Philippines back and bear the cost of the war and all claims of our citizens for damages to life and property in Cuba without any indemnity but Porto Rico. Does she propose to pay in money the cost of the war and the claims of our citizens and make full guarantees to the people of the islands and grant to us concessions of naval and telegraph stations in the archipelago and privilege to our commerce, the same as enjoyed by Spain, rather than surrender the archipelago?

Hay.

MR. DAY TO MR. ADEE.

[TELEGRAM.]

United States Peace Commission,

Paris, November 3, 1898—10 a. m.

(For the President.—Special.)

After a careful examination of the authorities, the majority of the commission are clearly of opinion that our demand for the Philippine Islands can not be based on conquest. When the protocol was signed Manila was not captured, siege was in progress and capture made after the execution of the protocol. Captures made after agreement for armistice must be disregarded and status quo restored as far as practicable. We can require cession of Philippine Islands only as indemnity for losses and expenses of the war. Have in view, also, condition of islands,

the broken power of Spain, anarchy in which our withdrawal would leave the islands, etc. These are legitimate factors. Have written fully.

Thursday, 11:30 morning. Day.

MR. HAY TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

Department of State,
Washington, November 3, 1898.

The President has received your dispatch of this date and awaits your letter. Meantime, however, the question may be ultimately determined. He assumes you have not yielded the claim by right of conquest. In fact, the destruction of the Spanish fleet on May 1 was the conquest of Manila, the capital of the Philippines. The President has confidence that the commission will be able to make a treaty on just and honorable grounds; a failure to do so would be greatly to be regretted.

Hay.

Davis cabled that the situation demanded an ultimatum. Frye favored taking entire group and paying $10,000,000. Day thought Spain might be allowed to keep Mindanao and Sulu group. There was a great deal of cabling, and it came to this from Hay to Day November 13th:

"You are instructed to insist upon the cession of the whole of Philippines, and, if necessary, pay to Spain ten to twenty millions of dollars, and if you can get cession of a naval and telegraph station in the Carolines and the several concessions and privileges and guaranties, so far as applicable, enumerated in the views of Commissioners Frye and Reid, you can offer more. The President can not believe any division of the archipelago can bring us anything but embarrassment in the future. The trade and commercial side, as well as the indemnity for the cost of the war, are questions we might yield. They might be waived or compromised, but the questions of duty and humanity appeal to the President so strongly that he can find no appropriate answer but the one he has here marked out. You have the largest liberty to lead up to these instructions, but unreasonable delay should be avoided. Hay."

Again Hay to Day:

"Washington, November 29, 1898.

"The President wishes to know the opinion of the commission as to inserting in treaty provisions on the subject of citizenship of inhabit-

ants of Philippines which will prevent extension of that right to Mongolians and others not actually subjects of Spain; also whether you consider it advisable to provide, if possible, for recognition of existence of uncivilized native tribes in same manner as in Alaska treaty, perhaps leaving to Congress to deal with status of inhabitants by legislative act.

"Hay."

The definite and final acceptance of conditions by Spaniards was November 29th. December 8th the agreement on articles of treaty was made.

MR. HAY TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

"Department of State,
"Washington, December 8, 1898.

"Your No. 37 received. The President sends to all of you his most cordial thanks and congratulations. Permit me to add my own.

"John Hay."

MR. DAY TO MR. HAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

"Paris, December 10, 1898.

"Treaty signed at 8:50 this evening. Day."

This inside view of a most important matter presents the President to the public as a most masterful Chief Magistrate, dominating and directing the negotiation with perfect calmness—no sign of friction or worry—through the cable-taking command, and above all persisting in consideration of the humanities, or, as Secretary of State Hay states the case, when the President's will was made clearly known and had to be accepted or rejected. Hay said there were things we might yield, "*but the questions of duty and humanity appeal to the President so strongly that he can find no appropriate answer but the one he has here marked out.*" The President's way was the only one.

Perhaps the placid power of the President in overcoming objections to policies that he was persuaded to pursue has its most convincing illustration in the persistence with which the way the President wanted

soon proved to be according to the judgment of the commissioners. The last stand of the Spaniards was reported to Assistant Secretary Moore.

MR. MOORE TO MR. HAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

No. 25.] Paris, November 18, 1898.

Spanish commissioners yesterday presented long paper in which they reply to our last memorandum. Discuss provisions of protocol relating to Philippine Islands, and support by argument their recent proposals thereon. They declare that our memorandum abounds in grave errors of fact and strange doctrines of law, and deny that they have withdrawn their provisional acceptance of our articles on Cuba, Porto Rico and Guam; that acceptance, however, was conditional upon agreement on whole treaty and was given for compensation which might be obtained in other articles for sacrifice of Spain as to debts, but only subsequent development in negotiations is the demand for cession of the Philippine Islands. Spanish commissioners would therefore have been justified in insisting on claims as to transmission of colonial obligations and debts, but have confined themselves to contradicting affirmations to which they could not assent. They quote royal decrees and the text of bonds to disprove that greatest part of the Cuban debt was contracted in the effort first to conquer Cuban insurgents and then to oppose the United States, as well as to show that colonial revenues were primary security for debt.

They maintain legal right of Spain so to contract the debt and the legal validity of the debt so contracted, and cite our demands that Spain suppress rebellion and maintain order in Cuba as a proof of our recognition of her sovereignty in the premises and the legitimacy of its exercise for that purpose; but in concluding this part of the paper they say the duty of defending the bondholders does not belong to Spain; that it is sufficient for her to defend the legitimacy of her action, her perfect right to create the debt and the mortgage by which it was secured, and her strict right not to pay interest or principal except upon proof of insufficiency of mortgaged revenues. The responsibility of failing to apply revenues will rest on those who control them, and not upon Spain, who has not the means to compel the performance of the duty. Spain neither will nor can do anything to impair the rights of

bondholders, who can without great effort demonstrate [the] justice of their cause.

Spanish commissioners then discuss Article III of the protocol and contend that it should be read in light of prior negotiations. They quote telegram of August 1 to Cambon, saying that our demand seemed to lack precision; that Spanish government supposed there was no question in regard to Spain's permanent sovereignty over archipelago and that occupation of Manila, its harbors and bay, by the United States would last only during the time necessary for two countries to agree on administrative reforms. They then refer to Cambon's interview with the President of August 3d and to dispatch of Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs of August 7th, and say that never till now has the United States consented to give concrete form to the idea involved in the phrase "control, disposition and government" of the Philippine Islands. If the United States meant that joint commission should determine the sovereignty of the group by agreeing or disagreeing to its cession to the United States, why did it not say so?

American commissioners say that word "control" must be construed in the sense of authority or command, because that is its broadest meaning in English, but fail to notice that the protocol was also written and signed in French, and that the French word "contrôle" means only investigation or inspection. The word "disposition," while it conveys the idea of alienation in private law, usually means in French distribution according to a certain and determined order. The word "government" may mean the right of administering or exercising sovereignty, but may also signify manner of governing or form which may be given to government. The words therefore do not possess a clear and precise meaning, incapable of doubt or ambiguity, and yet it was the United States, not Spain, that insisted upon retaining them and refused to explain them. Vattel, Volume III, page 197, declares that doubts must be resolved against him who gives the law in the treaty, since it is his fault not to have expressed himself with more clearness. The party who dictates conditions should not be allowed to convert vague or ambiguous terms into bonds to tie up the more feeble contracting party.

In the American note of July 30th it was said that if the terms offered by the United States were accepted in their entirety commissioners would be appointed to settle the details of treaty of peace, etc. Could unexpressed demand for cession of immense territory, with a pop-

ulation of 9,000,000 inhabitants, have been considered as a detail of the treaty? Spanish commissioners here review at some length interviews of Cambon with the President and compare versions thereof, and contend that by the note of Spanish Minister for Foreign Affairs of August 7th government reserved *apriori* its sovereignty over Philippine Islands and that Article III of the protocol can in law bind it only with this reservation, which was never withdrawn. They say that the only objection made in our note of August 10th to Spanish note of August 7th was that the latter was not entirely explicit, owing to various transformations which it had undergone. This, they maintain, could not have referred to paragraph on Philippine Islands, since it explicitly reserved *a priori* Spanish sovereignty over the islands. The Paris conference is therefore authorized to determine only their internal regime.

Spanish commissioners then proceed to support their last proposals as to what should be done regarding Philippine Islands in the treaty of peace. They disclaim intention to assert that General Merritt and Admiral Dewey had knowledge of protocol when they took Manila on August 13th, but refer to the Admiral's message to the governor of Manila of May 1st, threatening to destroy city if all vessels, torpedo boats and warships under the Spanish flag were not immediately surrendered, and say they presume this message will have no place in the chapter of history in which are recorded the services rendered to the cause of humanity of which there is so much ostentation in these days. They also refer to circumstances in connection with delay in taking Manila; that the number of insurgents about the city increased because of postponement of it, and complains of statement in American memorandum that the captain-general fled before the surrender. They maintain that our occupation of Manila pending the conclusion of the treaty of peace was intended and agreed upon merely by way of a guaranty, and that protocol makes no connection between future occupation of the place and the payment of a war indemnity.

They observe that the American commissioners do not in their memorandum argue that suspension of hostilities did not go into effect immediately, but that they endeavor to invalidate the Spanish claim as dilatory. They state that this claim was made twenty-three days after capitulation and inquire what law or practice forfeits such a claim unless presented before the twenty-three days reckoned from the act giving rise to it. Even if the claim had not been then presented, the Span-

ish commissioners might present it now, since they are empowered to ask for a faithful execution of the protocol. They quote from Wharton's International Law Digest that compacts between enemies should be specially adhered to as of immediate interest and duty, not only to the parties, but to all mankind. They combat the argument that occupation of Manila under the protocol is same as or equivalent to a military occupation by conquest.

They contend that (occupation?) by force of a territory which surrenders through an act of war has a special name, which is "capitulation;" and that to call by this name the occupation under the protocol in order to bring it within the terms of the illegal capitulation of Manila after the protocol was signed is an error never heretofore officially or scientifically made. They contend that occupation as a guaranty conveys no greater right than to maintain a military force in that territory till the performance of the principal obligation, and that the occupying party has therefore usually taken care even to stipulate for the taking of provisions for his forces. The occupation under the protocol can not be considered as a military one, since it was not effected by force nor as the result of a belligerent operation. Moreover, it was after August 16th, when the American commanders heard of the protocol, that they began to take possession by military force of the machinery of government, of the public moneys, revenues and imposts.

Spanish commissioners say they might here bring the paper to a close did they not desire to find some way in harmony with sentiments of humanity and patriotism of both commissioners to remove obstacles to peace; this can be done only through the bona fides of both parties; the commissioners are equally divided. The United States does not go further than to claim that under the protocol it has right to ask for the sovereignty over Philippine Islands. It does not claim the right to order the cession to be made. Shall the negotiations then be broken off and hostilities renewed? Can not the good faith of the parties suggest some means of averting these terrible consequences? The commissioners might agree to leave the question of sovereignty over Philippine Islands for direct negotiations between the two governments, and continue meanwhile the discussions of all other points to be embodied in the treaty. This method is, however, attended with the danger of the governments failing to agree. The Spanish commissioners think it more sensible and more sure for the two commissions to

agree to propose to their governments an arbitrator or a tribunal of arbitration to determine the true sense in which Articles III and VI of the protocol should be taken.

If there is any controversy between nations which men of good will should endeavor to settle by justice and equity it is that of a difference as to the interpretation of a treaty. Sovereigns may refuse to submit to judgment of a third party that which affects their honor or even their *amour propre*, but in the modern and Christian world it is inconceivable they should prefer covering earth with corpses and deluging it with human blood to submitting their own opinions on a matter so exposed to fallibility as the sense which a party to a treaty may desire to give it. The United States, say the Spanish commissioners, have to their glory taken among civilized peoples the initiative in appealing to the humane, rational and Christian method of arbitration, rather than inflict bloody war. The Senate of Massachusetts in 1835 approved the proposal for creation of an international court to settle all differences between countries. In 1851 Committee on Foreign Relations recommended insertion of arbitration clause in treaties, and the Senate approved a report in 1853.

In 1873 the Senate again, and in 1874 both Houses of Congress, reaffirmed this humanitarian aspiration; and finally, in 1888, not satisfied with having marked out a line of conduct so laudable, both Houses of Congress adopted joint resolutions requesting the President to use his influence to induce governments maintaining diplomatic relations with the United States to submit questions that might arise between them in future to arbitration. The Spanish commissioners declare the hope that the case before the Paris conference will not lead the United States, by departing from such glorious precedents, to wish to settle the difficulty by the last means which among national and free beings is sadly inevitable, although it may never be lawful, in the absence of other means more humane and tending to preserve unalterable peace among men.

Our commissioners propose to reply to this and reaffirm their previous position, and to make, unless otherwise instructed, the proposal conveyed to you in my special of November 15th, and give the Spanish commissioners a week in which definitely and finally to accept it.

Moore.

November 13th Secretary of State Hay cabled Mr. Day: "A treaty of peace is of the highest importance to the United States if it can be had without the sacrifice of plain duty. The President would regret deeply the resumption of hostilities against a prostrate foe. We are clearly entitled to indemnity for the cost of the war." The statement of the President's views continued that we must find indemnity "in the archipelagoes of the Philippines and Carolines. Porto Rico was not enough.

There was strong opposition to the President's policy by the American commissioners, as displayed in the extremely candid cable communication following:

MR. DAY TO MR. ADEE.

[TELEGRAM.]

Paris, November 4, 1898—2:20.

(For the President—Special.)

Telegram of November 3d from the Secretary of State received. We have not yielded the claim by a right of conquest. Telegram to you on that subject was on the afternoon of discussion with Spanish commissioners. We shall not foreclose important matters without advising you. We are doing all in our power to secure treaty in accordance with your views. In the opinion of a majority of the Commission we shall not promote this end by putting forward the claim that Manila was taken by conquest on May 1st. Subsequent military operations and capitulation, no less than mutual acceptance of protocol, preclude making demand upon that ground. Our opinion as to ineffectiveness of capitulation after protocol has already been stated. Day.

I think we can demand cession of entire archipelago on other and more valid grounds than a perfected territorial conquest of the Philippine Islands, such as indemnity or as conditions of peace imposed by our general military success and in view of our future security and general welfare, commercial and otherwise. I think the protocol admits all these grounds, and that the ground alone of perfected territorial conquest of the Philippine Islands is too narrow and untenable under protocol.

Friday, 3:30 afternoon. Cushman K. Davis.

MR. HAY TO MR. DAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

Department of State,
Washington, November 5, 1898.

Yours of November 4th, special, and that of Senator Davis received. The President has no purpose to question the Commission's judgment as to the grounds upon which the cession of the archipelago is to be claimed. His only wish in that respect is to hold all the ground upon which we can fairly and justly make the claim. He recognizes fully the soundness of putting forward indemnity as the chief ground, but conquest is a consideration which ought not to be ignored. How our demand shall be presented, and the grounds upon which you will rest it, he confidently leaves with the commissioners. His great concern is that a treaty shall be effected in terms which will not only satisfy the present generation, but, what is more important, be justified in the judgment of posterity. The argument which shall result in such a consummation he confides to the Commission. He appreciates the difficulties and embarrassments, and realizes the delicate work before you, but that the commissioners will be able to conclude a treaty of peace satisfactory to the country, justified by humanity and by precedent, is the belief of the President and your countrymen generally. Hay.

MR. DAY TO MR. HAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

No. 20.] Paris, November 5, 1898.

Spanish commissioners, in paper presented yesterday, maintain that demand for whole Philippine Islands violates protocol, which by its terms contemplated only provisional occupation Manila and did not impair Spanish sovereignty over group. They cite circular French Minister for Foreign Affairs of August last announcing to French Ambassadors in Europe the signature of protocol and saying our demand for Philippine Islands was for provisional occupation of Manila by the American forces; also clause of capitulation Manila providing for return of arms to Spanish forces on evacuation of city. They also invoke our argument that Spain is now precluded from bringing forward Cuban debt because she failed to mention it during negotiation of protocol. They quote interviews between the President and Cambon to show that former did not intend to demand cession group, but agreed that

Philippine Islands question should be subject of negotiation at Paris and particularly his declaration that clause in protocol did not decide anything against either government; also refer to answer in Spanish note of August 7th to demand as to Philippine Islands as showing their government's understanding thereof, and argue that United States by omitting to deny admitted correctness of that understanding. They further maintain that nothing has occurred since signing of protocol to justify United States in enlarging demands.

As to our proposal to assume debts for pacific improvements, they say archipelago burdened with debt 400,000,000 pesetas, or $40,000,000, secured by mortgages on revenues Manila custom-house, vesting in third parties of various nationalities rights which do not belong to Spain. They declare and say that they hope there will be no necessity to repeat that Spain can not and ought not, since respect for others forbids it, to agree in any treaty to anything implying impairment or suppression or even disregard of private rights of others against the will of their legitimate and special proprietors. They say there are besides unsecured colonial debts. These likewise forbid acceptance of American proposal which involves revision of legitimate acts of internal sovereignty, the debt having been lawfully contracted. Any inquiry whether proceeds were judiciously invested is inadmissible on grounds of national self-respect or as affecting obligation of debt.

Spanish paper then discusses armistice; maintains ineffectiveness capitulation of Manila, and holds acts of military administration unlawful, such as taking public funds, collecting revenues, and controlling courts and police; and specifically complains of alleged release on September 21 of thirteen prisoners in jail for common crimes, which it describes as an unheard of act. On points of law they cite article 140 of our instructions to armies in field, Halleck's International Law, and Field's Code, and say that, according to authorities and the protocol, treaty of peace should provide for immediate delivery of Manila to Spain, immediate release of garrison, return to Spanish Government of all funds and public property taken by American army since its occupation of place, and all taxes collected, and indemnification of Spain for damages occasioned by detentions Spanish troops resulting in spread of Tagalo insurrection and involving ill-treatment of Spanish prisoners.

In conclusion, Spanish commissioners invite American commission-

ers to present a proposition in accordance with articles 3 and 6 of the protocol, and covering obligations of United States growing out of acts of war committed after signing of protocol, in seizing Manila and doing of things in excess of rights under article 3. We have word of French minister for foreign affairs that statement in his circular was oversight and will immediately be corrected. We are preparing reply to Spanish paper to be presented at next joint meeting on Tuesday afternoon.

Saturday, 6 afternoon. Day.

MR. DAY TO MR. HAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

No. 21.] Paris, November 9, 1898.

In order to finish copying answer to Spanish paper on the Philippine Islands, we asked postponement of meeting yesterday from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m. Spanish commissioners replied that they had engagement later in the afternoon, and suggested postponement till 2 to-day. We met accordingly this afternoon and presented answer. We repel Spanish assumption that we base our demands as to Philippine Islands on concessions in the protocol, as in the case of Cuba and Porto Rico, but we maintain that by third article we reserved and secured full and absolute right to make demands in future, and that our present demands are justified by and are included in the terms of the protocol. We also deny that provisions of the protocol can be qualified or limited by anything in Spanish notes prior to its signature. We show by review of the negotiations and of interviews at Executive Mansion that protocol was made only because Spanish response of August 7 was unacceptable.

We quote to same effect from French Yellow Book telegram of Mr. Cambon transmitting draft of protocol and saying United States had decided to state precisely (preciser) therein the terms on which negotiations for peace would be undertaken. We quote in full note of Secretary of State to Cambon, of August 10, and show that our interpretation is justified by written correspondence, conversations at Executive Mansion, and terms of protocol. We go over this ground at length. We express surprise at apparent renewal of Cuban debt question so soon after it was waived. We quote their language as to not wishing to have to refer to this again, and as to not permitting any discussion of

certain phases of the question, characterizing this as language unusual in diplomacy unless to convey a deliberate ultimatum. We then inquire again as to final intentions of Spanish commissioners upon this subject. We call attention to admitted fact that considerable part of proceeds Cuban loans was expended in prosecuting war against United States, and inquire if they mean to be understood as refusing to permit any consideration of this expenditure.

We then take up question of capitulation of Manila, and maintain that our powers as occupant under the protocol are the same in all respects as to government and administration as under capitulation. In closing, we refer to another aspect of capture of Manila; noting that Spanish commissioners complain of it as occurring a few hours after signature of protocol, we ask if just and impartial mind might not consider why not captured before—namely, through humane desire to save city and Spanish residents from dreaded vengeance of insurgents, and suggest that men to whom that humane delay was due, General Merritt and Admiral Dewey, were entitled to better treatment than their insinuation of needless slaughter and conscious violation of protocol.

Our answer covered fifty typewritten pages. Spanish commissioners asked till Saturday to study it, and reserved right to ask, if necessary, for more time. At this, the next meeting, we may need to outline definite and final propositions on whole question of Philippine Islands, including possible cash payments.

Wednesday evening, 9:30. Day.

MR. DAY TO MR. HAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

No. 22.] Paris, November 10, 1898.

We have information Philippines debt as follows: Prior to insurrection, August, 1896, colony paid its way by local taxes and moderate tariff. After war began captain-general instructed to draw from prosperous local banks, such as deposit bank, local savings bank, and Banco Hispano-Filipino. He also obtained advances from friars. Expenses increasing, colonial minister empowered to draw on funds raised for expenses Cuban war, which he did to the extent of $7{,}660{,}403^{13}/_{100}$ pesos, or dollars. Expenses still increasing Government was authorized by law of Cortes, tenth June, 1897, published Madrid Gazette 29th June,

to grant general guarantee of nation for operations of credit which would be necessary for Philippine Islands in consequence of disturbances there. Then royal decree 28th June, 1897, authorized colonial minister to issue four hundred thousand hypothecated bonds of Philippine Islands treasury, at six per cent, redeemable at par in forty years, with special guarantee of Philippine Islands revenues and general guarantee of Spanish nation.

The issue consists of one series of two hundred fifty thousand bonds of five hundred pesetas each, and another of one hundred and fifty thousand bonds of one hundred pesos each; first series reserved for issue in Spain, two hundred thousand immediately placed, and fifty thousand kept back by minister for the colonies and placed later on, also in Spain; second series intended for Manila, part to reimburse advances and rest to be placed there. This loan produced $38{,}570{,}494^{27}/_{100}$ pesos net. Madrid Gazette, 20th October, 1898, shows that of this sum $19{,}891{,}800^{60}/_{100}$ were used for war in Philippine Islands; $7{,}660{,}403^{13}/_{100}$ reimbursed to Cuban treasury, and $10{,}938{,}477^{2}/_{100}$ advanced to same, leaving balance 13th June, 1898, to credit of Philippine Islands treasury of $79{,}813^{50}/_{100}$ pesos. Nothing in Gazette or other official document shows any part of this loan applied to purely local purposes or objects of utility. It is said that not 5 per cent of Philippine Islands bonds have been placed outside of Spain and colonies, and of fifteen million intended for Manila between ten and eleven million actually placed there and rest returned to Spain and placed easily, chiefly in Barcelona.

You may expect very shortly a telegram embodying views of American commissioners on Philippine Islands question. Day.

PEACE COMMISSIONERS TO MR. HAY.

[TELEGRAM.]

No. 23—Special.] Paris, November 11, 1898.

Our commissioners desire definite instructions as to Philippine Islands as soon as practicable. The following statements embody individual expression of their views upon the subject.

Moore.

(1) Holding the view that the Philippine Islands group is likely to prove a burden rather than a benefit to the United States, I would minimize our holdings there to the lowest point consistent with our obligations. This view I undertook to express in my telegram of October 25.

Our advantage is a naval and commercial base in the East. More than this we should not seek. Our obligations seem to require us to take Luzon and islands so near as to be essential thereto. Assuming that the President and Cabinet have determined to take whole group, then I believe we will be justified in paying lump sum, say fifteen millions, recognizing that we are dealing with a bankrupt people; that Spain loses her colonies, the revenues of which are charged with outstanding debts, and parts with a considerable portion of her revenue-producing domain. I would assume no part of the so-called Cuban and Philippine Islands bonded debt.

Rather than fail to secure treaty of peace I think demand for whole group might be so modified as to let Spain keep Mindanao and Sulu group without conditions, paying same sum as above indicated. These islands with money payment would be a substantial concession. In that alternative we might secure one of the Caroline group as naval station and at the same time safeguard our interests and people there.

Day.

(2) Favor taking the entire group and paying ten million dollars in gold, a fair estimate of debt properly chargeable to the Philippine Islands. If necessary to secure treaty, and I believe it is, I would take Luzon, Mindoro, Palawan, also Ponape of the Carolines, paying from five to ten millions of dollars. I would require: First, free interchange of products of the islands for consumption there, also that products of other islands in group intended for export from Manila be admitted free with distribution of goods imported into Manila to other islands without additional duties. Second, the right of entry into such ports of the Philippine Islands as are not ceded, upon terms of equal favor with Spanish ships and merchandise in relation to port and customs charges, while Spain shall have similar rights as to her subjects and vessels in the ports of any territories in their Pacific Islands ceded to the United States. Third, charges against American vessels for entry into peninsular ports of Spain no higher than imposed on Spanish vessels in American ports. Fourth, in all ports of these islands remaining under Spanish rule our citizens shall have all questions at issue tried before an American consul or other duly qualified American officer. Fifth, all persons held by Spain for political acts performed in Cuba, Porto Rico, Ponape, Guam, or the Philippine Islands to be immedi-

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AND FAMILY.

The above picture shows the interesting family of President Roosevelt as they appeared in the early nineties. There are now six children, ranging from the eldest, a young lady just entering society, to the youngest, about Kindergarten age.

WILCOX MANSION—BUFFALO.

Where Vice President Roosevelt took oath of office as President of the United States.

LIBRARY OF THE WILCOX MANSION—BUFFALO.

WHERE THEODORE ROOSEVELT WAS SWORN IN AS TWENTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

KEY TO PICTURE.—1—Where President Roosevelt stood. 2—Secretary Long. 3—Secretary Wilson. 4—Secretary Hitchc
5—Ansley Wilcox. 6—Private Secretary Loeb. 7—Secretary Root. 8—Postmaster-General Smith. 9—Senator Depew. 10—Dr. Ma
11—Dr. Stockton. 12—Judge John R. Hazel. 13—Group of Newspaper Men. 14—Mrs. Ansley Wilcox. 15—Miss Wilcox. 16—Mrs. A
G. Milburn. 17—Mrs. Carlton Sprague. 18—Mrs. Mann. 19—Mrs. Charles Carey. 20—Dr. Charles L. Carey. 21—Carlton Spra
22—M. P. Sawyer. 23—John Scatcherd. 24—Robert Scatcherd. 25—George L. Williams. 26—George R. Keating. 27—William Jeffe

ately released. Sixth, absolute freedom of religion in the Philippine Islands, Ladrones, and Caroline Islands. Seventh, United States shall have the right to land cables on any of these islands and the tolls for messages on our trans-Pacific cables or interisland lines shall be regulated by the Government of the United States. Eighth, United States shall have the right to extend its submarine cables from Porto Rico, via the Canaries, to the coast of Africa or Spain and thence to any Spanish Mediterranean island. Apply so many of these articles as may be necessary if the entire Philippine Islands group is taken.

Frye.

(3) The undersigned begs to say that, while adhering to the views expressed in his telegram of the 26th October, he is of the opinion that it is immensely important to the country that we should not separate without the conclusion of a treaty of peace. A renewal of the state of active war, even if Spain's resistance be continued feeble or none at all, would compel us to seize with the strong hand all of her colonial possessions. This is not a rôle that is desirable for the United States to assume. We have achieved all and more than we went to war to accomplish, and Spain has conceded it in a protocol. The same protocol left the fate of the Philippine Islands to be determined by a treaty to be thereafter concluded between the two countries. The stipulation was not that it should be determined as the United States should dictate, but by a treaty between the parties. This necessarily leaves it open to a negotiation which must result in an agreement which implies a quasi freedom of consent by Spain as well as by the United States. If that consent can not be obtained we are relegated to the state of active war which the armistice suspended, and the sword will again be drawn and the conquest completed. Though Spain makes no physical resistance, she will state her case to the world as having consented to do all that she promised to do in the protocol, but that she could not subscribe to terms which she had no right to expect.

It would, in the opinion of the undersigned, be most unfortunate if the United States should feel compelled to abandon the high position taken at the beginning of the war and, instead of crowning their triumphs by setting an example of moderation, restraint, and reason in victory, act the part of a ruthless conqueror. Believing that the result

of a failure to obtain a treaty would be the forcible seizure of the whole Philippine Islands group, an event greatly to be deprecated as inconsistent with the traditions and civilization of the United States, I would be willing to take the islands by the cession of a treaty of peace, and I would, to that end, make such reasonable concessions as would comport with the magnanimity of a great nation dealing with a weak and prostrate foe. I mean that I would prefer the latter alternative to the former, not that I have changed my mind as to the policy of taking the Philippine Islands at all. George Gray.

(4) Our duty not to return to Spain any territory in which we have broken down her rule has been enforced in our instructions from the outset. Furthermore, the right of a nation which has been successful in a war forced upon it to exact an indemnity afterwards for the cost of the war is recognized. Adding pensions and other proper items to this cost as already tabulated, we have a total of between two hundred and fifty and three hundred millions. Spain is without money or the means of procuring it, and can therefore pay us in nothing but territory. She has so far given us only Porto Rico. How far does that go towards repaying our outlay in cash, to say nothing of the derangement of business and loss of life? For a standard of valuation we may perhaps refer to the five considerable purchases of territory we have made within a century and the others we have considered.

We paid twelve million for Louisiana; five million for Florida; fifteen million for territory acquired from Mexico under the treaty of Guadaloupe, including New Mexico, Colorado (and) California; ten million for territory acquired in like manner by the Gadsden purchase; and seven million two hundred thousand for Alaska. We once offered seven million and a half for St. Thomas and St. Johns, and later could have had that whole group for five million. For Cuba we once talked of paying one hundred million, and at another time a hundred and twenty-five million. Taking this last as coming nearest to fixing a standard of value in the present case, we may reckon that Porto Rico, farther from us, less important to the protection of our coasts, and only one-twelfth size, though with nearly one-half as much population, could not by any possibility be regarded as indemnity for more than forty or fifty million of our just claim. Even if Cuba were added in its present devastated and depopulated condition, the present valuation of the two

would not repay the outlay forced upon us by the war; but we have all along refused to take Cuba. What else has Spain with which to repay us except the archipelago, which lies at our mercy with its capital in our possession? Its area is just about two and a half times that of Cuba, but instead of being near our coasts it is halfway around the globe from us. Some of our people think it worthless to us, and probably few that it could be valued so high as the remaining two hundred or two hundred and fifty million of our cash outlay; but it is an asset of some sort—whether to develop or to dispose of—and we ought now to retain the power to do either as the Government and the people on fuller knowledge may determine.

Are at the end of six weeks of fruitless negotiation (one-half longer than it took France and Germany to agree upon their first treaty of peace after their last war); this suggests to me now the desirableness of our calling time on the Spanish commissioners, and giving notice that we must either make some progress or close the protocol. At the same time, in our own interest, we must shrink from renewing the war, even in name, over our prostrate foe, and must take into consideration the great desirableness of securing a definite and permanent treaty of peace. To do this I would be willing to make some concessions from our just dues if sure they could not be misinterpreted and used as a pretext for greater delays and further unreasonable demands.

I would be willing, as one proposition, under such conditions and only as a certain means of speedily securing a treaty, to leave Spain, Mindanao and the Sulu group in the southern part of the Philippine Islands—that is to say, the Mohammedan part of the archipelago, being about one-third of it—and take instead all the Carolines and the Ladrones, while making stringent requirements as to the freedom of religion as well as forbidding Spanish restrictions on trade with the rest of the Philippine Islands. I would not compromise our position on the Cuban debt by doing anything to recognize that of the Philippine Islands, it being apparent that it was used to prosecute the war against insurgents, partly in the Philippine Islands and partly in Cuba; but rather than lose a treaty and resume hostilities I would, as another proposition, be willing to take the Carolines in addition to all the Philippine Islands, and in return for the Carolines and for past pacific expenditures in them and in the Philippine Islands I would be willing to give a lump sum of from twelve to fifteen million dollars,

providing ultimately for this sum out of the revenues of the islands; and, finally, as a last concession from this second proposition, I would not sacrifice the treaty for the sake of retaining Mindanao and the Sulu group.

Whitelaw Reid.

(5) It is my opinion that the existing situation requires that the United States present without much delay an ultimatum insisting upon the signature of a treaty for the cession by Spain of the entire Philippine Islands archipelago, Porto Rico, and Guam and the relinquishment of sovereignty over Cuba. I am also of the opinion that we should pay no money to Spain on account of her debt or on any other account whatsoever, and that we should so declare in an ultimatum, if necessary. It now appears that Spain has paid nothing for any pacific improvements in the Philippine Islands. They have all been paid for by the proceeds of local taxation of the islands. I believe that one of the purposes of Spain in protracting these negotiations is to entangle the United States with some of the European powers. The Spanish commissioners have reoccupied their first position, that the United States shall assume or be bound for the so-called colonial debt, and it is plain that so long as her commissioners thus contend the negotiation stands just as it did as its beginning. I do not believe we shall ever get a treaty except as a result of such an unyielding ultimatum.

Friday morning, 29th.

C. K. Davis.

The treaty was very much as the President cared to have it. He made some concessions, but carried the substantial points. The powerfully drawn opinions of Davis and Day were allowed to float aside. This chapter of history should put an end to the impression, which has been with such assiduity cultivated, that the President was easily managed. The fact is he managed the managers, and the "Bosses" knew the limitations of these pasture lands. President McKinley was not a yielding disposition. He had that reputation very erroneously. The fact is that he was very firm in his convictions, that his courtesy and consideration for others caused a misunderstanding. He always stood out for the important points, gaining them by conceding those of minor importance. If he yielded what seemed to be an important point, it was to gain one more important. He had his way to a most remarkable degree, while seeming

to be compliant. His policy, his personal force, dominated Congress more than any President I have ever known, and without creating ill-feeling. Men were yielding to him, and giving him his way, when they thought they were overcoming the presidential will. No matter that he set his mind on having go his way, ever failed to do so. He wanted reciprocity to be sure, but up to the time of his death he had not set his heart upon it, but his Buffalo speech showed that he was going to fight for it. It was in a sense unfortunate for him that there was a misapprehension as to his being pliable—it gave him the reputation of being easily influenced, but that diplomatic pliability enabled him to secure his way with less difficulty. He won, and those who did not wish him to do so did not learn until later that he had. The general public has regarded Senator Hanna as all-influential, but Hanna often truly told his personal friends that he could not move McKinley, and, in consequence, was thought insincere when he had simply failed. The latter quietly and unobtrusively ruled, and ruled his cabinet equally with others. That which is thus proven in the history of war is demonstrated also in the story of peace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT McKINLEY.

His Dying Recognition of "God's Way"—The Death of Mr. McKinley an Impressive Testimony—The Poetry About the Tragedy—The Keynote of Faith in Life—Dr. Talmage on McKinley's Religious Character.

"It is God's way," were the dying words of William McKinley, President of the United States, and there was a momentous depth in the simple words. There was no man on the face of the earth who had fairer and grander prospects for doing good than he. His speech of the day before declared how busy his mind was with the great future of his country, how he had mapped out for himself an enormous task of good-will labor. He had succeeded in so many things, he had confidence in the achievements of the hereafter in America. In a moment had been revealed to him the vision of sudden death. It came in a bloody mist of murder. He told his faithful secretary to be careful how the truth would reach his wife, and he bore up bravely. He had been at school in war, and said to the surgeons when they had him on the table, and when he knew they were men of science, that he was in their hands. All at last was in vain, and the dark way he was to go was "God's way." He was a believer in Christianity, humbly, truly, devotedly. He was an observer of the golden rule. It is said of him that for thirty-five years he never failed to find a service of religion on Sunday, and there are few men in the world of whom that can be said so unreservedly.

There is this to say as to the result: The death of McKinley—wonderfully as the Master died—has given an impulse to Christian feeling, and lifted up broken hearts and comforted mourners by the sublime example extraordinary in the annals of the profession, expansion and elevation of the influence of the Christian faith.

The tragic death of President McKinley has moved all sorts and conditions of the American people to express their emotions in verse. During the past week the Inter Ocean mentions that it has received about one hundred poems upon various phases of the sad event. Not one of them, so far as a rather extensive acquaintance with current literature

can judge, has come from a "professional" poet—one to whom the writing of verse is the principal business of life. Such poets doubtless realize from experience the difficulty of doing their best work "off-hand," and are waiting until their emotions are clarified by reflection that they may then, perchance, be able to sing of the nation's fallen leader some song that will give the singer lasting fame.

Such an attitude betokens an ambition altogether worthy, but the average man knows not its impulses. He simply seeks to express his feelings, and if he possesses anything of the lyric on such occasions it dominates. He pauses not to think of niceties of form, but out of the abundance of his heart his mouth speaks and his pen writes. Two or three of the poems received are the productions of working newspaper men, who do not consider themselves poets in the highest sense, but whose training has given them facility of expression and whose emotions move them at such times to poetic endeavor. But the great majority come from men and women—whether of formal education or lacking its advantages—who would not ordinarily dream of trying to write poetry. They are men of business and of the professions and of the mechanic arts. They are women engrossed with the care of homes and children. The grief that moved a nation has lifted them for the nonce out of their everyday lives, and with hands often unaccustomed they have taken up the pen to try and tell what they feel.

Many of these poems, however, while technically defective in some respects, contain fine and original ideas. They are diamonds in the rough, which need but a little more polish to bring out their latent beauties. Although the writers were not poets by profession, the great impulse of a nation's grief has made them such for the time. And to the reflective and patriotic mind those "artless strains of unpremeditated song" are more valuable than the products of the deliberate skill of the professional writer. They are songs right out of the people's hearts, and it is a great thing for any man to have inspired so general and genuine an outburst of sincere feeling.

These songs we reproduce with the annotations that accompanied their original publication.

Of all the poems received the first that follows seems to strike most clearly the general note of emotion over the nation's loss. Critics of the kind that censured Rudyard Kipling's "Recessional" may also say that these lines contain nothing positively new. Yet, as the "Reces-

sional" was seen to sum up an age and a nation's place in the world, so this sums up the American people's present emotions of sorrow, hope and faith:

LUX E TENEBRIS.

"Nearer to thee;" with dying lips he spoke
The sacred words of Christian hope and cheer,
As toward the Valley of the Shadow passed
His calm, heroic soul that knew no fear.

"Thy will be done;" the anxious watchers heard
The faint, low whisper in the silent room;
Earth's darkness merging fast into the dawn,
Eternal Day for Night of somber gloom.

"It is God's will;" as he had lived he died—
Statesman and soldier, fearing not to bear
Fate's heavy cross; while swift from sea to sea
Rolled the deep accents of a nation's prayer.

"Dust unto dust;" in solemn state he lies
Who bowed to Death, yet won a deathless name,
And wears in triumph on his marble brow
The martyr's crown, the hero's wreath of fame.

Chicago. George T. Pardy.

The next shows, perhaps, a more delicate imagination and great deftness of expression. It is the man of letters rather than the average man's poem, but it is beautiful in itself, and well worthy of remembrance. At least one line—"Mankind stands at salute"—displays a breadth of vision deserving the highest praise:

MANKIND AT SALUTE.

Where meets the touch of lips—
Where closes clasp of hand—
Where sail the stately ships—
Where blooms each flowering land;
Where palm and pine trees shed
Their balm of bough and leaf,
A world bends low its head
In brotherhood of grief.

Out of the distance, infinite, vast—
  Echo of myriad marching feet—
Riseth a prayer when all is past
  "Take him, O God; his life was sweet."

Where sultry sun beats down—
  Where shining ice fields gleam—
Where pathless forests frown—
  Where languid islands dream;
Mankind stands at salute
  Wherever thought has birth;
A universe is mute,
  A dirge goes round the earth.

Out of the distance—mystical, tender—
  Whispered appeal to forever endure—
Riseth a prayer to the Great Defender,
  "Take him, O God; his life was pure."

Where breathes a clown or king—
  Where prince and pauper stride—
Where races sigh or sing—
  Where woe or pomp abide;
Downcast and soft of tread,
  Churl, statesman, beggar, slave,
Walk for a moment with the dead—
  A world weeps at a grave.

And out of the distance, falling, falling —
  Murmured appeal for the martyred dust—
Cometh the prayer of the nations calling:
  "Take him, O God, his life was just."

Chicago. Harold Richard Vynne.

Several writers expressed the general feeling that not so much William McKinley the man as liberty herself and the majesty of law were assailed by the assassin, and that it was time for all law and freedom loving men to stand up against the spirit of destruction that prompted so vile a deed. Different phases of this emotion are well expressed in the two following poems:

PLEDGE WE OUR FAITH!

The waves of pain break o'er the land,
  From East and North and South the woe

Streams to the ocean and the gulf, and West
The continental flow
Sweeps o'er the mountains to the wondering sea—
A mighty people writhes in agony.

Arouse we from this useless grief,
Americans of might!
Cast off the antique shackles of the law,
And wreak a vengeance right!
Nay! Our majestic dead forgave, and we
To honor him must be what he would have us be!

Yet it is hard, this bitter cross
To suffer under heaven,
When we did hold our hearts and pray,
And death's the answer given—
Though dead he speaks from his supernal day:
"Ascend the path of pain, this is God's way!"

Thy will be done," he said, and we submit;
We will be strong and brave;
We thank Thee for our heroes all,
Each in his honored grave.
And here upon this consecrated sod
Pledge we our faith anew to Fatherland and God!

Chicago. F. P. Ramsay.

THE HEART OF LIBERTY.

Oh, great departed, nations—nay, a race—
Beside thy sacred tomb, with face wet
With tears, are mourning one who grandly died;
Not deck'd in warrior spoils; not one who dragg'd
A groaning train of conquered provinces
Behind his chariot; but one who led
The hemispheres in triumph at the wheels
Of Peace. Not one who paid the price of death
For high Ambition's bauble; one who bound
The laurel to his brow with heart-strings. Nay—
But one who died with hands outstretched to bid
Us love and guard our liberties; and blessed
Us with his latest breath of pain, then laid
Him down to martyrdom and truest glory.

No enemies thou hadst; but foemen, yes,
Who joined the battle with a foeman's love
Of great antagonists. No garland on thy bier
Is laid with gentler high regard than blooms
That grew in hostile gardens. Ne'er a sob
Of comrade of the self-same standard pays
A truer tribute than the tears that fall
From the eyes that loved another banner more.
Thy death doth pay the ransom of a cause
That rallies all the world beneath its flag.
The hand that snapped thy thread of life struck not
At thee. It knew no malice save the hate
Of Liberty; it sought her heart, not thine;
Beside thy tomb we bow and consecrate
A new devotion to the heritage
Thy wounds have left us. From thy Calvary
Of pain, whereon thou died from weal of all
Mankind, we lift and lay thy body down
To sleep. Already is thy better part
Arisen, and thy sacrifice not vain.
Thy life hath made the dead more dearly brave
By teaching us a higher love for what
They died for; and thy world-wept death hath made
The living freer than were e'er the dead.

Kansas City, Mo. Frank A. Marshall.

The treachery and cruelty of the attack were commented upon by many writers. Of the poems of this class the following are perhaps the most striking specimens:

"THEN BURST HIS MIGHTY HEART."

With kindly eyes and outstretched hand he stood
Among his people, giving friendly greetings.

Then one came there whose bandaged hand betokened
Some bitter pain. McKinley forward leaned
With instant sympathy. The treacherous hand
The bandage shook away, and smote him down!

Then from those kindly eyes there came a look
Whereof men speak in whispers, vainly seeking
For words to tell the grief it more than spoke.

As mighty Julius looked upon the friend
Whose dagger took his life, e'en so McKinley,
Whose every thought was for his countrymen,
Gazed with a breaking heart when forced to know
That one of these, his people, so beloved,
Had sent that murderous bullet to his breast.
That knowledge slew him—broke his loving heart—
He closed his eyes and prayed, "Thy will be done,"
And sank to rest; but they who saw that look,
So piteous and forgiving, understand
What Judas saw when he his Lord betrayed.

Heafford, Wis. Elloie Funston.

THE SHAME AND PITY OF IT.

Our country mourns a heart that loved her well,
And small the soul that light regards such loss,
Whose shadow shall fall dark the years across.
Sad looks, half-masted flags, and tolling bell
To the large world a people's sorrow tell.
We with his record fitly may emboss
The nation's shield. Ah! treason none may gloss—
The stroke by which our chief so honored fell.
The pity of it! He so glad to give
That hand-clasp as a sign of brotherhood,
Trusting men's aims because his own were pure—
The shame of it! that dastard could receive
Such gentle courtesy and in vile mood
Make of his own response Death's grisly lure.

Santa Barbara, Cal. F. B.

The sentiment that it is a time when men should turn in prayer to the Author of the Universe as children to a pitiful and merciful father is also general. Of this feeling the following poems give typical expression. They disclose the emotion which made millions on Thursday bow their heads simultaneously in reverent silence and checked all over the land the wheels of traffic and industry:

THE NATION'S PRAYER.

When dark the cloud hangs o'er our land,
O Father, hear us;
Where grief hath laid its heavy hand,
Our God, be near us;

Teach Thou our hearts and lips to say,
"Thy will be done," from day to day,
Hear, as we bow in deep distress,
Hear Thou our prayer, Thy people bless.

Sore stricken by the hand of hate
O Father, hear us;
Thy love alone can compensate,
Our God, be near us;
Thou who hast led us through the years,
Comfort our hearts and dry our tears,
Thy love and mercy we address.
Hear Thou our prayer, thy people bless.

Here on our country's altar slain,
O Father, hear us;
Let not this sacrifice be vain,
Our God, be near us;
Renew our faith, make strong our hands,
Unite us all in firmer bands—
For freedom, truth and righteousness.
Hear Thou our prayer, thy people bless.

Hammond, Ind. Robert P. Twiss.

A PRAYER.

Deep is our sorrow, deep our disgrace,
Lord, from thy people hide not Thy face.
Now, while affliction darkens our sun,
Help us to say, Lord, "Thy will be done."
Unto our cry, Lord, Thine ear incline;
Help us to know that Wisdom is Thine;
All Thou wouldst teach, Lord, aid us to learn;
Forbid, ah, forbid, Thy rod we should spurn.
Father, behold Thy children's deep woe;
Unto our sins do Thou mercy show;
Draw near our hearts in our day of affliction;
Grant to our souls Thy divine benediction.

Elkhart, Ind. Mary Frances Bigelow.

The feeling that by too indulgent toleration of the infamous doctrines whose disciple slew the good President the nation has fallen into disgrace and incurred a stain upon its honor which must be effaced, expressed in the foregoing, has struck other writers even more forcibly:

WEEP FOR THE CRIME.

Weep not for your leader fallen,
America's sons to-day:
Know ye not that our nation's hero
Is safe with his God for aye?

Know ye not that his deeds of glory
Will shine as the noonday sun,
As our great republic ages
Through its life but just begun?

But with bitter tears of repentance,
In sackcloth and ashes mourn,
For the wild beast ye have nourished,
That has Freedom's heart strings torn.

With shame-covered face, ye people,
In your tears make a sacred vow,
With God's help to cleanse our nation
From the crime that stains it now.

Then bright our flag and scutcheon
Will shine through endless time,
And Columbia rise from her sorrow
To majesty sublime.

Chicago, Ill. M. G. H.

The sense of personal loss which millions felt in William McKinley's death is well expressed in the following lines, whose author omitted to give either name or address:

HIS PEOPLE'S CRY.

We would that we might sing of him
In proudest song;
We would that we could speak the lauds
That to him belong—
The bravest and the tenderest soul
That men can know—
But only this our trembling voice—
"We loved him so!"

The nations pause in startled grief
  At the awful word—
The nations that his wise, just voice
  Attentive heard—
But we his people but behold
  Our chief laid low—
We can but sob from stricken hearts,
  "We loved him so!"

The stalwart craftsman at his toil
  Turns pale and still;
The clamors falter in the mart,
  And hard eyes fill;
The plowman cries across his fields
  With words of woe,
And children whisper tearfully,
  "We loved him so!"

The starry flag, the flag he spread
  O'er new-born lands,
Droops low upon its staff to seek
  Those patient hands;
Great God! Thou who alone our hearts
  Canst wholly know,
To him give thy Eternal Peace —
  We loved him so!

The belief that McKinley, the man, even more than McKinley, the statesman, deserves to be mourned, the lesson his life should teach, and the example his career has left to posterity are touched upon in the following poems:

WE MOURN THE MAN.

Nobility at last must reach the plain
Where all life finds a level once again.
Not fame, with all its panoply of power,
Can soothe the anguish of the final hour;
One day a pauper to the potter's field,
The next a King to destiny doth yield.
No downy couch awaits the monarch's form,
For Mother Earth's embrace is just as warm
For pauper as for Prince—or just as cold;
No diadem can keep away the mold.

Nobility of soul means more than birth.
The truly great is he of simple worth,
Who ever strives to do the Master's will
With benefit for hurt, with good for ill.

We mourn the man, forgetting his estate,
For he was good—what matters it how great?
The note this nation voices in its grief
Is not mere honor paid a martyr'd chief.
It is the sign of sympathy and love
Wrought in our hearts by him who reigns above.

Eternal God, Preserver of mankind,
Hear Thou this nation's prayer. Though we be blind
Because of tears that rise, thou seest all
Who suffer here, Thou answerest those who call.
With thy strong arm sustain that lonely one,
That she, with us, may say, "Thy will be done."

Chicago. Donald D. Donnan

FAREWELL.

We mourn for the lov'd and the lost, but our mourning
Is edg'd as the storm-cloud is edg'd by the sun,
As he sinks to his rest through the glory adorning
The couch of the day, when his labor is done.

We weep for the brave and the true, but our weeping
Is not with the tears that we shed on a grave,
For we know, and the soul knows heaven has in keeping,
There can be no death for the true and the brave.

We pray, not for him, but for those left behind him;
For her who must mourn, for the love gone before;
But the soul which he lov'd, when it follows, shall find him,
As sure as love lives, to be parted no more.

We pray for these, Lord, and ourselves and the nation;
We pray we may keep what his wisdom has won;
That Thy pity may crown us with Thy consolation,
And faith in believing Thy will is well done.

Des Moines, Iowa. Charles Gould Beede.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TAKING OATH OF OFFICE IN WILCOX RESIDENCE, BUFFALO.

CZOLGOSZ LISTENING TO JURY'S VERDICT OF "GUILTY."

TEMPORARY RESIDENCE OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

"WHO, BEING DEAD, YET SPEAKETH."

Oh, best beloved—
Father, yet ward of this young, lusty land,
Why should'st thou fall
When gathered 'round about thee strong and true
Thy sons in loyal 'tendance proudly stand?

Alas! the Judas comes and with a traitor's smile,
He masks a murderer's heart with well-feigned guile.
A shot is heard—it echoes o'er the main,
And never shall thy voice be heard again.
Yea, stilled for aye—Columbia doth mourn
The voice of one who did her states adorn—
A loving husband, noble, loyal friend,
Who kept his country's welfare to the end.

Yet in the days to come, altho' asleep,
Thy counsel wise shall still our footsteps keep;
And thus thy bright example ever more shall shine
As beacon clear to link our lives with thine.

Chicago. Henry G. Longhurst.

AT REST.

A nation mourns thee with a grief sincere;
To loyal hearts forever dear
Thy name will bright remain;
As Freedom's emblem waves o'er all
May we with love and pride recall
Those days our soldiers like a wall
Guarded its folds from stain;
When thou above the clouds of war
Rose as a bright and radiant star.

Shall Anarchy now rule our land,
Blood-bought by each heroic band,
That Peace might dwell secure?
Nay, God forbid! Our land shall be
A haven of rest, where all are free
To serve their God, from sea to sea—
Forever to endure,
Till Time no more shall toll his bell—
For Christ, our Lord, doth all things well!

Rest thou in peace, Columbia's son,
God's will in all things e'er is done.
Though deep our grief may be;
Dwell thou with God forevermore,
As down Time's dim and sounding shore
We travel on, may we adore
And serve our God like thee,
Bring lilies with full hands for him we love
Whose soul now rests in peace with God above.

Chicago. Ill. David B. Metcalf.

McKINLEY SLEEPS.

Cut down in life, just as a mighty oak
Withers and dies, after the lightning's stroke.
A man of peace, he trusted friend and foe;
He could forgive the one who laid him low.
A king was he, by choice, and not by birth;
Friends he had made in every land on earth.
Our nation mourns, but sorrows not alone;
Love's tributes come from many a distant throne.
Bring flags and flowers and place them round his bier;
O'er his dear face let's drop a silent tear.
Fold his brave arms across his loving breast;
He now has found that sweet eternal rest.

Chicago. Sallie Keep Best.

References to the beloved and faithful wife so cruelly made a widow are frequent in these poems from the people, and one writer has devoted some verses entirely to her:

DEAR STRICKEN ONE!

Dear stricken one! A nation mourns with thee!
Hearts fill with grief, and eyes with tears o'erswell;
The depths of loss, the emptiness of heart,
The loneliness wherein thou now must dwell,
Are known to thee and God. None else can know
Save she who bears and he who gives the blow.

Dear stricken one! The whole world mourns with thee!
Thy lov'd is gone, his labors here are done;
Repine not, patient soul, with him all's well;

Reward is his, exceeding great, well won.
From present ills look to thy God and see
"Thy glory which shall be reveal'd in thee."
Chicago, Ill. Alice D. Wilson.

The soldier comrades of the dead have also voiced their grief. As is quite natural, they tend to emphasize the unity of the nation, the concord of brethren once discordant and belligerent, which President McKinley's administration was destined to make so clear to all the world.

OUR COMRADE.

Passing away, yes, passing away;
Fewer our numbers day by day,
Over the river with noiseless tread
One by one go the soldier dead,
And enter their tents of clay;
Free from the cares of this earthly life,
Free from the call of drum or fife,
Free from the clamors of sin and strife,
They wait for the judgment day.

Passing away, yes, passing away;
Dropping from broken ranks each day,
Camping beneath the grassy mound,
Sleeping till comes the trumpet's sound,
Rending the earth and skies;
Resting unmov'd by the falling tear,
Resting unvex'd by the venom'd sneer,
Resting until a Voice they hear,
Calling for them to rise.

Passing away, yes, passing away;
They who were gather'd in brave array,
Who proudly march'd o'er the fields of death,
Hush'd by the blight of the reaper's breath,
Garnering sheaves that fell;
Slowly they pass from mortal view,
Slowly march to the grand review,
Slowly gather where gray and blue
Ever in peace shall dwell.

Passing away, yes, passing away;
And the world unites with us to-day
In deepest sorrow for him who fell
By deed as foul as e'er dreamt in hell,
Fell, with his life half spent;
Tenderly lay him down to rest,
Gently with her whom he lov'd best
Join our tears on the loyal breast
Of our comrade and President.

Bloomington, Ill. C. C. Hassler.

ONE GOD! ONE FLAG!

He is dead! and hushed in its breathing
The nation stands pulseless and dumb,
While those, who so lately were seething
With war hate, now rev'rently come.

A homage of love do they tender
To him there, so silent and still,
As grand as when in surrender,
They bowed to determinate will;

A homage to splendid achievement,
That to-day, throughout our broad land,
In this hour of the Nation's bereavement,
Gives faith that it ever shall stand.

A Nation—no longer divided;
No North and no South, but at call
We are brethren, forever united,
With one God, and one flag, over all!

Chicago. James R. Hewlett.

Mr. Charles M. Pepper, a newspaper correspondent who spent a great deal of time with McKinley, and knew him so well as to call him by his good old name, Major, says:

"The keynote of his character was faith. It was faith which sustained him after the assassin's bullet struck him down in Buffalo, and this serene faith in the wisdom of Providence was manifest throughout his public career. He had faith in American institutions, faith in the American people, and faith in himself. With such a character, his

temperament could not be otherwise than sanguine, and all public measures were studied by him in an optimistic mood.

"I remember one evening in the library at Canton, when, quite unconsciously and unintentionally, he gave some of us a little talk on faith. It was at the hour when he was in the habit of seeing those who were privileged to call on him, and in whose judgment he could confide and talk freely. Some of the persons present had intimated their disbelief in the efficacy of faith and trust. Without saying a word on the incident which had caused the discussion, and without giving any opinion, Major McKinley related a number of instances which had come under his personal attention, and which showed the comfort of faith and of prayer. It was all done so gently and without any intention of rebuke, but that little talk made clear his own supreme faith.

"I remember one afternoon in Canton, when his library and parlors were crowded with men of national prominence. There were three or four United States Senators, half a dozen Representatives in Congress, two or three Governors, and several party leaders.

"A poor woman, with her daughter, asked an interview. She had with her a number of papers, and she told the secretary that it was a pension case. The President-elect saw her at once. He looked over the papers, explained very patiently how the case would have to be sent to the Pension Office in Washington, and what course it would have to follow there. He also promised her that it should receive prompt attention. Whether it would be allowed or not, of course he could not say, but he called a stenographer and dictated a letter which at least would insure for it an early hearing. All this took ten or fifteen minutes, but Major McKinley manifested no annoyance, and by his own patient forbearance he rebuked the distinguished visitors who showed signs of impatience because their business was not given preference over that of the poor woman with the pension case.

"President McKinley's home life is so well known to the American people that it does not need to be retold, but I think that nothing in all the world could have afforded him such gratification at his first inauguration as the presence of the two persons he most loved of all human beings. These were his wife and his mother. During the period between election and inauguration at times in Canton there would be some uncertainty about the health of one or the other, and those were the only periods when Major McKinley showed depression.

"After he became President, I saw him occasionally at the White House, and found him always with the same serene faith and the same world-wide charity. Human suffering anywhere appealed to him. The Cuban reconcentrados, the famine-stricken natives of India, or the starving wretches of China, all enlisted his sympathy, and I pleasantly recall the keen interest he showed in the relief measures of Dr. Klopsch and the aid which he gave to those measures.

"I last saw President McKinley a few weeks ago in his home at Canton, spending an hour with him in the library, where, more than four years ago, so many interviews were held with him. He was full of life and vigor and hope. He talked to me chiefly of measures of public policy, but throughout it all was the ringing note of faith which I have before remarked was the keynote of his character."

The testimony of Mr. Pepper is of value—for he wrote of the truth he knew.

Dr. Talmage contributes to the Christian Herald an article that all men should read. The theme is "Our Dead President."

"The President is dead! A wave of sorrow rolls over the land. It is to me a personal bereavement. From the time that William McKinley, as president of the Young Men's Christian Association at Canton, O., introduced me to an audience until the present, nothing of importance occurred in his life or mine, but we exchanged telegrams. We have been very good friends. But he is gone. God pity his wife! God pity us!

"President McKinley was all his life the enemy of sin, the enemy of sectionalism, the enemy of everything small-hearted, impure and debasing, and he made many a crushing blow against these moral and political Philistines, but in his death he made mightier conquest. His one week of dying has made more illustrious record than the fifty-seven years living. 'So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life.'

"Our President's death, more than his life, or any life, eulogizes the Christian religion. We all talk about the hope of the Christian, and the courage of the Christian and the patience of the Christian. Put all the sermons on these subjects for the last ten years together, and they would not make such an impression as the magnificent demeanor of this dying chief magistrate. Going into

unconsciousness under the power of anesthetics, he is hearing whispers of 'Thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory.' He utters words pitying his assassin. In his last moments he chanted 'Nearer, my God, to Thee, nearer to Thee.' He was no more afraid to die than you are to go home this morning. Without one word of complaint he endures the physical anguish. All he ever did in confirmation of religion in days of health was nothing compared to what he did for it in this last crisis.

"Many years ago he rose in a religious meeting and asked for prayers. Soon after he knelt at the church altar. William McKinley had no new religion to experiment with in his last hours. It was the same Gospel into the faith of which he was baptized in early manhood. That religion has stood the test through all the buffetings and persecutions, through the hard work of life, and did not forsake him in the tremendous close.

"There have been thousands of death-beds as calm and beautiful as this, but they were not so conspicuous. This electrifies Christendom. This encourages all the pain-struck in hospitals and scattered all up and down the world, to suffer patiently. The consumptive, the cancered, the palsied, the fevered, and the dying of all nations lift their heads from their hot pillows, and bless this heroic, this triumphant, this illustrious sufferer. The religion that upheld him under the surgeon's knife, and amid the appalling days and nights of suffering, is a good religion to have. Show us in all the ages among the enemies of Christianity a death-bed that will compare with this radiant sunset!

"These last scenes must impress the world, as no preachment ever did, that when our time comes to go, the most energetic and skillful physicians cannot hinder the event. Was there ever so much done to save a man's life as the life of President McKinley. But the doctors could not keep him. A loving and brave wife could not keep him. The anxieties of a nation could not keep him. His great spirit pushes them all back from the gates of life, and soars away into the infinities.

"This tragedy, as nothing else, demonstrates what a hideous thing is Nihilism or Anarchy. That assassin shouted: 'I am an Anarchist.' Anarchism owns nothing but a knife for universal cut-throatery, and a nitroglycerine bomb for universal explosion. He believes in no God, no government, no heaven and no hell except what he can make on earth! He slew the Czar of Russia, keeps the Emperor of Germany

a-tremble, destroyed the King of Italy, shot at Edward the Prince, now Edward the King, and would put to death every king and president on earth; and if he had the power, would climb up until he could drive the God of Heaven from his throne and take it himself, the universal butcher. In France it is called Communism. In Russia it is called Nihilism. It means complete and eternal smash-up, and it would drive a dagger through your heart, and put a torch to your dwelling, and turn over the whole land to theft, lust, rapine and murder.

"Where does this monster live? In all the cities of this land. It proposes to tear to pieces the ballot-box, the legislative hall, the Congressional assembly. It would take this land and divide it up, or rather divide it down. It would give as much to the idler as to the worker, to the bad as to the good.

"Anarchism! This panther having prowled across other lands, has set its paw on our soil. It was Anarchism that burned the railroad property at Pittsburg during the great riots; it was Anarchism that slew black people in our Northern cities during the Civil War; it is Anarchism that glares out of the windows of the drunkeries upon sober people as they go by. Ah! its power has never yet been tested. I pray God its power may never be fully tested. It would, if it had the power, leave every church, chapel, cathedral, schoolhouse and college in ashes. It is the worst enemy of the laboring classes in our country. In this land riot and bloodshed never gained any wages for the people, or gathered up any prosperity. In this land the best weapon is not the club, not the shillalah, not firearms, but the ballot.

"But Anarchism is doomed. Russia, and Germany, and Italy, and France, and England will join hands with the United States in memory of Abraham Lincoln, and James A. Garfield, and William McKinley to put down this villainy of the centuries."

The Northwestern Christian Advocate, under date of September 18, speaks as follows of the late President McKinley:

"'When Joseph Addison lay on his deathbed, in his last hours of consciousness, he sent for his stepson, the dissolute young earl of Warwick, whom he told to see how a Christian could die. History presents no Christian deathbed scene more instructive and memorable than that of President McKinley.'

"This is the tribute paid the martyred President, not by a devoted follower, but by a political opponent—the Chicago Daily Chronicle. It

expressed in words the unspoken sentiments of millions of hearts as they read the accounts of the last words of the dying President. The deathbed scene may properly be described as beginning the moment the assassin fired the fatal shot, for the autopsy showed that the bullet had poisoned the flesh through which it passed and death from gangrene was inevitable. From the moment Mr. McKinley realized that he had been shot until he lost consciousness every word and act was a manifestation of a Christlike spirit. His first words after the fatal bullet pierced his body were those of tender thoughtfulness for his invalid wife; the next of consideration for the man who had shot him—'Let no one hurt him.' His last words were those of Christian faith and resignation to the divine will: 'Good-bye, all; good-bye. It is God's way. His will be done, not ours.' Such a death was in harmony with his life, which, without ostentation, had always been characterized by reverent and simple faith in God. This was most manifest to those who knew him in the intimacies of his home-life; but it also displayed itself in the tone of his public utterances. His state papers and speeches will rank with the noble utterances of Lincoln, and they reveal the secret of the affection in which both are held by the common people.

"How tenderly Mr. McKinley was loved is illustrated by a scene which took place early Saturday morning in front of the office of one of the Chicago daily papers. A great crowd had gathered to read the bulletins which announced the condition of the President. When a bulletin was read that indicated that the end was near, such expressions were heard as these: 'It can't be true!' 'I can't believe it!' When more favorable news arrived there was seldom more than a murmur of relief and a cry of 'Thank God!' Though the crowd shifted some, it was evident that many were determined to hold their places and wait for the end. Among these patient watchers was one aged couple, both with white hair, who were accompanied by a young man, evidently their son. The young man kept urging them to 'come home,' but the old man would answer: 'Go home, if you want to, George; mother and I want to wait and see how the President gets along.' 'Mother' clung to the old man's arm and evidently thought as he did. For two hours the old couple clung to their places, and when the bulletins ceased and darkness closed down on the great crowd they were still there.

"It was long past midnight Saturday morning when the fateful words, 'the President is dead,' on the newspaper bulletins, were read

by groups of persons still watching and waiting in the streets. At first the news created a profound silence; then a voice rose clear and unfaltering and the familiar words and music of 'Nearer, my God, to thee' (the hymn which the bulletins stated the President had repeated just before he became unconscious) echoed through the almost deserted streets. The hymn swelled to a chorus, heads were bared, faces were upturned, the sharp feeling of grief was softened.

"'There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given—'

"Here spoke the faith and the resignation of the President, while the hope and confidence of the singers, their dominant purpose was voiced in the words:

"'Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise.'

"As the last notes died away the prophetic impulses focused by the music, the confidence in the strength of our institutions found expression in a cheer for the new President. There was a quick reaction, and the angry feelings of the crowd found expression in the cry, 'Down with anarchy!' It was a crisis in history like that when Garfield, on the night after the assassination of Lincoln, calmed the mob with his memorable declaration: 'God reigns and the Government at Washington still lives!' A young man, a college student, named Harold Hoag, was equal to the demand of the moment. In a voice heard by all he said: 'Let us pray.' Every head was reverently bowed, and as he talked to the Divine Ruler of men and nations the angry passions of the crowd were stilled and the people quietly dispersed.

"The President's death had called forth tributes never before bestowed upon a ruler. In England the daily papers were printed in mourning as an expression of grief as for the loss of their own sovereign, and the stock and commercial exchanges closed. King Edward has commanded that the court go into mourning for one week, and wherever a public meeting of any kind has been held, or wherever a public man has had occasion to speak, expressions of sympathy have been heard.

In every place of public worship last Sunday, from St. Paul Cathedral and Canterbury Cathedral down, the preachers made special reference to the terrible event, invoking God's blessing upon the United States and the American people. Crathie Church at Balmoral, whose bells had never before been used except on occasions of national interest, broke the custom and announced the event to the neighborhood. In accordance with a special army order to the guards at St. James' palace and at all other points where guard was mounted throughout the United Kingdom, honors were rendered to the memory of President McKinley such as are usually accorded only on the death of royal personages. The troops wore crape and the bands played dirges. No such extended tributes of sympathy and respect ever marked the death of any person but a British sovereign. They certainly would not have been called out by the death of any continental ruler.

"The traits of character which won the heart of the world were supplemented by others which commanded their respect. Mr. McKinley was gentle and kind, but he was also firm and courageous. He spoke harshly to none, nor of anyone, but he could not be swerved from the path of duty as he saw it. Time has vindicated the wisdom of his course in respect to many decisions for which he was severely condemned by opponents. Success, however, was due in some of these, perhaps, as much to the spirit in which his policy was carried out as to the inherent wisdom of that policy. In all his words and acts, public and private, he seemed to bear in mind the thought: 'Tis not so much what we say as the manner in which we say it. 'Tis not so much the language we use as the tones in which we convey it.' This is sneered at sometimes as 'copy-book philosophy,' but its practical application in life made William McKinley beloved and great.

"Mr. McKinley's devotion to his invalid wife was ideal. Well may she exclaim out of a broken heart: 'How can I spare him!' For her he had a more ardent affection even than for his country, if that were possible. The President realized that he was about to die and asked for Mrs. McKinley. She came and knelt down by his bed and his eyes rested lovingly upon her. All the love of thirty years of married life shone in his face as he feebly put out his hands and covered her own with his. He knew that he was dying, she only half comprehended it. But even in such a trial she kept herself up bravely. She lifted her tear-stained face to Dr. Rixey's and exclaimed: 'I know that you will

save him. I cannot let him go. The country cannot spare him.' Husband and wife were together for the last time on earth. Those near the bedside drew back. Mr. McKinley had said long ago: 'We are married lovers.' She bent over him and his lips moved: 'God's will, not ours, be done.' He had said farewell to sweetheart, wife and life. Then unconsciousness returned to him. May God bless and comfort the bereaved wife!

"Dreadful as was the fate of President McKinley, the circumstances of his death will write indelibly upon the heart and mind of the people of this nation those traits of character which made him good and great. His physical presence is gone, but the influence of his life will abide.

"The tribute of the nation paid at the hour of the funeral services in Canton was not only unique, but it will be memorable in history. It was a silent tribute, but it will ring through the ages. For five minutes the life of the people stopped. Business ceased; trains stopped where they were; not a telegraph message was sent over the wires; soldiers and policemen halted, no matter where they were, uncovered their heads and placed their caps or helmets over their hearts; processions halted and stood so still that the men could almost hear each other's heartbeats. At the close of the five minutes bands began to play softly, 'Nearer, My God, To Thee,' and voices joined them in singing the hymn. All the power of the Government could not have compelled such an eloquent tribute.

"Was this tribute paid to the assassinated President? It was to the true Christian, who, as President, had manifested so Christlike a spirit. The death and funeral of McKinley will not only be historic; they will mark the beginning of a religious epoch in American history. Never before have men's thoughts been turned toward God as during the past three weeks. While millions of men stood silent for five minutes in mute tribute to the dead President and thought of his character and life as well as of his death, many of them also lifted up their hearts in prayer that they, too, might be such a Christian as was he, and as they sang, as they had never before sung the hymn, 'Nearer, My God, To Thee,' they felt a longing desire that they, too, might be drawn nearer to God. Useful was the life of Mr. McKinley. Blessed was his death."

The Epworth Herald of September 21th contains the following in regard to the noble life and character of Mr. McKinley:

"Our President is dead. The nation is shrouded in sorrow. The people of the world are shocked, and pour out their sympathy and condolences.

"The sorrow of our people is poignant. Mr. McKinley was a man of the people. His democratic spirit and unassuming manners had greatly endeared him to all classes. The honors of his high office affected him not an atom. He was the same simple-minded, kindly gentleman as when, years ago, he was a struggling young lawyer at Canton. Nothing in the President's life has done more to endear him to the American people than his ardent devotion to his invalid wife and the rare charm of his domestic life. Even the editors who have attacked with vituperative bitterness every public act of the President since he assumed office have been compelled to praise the symmetry and strength of his private life. It is interesting to note how warmly the men who have for six years taken ghoulish glee in assassinating Mr. McKinley's good name are now joining with his friends in tributes to his splendid abilities, his statesmanship and his personal worth.

"The particulars of the assassination, the painful sickness, the alternating waves of hope and despair which swept over the nation, the final scenes in the sick-room and the imposing funeral ceremonies, the daily press have fully reported. All the details have profoundly impressed our people. For the time all sectional and political feelings have disappeared, and Americans have stood at the open grave of their President, controlled by but one feeling—that of sincerest sorrow.

"The Methodist Episcopal Church has special reason for sorrow. Mr. McKinley was our most distinguished layman. He was a sincere follower of Jesus Christ. His faith was childlike in its simplicity, and yet as firm as Gibraltar. Those who had the privilege of living close to his heart, and who knew of his spiritual life, tell of its depth and serenity. Our martyred President was never ashamed of his church affiliations, and was ever loyal to the church which had been instrumental in leading him to the Savior."

The Interior of September 19th contains the following comforting words:

"More bitter even than if the President's spirit had fled instantly when he was attacked is the grief of the nation now that after days of

hope we yet have lost him. To fall from heights of joy for his recovery in a day's descent to depths of sorrow for his death adds a keener anguish to our woe. It seemed so clear to faith that the supplications of a prayer-united people were being answered. Petitions were already merging into praise. We called the danger past. Then came the appalling change; the fluttering moment when hope fought with fear; the consciousness at length that men's skill was baffled; the article of death; the break of hearts.

"But faith must not stagger. Our God could have saved that life for which we prayed. The event shows his good will not inoperative, but exercised other than as we asked. The surgeons guess at the physical causes of the President's collapse. In the Infinite Mind there lies hidden a truer reason than the surgeons can discern. We dare not ask it of Him; we can only cover our faces and trust. We may only know that somewhere in the eternal expanse of His purposes there exists a good to be attained for which even this life given is not too great a price.

"Perhaps through the flame of affliction God would lead the nation from its jaunty pride of prosperity to soberness and introspection. Perchance He would turn our ambitions from gain and glory to uprightness. Doubtless He would summon us to a vehement clearing of ourselves from our national sins—from our disrespect of law, from our tolerance of corruption, from our indulgence of oppression, and from our connivance at iniquity. His eyes may see in the mirror of the future this mightiest of peoples purified, ennobled, strengthened and exalted by sorrow. We see not; only in the darkness, as we hear His solemn voice calling, let us gird ourselves to follow. And God grant us to miss naught of the good which costs us so dear.

"Yet amidst all our grief our consolation aboundeth in Christ. That scene of translation shone with light from above. By testimony of the Christlike words he spoke praying forgiveness upon his assassin; by testimony of the Lord's prayer on his lips as he awaited the surgical knife; by testimony of his resignation in his last hours to the will of God; by testimony of that murmured 'Nearer, My God, To Thee,' on which his latest conscious breath was spent—as well as by testimony of his manner of life from his youth up—we know he died a Christian. Our sorrow is not despair. He has been robbed of nothing in departing from the highest station on earth to be a citizen of the capital of God. He has inherited the promises. And our prayers, lately for him, turn now to

plead for the crushed widow, that underneath her the Everlasting Arms may be a tender and sufficient support—and for the new President, that his strength may be as his day."

The Churchman of September 14th speaks of President McKinley as follows:

"The stroke of the assassin has raised President McKinley from a man of the day to a man of history. He was last week only one of many Presidents on whom a various judgment was passed, seen in the light and comment of small acts rather than in their relation to the broad movement of history. A single shot—fired because he stood before his countrymen as the representative and symbol of liberty through law, of equality in opportunity, and of the organized work of civilization—has transformed a man, known as a politician and respected as a President, into the object of deep-seated loyalty and regard. Such changes in public feeling come only to few, to the men whom character, career, action or event render types of the spirit and purpose of their race. They come sometimes through an historic crisis, sometimes through supreme success in the conduct of national affairs, and sometimes, as in the present instance, because a sudden access of danger and a sudden revelation of a force inimical to the interests of all, concentrates attention upon the one man who stands for the forces friendly to all.

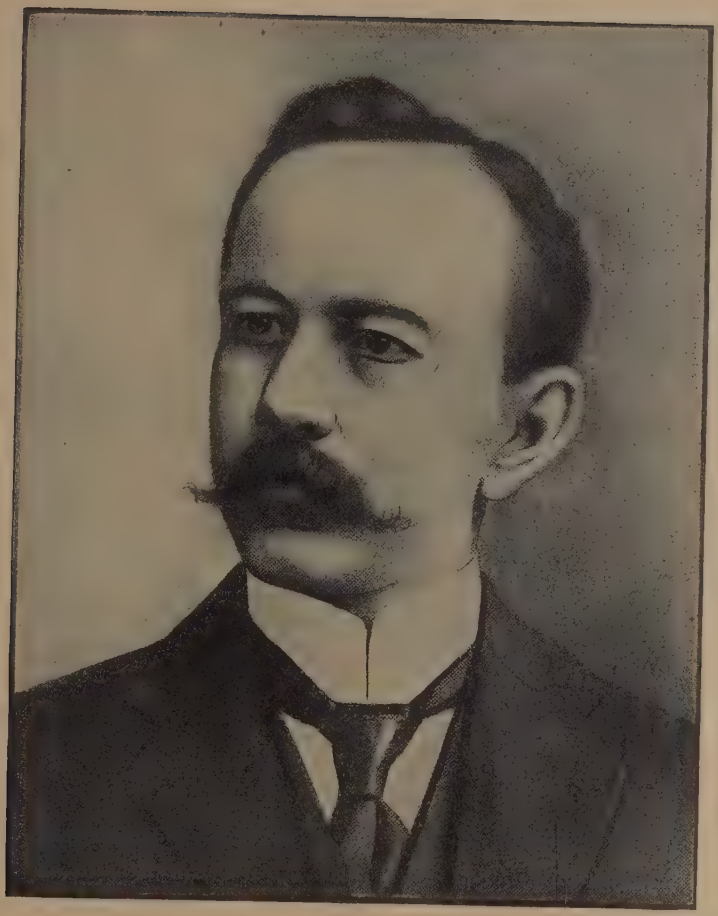
"This momentous change alters not only the position of President McKinley before the world, but it has had a grave effect upon the inner and conscious working of the American mind. Each grave event in the English-speaking world—like the events of deeper moment in a single family which bring them together in grief or in joy—tend of themselves, and by sheer force and gravitation of social instinct and relation, to knit more closely the common tie and bond. This was true even of an event as inevitable and expected in the course of nature as the death of Queen Victoria. The assault on President McKinley has done this, but it has done more. In a time of great prosperity, of an amazing accretion of riches, and, on the whole, of a more widely diffused happiness and enjoyment than the land has before seen, it has suddenly become necessary to face and to consider the circumstance that all this gradual uplift has left, opposed to the ordered march and movement of society, a small number of men scattered over the civilized world owning no community of interest, bitter with envy, full of venom against all those who ad-

vance by thrift, by industry or by control of the general forces of society, who denounce the existing order and even conspire against the lives of those who rule the state; not because they rule ill, but because they stand as symbols of authority and of the public hatred of anarchy. Americans, supported by the extraordinary results of free discussion and free association in promoting social compromise and ameliorating social enmities, have trusted implicitly to universal liberty to get the better of this perverted spirit which in six years has cost the life of a President of France, an Empress of Austria, a King of Italy and a Prime Minister of Spain, to be silent of frustrated plots.

"The assault at Buffalo makes it doubtful if it is still safe to trust to the general force of law and order to restrain these sectaries of crime. It is not an infringement of any social liberty to penalize utterances likely to promote or to encourage assassination and to treat as treasonable societies and meetings that encourage, though inexplicitly, the state of mind which in due season leads to the act itself. For such legislation there is now a general demand in the public press and in the attitude of public opinion.

"Joined with the demand for new legislation is another change not less important. The rapid growth of wealth, the visibility of great fortunes which obscure to many the growth of millions of lesser accumulations, has brought a habit among some good but short-sighted men, among many self-seeking demagogues, and not less among certain irresponsible and inflammatory newspapers, of treating all large property as necessarily the fruit of spoliation. There are many economists, there are some college professors, and there are, unfortunately, too many clergymen, who, in speech and in writing, habitually speak as if the burden of proof were against any successful accumulation, as if any man who had gathered millions had by that fact laid himself open to aspersion of corruption, of oppression of labor, of avarice and of despotism. This frame of mind is familiar. It is not held by the majority of any political party or the majority of its leaders. Official utterances, while sometimes open to criticism, have avoided its direct utterance, but everyone knows perfectly that there has, in some quarters, been a constant appeal to this infectious suspicion of the accumulation of wealth, or the signs of industrial and commercial success in the management of the greater agencies of material advance.

"The shot at Buffalo has awakened the land to a consciousness that



THOMAS PENNEY.

District Attorney of Buffalo, who conducted the prosecution against Czolgosz.

CASKET COVERED WITH FLORAL OFFERINGS BORNE UP THE STEPS OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.

this envy and hatred is not impotent in its misreading of the industrial advance. This advance has not always been equitable. It often results in injustice and oppression, but in the main it is under control of the sounder forces of society. Thus in its origin this attempted assassination differs from the crime of Booth or of Guiteau. This has nowhere been more judicially stated than by the Evening Post. 'The first assassin of a President,' it says, 'was largely the product of his times—a man whose head was turned by the passions bred of a long civil war. The second was essentially a crank—a man whose motives were a curious mixture of a desire to revenge the personal grievance of disappointed office-seeking, and of a morbid passion for notoriety. The third to attempt the crime is of a different type—a man who avows himself an anarchist, and who says that he tried to kill the President in order to overthrow our form of government. A John Wilkes Booth can hardly be guarded against. A Charles J. Guiteau may not be identified before it is too late. But a Leon Czolgosz represents a class of active enemies of society, the treatment of whom society must seriously consider.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE THREE MARTYR PRESIDENTS.

The Way the News Came of the Assassination of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, Who Will Be Forever Known and Honored Because They Died by the Hands of Miscreants for the Cause of the Country—Pencillings by the Way of Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley.

There will be three names—we trust no more—that will be forever associated as our martyred Presidents.

It seems to me, an old journalist, but a little while ago since I sat in the editor's rooms of the Cincinnati Commercial, impatient with the slow work going on to get out the paper. It was a night in April, and all day long the city rang with festivity. There had been an enormous procession, innumerable bands of music, horsemen in uniform with banners and streamers galore. The bands had devoted themselves to playing "Dixie" as among the national airs, the reason being that Lincoln, from a window of the White House, had claimed "Dixie" as one of the tunes that were ours—and the people of Cincinnati were wild with it.

We had managed to elevate to the fourth story of the office building, overlooking Fourth street, a monstrous calliope, from far away down the Mississippi, and to feed it with hot high steam straight from the boilers, and the Southern calliope seemed to make the earth vibrate. The building rocked to the roar of that awful instrument, that drowned out all the brass bands for half a mile around. There was a company of accomplished calliopians. They knew all the Southern airs, and when a performer grew fatigued he was relieved and another was ready, and the "Bonnie Blue Flag," the "Old Kentucky Home," and "Maryland, My Maryland," reverberated; and the very stones in the streets seemed to crawl. It was the day of the celebration of the end of the war, for we had the news of the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

A telegraph boy rushed into my room with a slip of flimsy telegraph paper in his hand, and looked scared and stammered with excitement. He said something about the President and Booth, the theatre and some one had been shot. I snatched the dispatch, placed it against a white

sheet of paper and read the news. A night of horror followed. That day the houses had been resplendent with flags. The next day the city was draped in mourning. There had been an attempt to murder Seward.

This was proof of conspiracy. The one word spoken that had cheer in it was General Garfield's phrase in a speech of five minutes in Wall street, New York: "God reigns and the government lives." It was nearly sixteen years later when, in New York City, July 2nd, 1881, crossing the New York City Hall lo! there were persons on the Tribune building putting a flag to float at half-mast—Garfield was shot and was believed to be dead. This was Saturday morning, and Thursday night I had been with the President, who had honored me with an invitation to go with him to Williams College, and I was to dine with him that night at the country seat on the Hudson of Cyrus W. Field. I had got acquainted with Field on a trip we had made in 1878 to Iceland. The dinner was to mean that Garfield was master of the situation—that of the Presidential office.

On September 6th, 1901, I had been at historic North Bend, Ohio, and a few minutes before passed the tomb among the cedars of President William Henry Harrison, when a woman ran out upon the village street and said a dispatch had just been on the wires that McKinley had been shot at Buffalo that afternoon, and it was believed he was dead.

It has often been, within my observation, that there is an inextinguishable demand for personal recollections of Abraham Lincoln, also that there is a respectful abiding sympathy with Garfield, so much so that there is a welcome for all that is reasonably written or spoken about him. It seems sure to me that the time will not be far away when all reminiscences of McKinley will be as keenly sought as those of Abraham Lincoln have been for many years.

I had a seat often in the Reporters' Galleries, and am one of the few who saw Congress in session in the old Hall, the Senate in the present Supreme Court room, and the House in the space devoted to statuary. My personal acquaintance with Congressmen was wide and grew as the years passed.

One day an old member said to me in the lobby of the House that McKinley wanted a talk with me, and in a short time we were introduced. I knew about him that he had the reputation of being interest-

ing, especially about the tariff, and at the time referred to there was a disturbance about the wool protection, and if there was anything I knew less about than another in the line of tariff questions probably it was wool. Wool is always a big matter in Ohio. It is not a case of a great cry about a little wool, but of a great cry about a great deal of wool. In Ohio a change in the tariff easily makes a difference of a million dollars a year in a congressional district. It was the judgment of the forces that control the country that there must be a reduction of the revenue obtained through customs duties. There was a bill before the House that had passed the Senate. Sherman had supported it. He did not like the bill, but there had to be a law cutting down revenue. The outcry from the wool districts was that the protection had not been cut down at the right place. The amount of indignation afloat was to me funny. McKinley looked like an athlete, and spoke quickly to the point. What did I think he ought to do about that wool section in the Senate bill? He did not feel quite sure, and cared to consult an Ohio editor. I said: "Of course you know this bill must pass; it is going through; it is merely a question of what sacrifice of themselves Ohio Republicans in Congress are called on to make. I do not know what to say to you to do, but will tell you what I would do as the case stands. I would pass the vote; would be out; and see whether there is a majority for the bill as it stands. If you are sure of that—no, I mean if I was sure of that—I would vote against it; if there was danger of losing the bill, I would vote for it." The young member from the northeast smiled and even laughed a little. The bill that had to pass did pass, and my recollection is that McKinley and several other Ohio men voted against it.

It was a long time before I heard a speech from McKinley. He was a busy man in the House and I heard his voice there in the course of business. One summer night he was announced to speak in Cincinnati in one of those large modern wigwams. McKinley was the attraction, and his first sentences were disappointing. He spoke so low that half the words were "not in it." I was not on the platform, but away out in the bulk of the audience, where one studying the case gets the good of what goes on. The voice of the orator seemed husky. Everybody called him "Mack," and I said to a neighbor who was evidently indulging in blessed anticipation: "Is that Mack's voice? This is a big place and he should pull out the throttle valve."

"Wait a few seconds," said the neighbor; "he's hoarse—been speaking all through the state. There is no fear that anybody won't hear him and like him, too. There, he's getting his voice now, isn't he?"

Well, he was! A sentence came our way, clear and full, and kept on, struck the far end of the wooden coliseum, and would have resulted in rebounding and echoing if another sentence had not followed it, and still another. "How's that?" said my neighbor. "You heard that, didn't you? Well you'll not complain of not hearing; and he talks sense too."

The speech was formidable in the facts, and the arguments—the illustrations—and it was hammered down hard as nails. The crowd was very large and the young statesman spoke as if it was the last speech he ever expected to deliver, and that if there were any converts to be made then was the accepted time and there the appointed place. There was much in it of merit, but I have always held it in remembrance, not so much for the words as for the ringing, searching, challenging note of sincerity. It never occurred to anybody that McKinley did not mean exactly what he was saying. That was always one of his winning qualities. Our friends had supper when the meeting was over. It was a surprise to note "Mack" had hardly a sign of fatigue, yet he had spoken one hundred minutes at least. I mentioned that he really did make a protection speech interesting, and gave an anecdote about Thomas Corwin's account of a tariff speech he had heard a Whig candidate for Governor of Ohio make. Corwin was the most famous orator of his time, and though a fascinating speaker, he was not interesting about the tariff, and no one knew it as well as he did. The question was asked Corwin whether he had "heard the next Governor on the tariff," and Corwin said he had, and said no more. "How was it?" was the next question. "It was powerful," said Corwin, and closed up again. "What was the matter with it?" "Nothing wrong about it," said Corwin; "only he seemed to believe what he said."

A recollection of McKinley and one that has been forgotten except by the veterans was that he was for a time the leader of the Blaine men in Ohio. It was the regular stated thing in Ohio to be for Sherman. But Blaine and McKinley met in Philadelphia and fell in love with each other. It was a strong attachment. Sherman's strength was so great in his own state that it was a mark of independence for a Republican to be for anybody else. But the next Presidential campaign

it did not seem likely Blaine could with all his talent and power break the precedent which seemed to be fixed, that he was not to be President because he was as brilliant as Henry Clay. Blaine seemed to have had his chance. Garfield had been nominated, elected and assassinated, and there was to be another rally for Sherman. Then McKinley was for Sherman and was earnest, fearless and persuasive. He appeared in the Chicago national convention for Sherman and was one of the Big Four senatorial delegates. The other three were Governor Foster, Senator Foraker and Benjamin Butterworth, then one of the brightest orators in the nation.

There was a feeling among some of Sherman's friends that Garfield should not have permitted himself to be nominated, this owing to his relations with Sherman, but it was certain if the fight came between Grant and Blaine or Grant and Sherman, Grant would be nominated for the third term, and to defeat that movement there must be another man who could combine the forces of Blaine and Sherman.

There was an idea afloat four years later that another Ohio man not Sherman would be the candidate, and McKinley had the first call, but Foraker was a good second, in the Ohio mind, I mean.

The Hon. Marcus A. Hanna was the manager of the Sherman delegations on this occasion. He had then as now the reputation of being a man successful in business affairs, and at the same time exceedingly intelligent in political matters. It was believed if there was anything in good management the nomination would go to Sherman. There were quite a number of persons in the galleries and even on the floors who regarded two gentlemen from Ohio—Governor Foraker and Representative McKinley—as decidedly Presidential possibilities, and the tendency of those who ventured upon theories as to the chances was to pick out McKinley as the winner. Foraker had a considerable number of pronounced friends, believers in his splendid faculties, which have given him so early in his career in the Senate a high reputation. They felt like losing no opportunity of pressing him to the front, and were not inclined to be slow or diffident in proclaiming him for the Presidency. He was not able to restrain this enthusiasm within the bounds of prudence; that is to say, those for him did not undertake to elude the rugged issue. Just as Governor Foraker was taking the platform to speak for Sherman, which he did in good faith and with great force, he was followed there by an injudicious floral tribute, bearing the legend: "No captured

flags shall go to the Confederacy from Ohio while I am governor." It was plain the governor was perplexed and displeased, and I have knowledge that he mentioned that only one thing prevented him from kicking that floral tribute from the platform, and that, his opinion that if he did so, he would be charged with a theatrical performance, and the accusation would be most aggravating. He threw aside his disgust and resentment, and made his speech, and in good form—nothing wanting in it; and it was said he had what somebody called a "halcyon and vociferous" time for that incident with some of his impetuous partisans.

When the balloting came it was noticed that there were a few votes for McKinley, and there was applause when the name was mentioned. Evidently this had been studied by some experts, and they did for him what the same class of people had done for Garfield. The annoyance of McKinley was evident, because there were indications of understanding and possibly organizations. That the name was familiar as that of one of high distinction in Ohio, and Ohio was a fortunate State for the production of Presidents, was clear. There was an adjournment, and McKinley was beset by numbers of advocates who were resolved upon putting temptation before him, and insisted that he must not refuse to allow them to go on, telling him they would go ahead anyhow without his approbation; they had not asked for it, and they would not permit him to deny them; that if he got up and undertook a speech against them they could make it the occasion of a demonstration, and they would show him the strength they had. They went so far as to name delegations ready to go for him, and made it exceedingly serious.

Some time during the evening I strolled into the Sherman headquarters. In one of the side rooms, lying on a low bed, was McKinley, very pale, resting and perhaps asleep, with an expression of intense gravity. I asked a friend who had been about during some hours while I had been absent from the center of interest: "What is the matter with Mac?" The reply was, with a grim smile: "He has just refused the Presidency, and the way it was run at him it was pretty hard to get away from. He has done it, though." Presently the possible nap he had taken being interrupted, he told me he wished a conversation with me, and evidently remembering our talk about the "wool vote" said: "I will not ask your advice. I have made up my mind. I'm only bothered about the form of it. I am going to take the floor and make a speech when the convention meets again, and the object of it is to put a stop absolutely

upon the use of my name as a candidate for the Presidency. It is not fair to Sherman and it's not fair to me, and it won't do." I asked the question: "Are you not afraid of a public impulse if you get up and undertake to make a speech withdrawing?" He said: "No;" that he "would make a speech in such a way that there would be no danger." I mentioned that I had seen John C. Breckenridge in the Cincinnati Convention of '56 stand in his chair to decline the nomination which was pressed upon him for the Vice Presidency, and his appearance was so commanding and handsome that when he showed up they nominated him by storm, and he had to make his bow and sit down, the candidate, without saying a word. McKinley did not think that there was any danger of that in his case, though it meant there was. He said: "I want you to look over this," handing me three small slips of paper, upon which he had written with pencil what he thought of saying. I said: "Here is the only word that will answer the purpose, if anything will. As for the rest, there is just a little too much of it. You have one word here that covers the whole subject on which everything depends." He said: "What is that? The word that I 'demand' that they stop voting for me?" I said: "Yes; 'demand' is the word. That's got everything in it; and it is my fancy it would be stronger perhaps without this sentence (pointing to one that was nearly a repetition); and he said: "Yes, you are right about that," and accepted the amendment.

This is the speech as he gave it. He made a few betterments as he spoke: "I am here as one of the chosen representatives of my State. I am here by resolution of the Republican State Convention, commanding me to cast my vote for John Sherman for President and to use every worthy endeavor to secure his nomination. I accepted the trust because my heart and judgment were in accord with the letter and spirit and purpose of that resolution. It has pleased certain delegates to cast their votes for me for President. I am not insensible to the honor they would do me, but in the presence of the duty resting upon me I can not remain silent with honor. I can not consistently with the wish of the State whose credentials I bear and which has trusted me; I can not consistently with my own views of personal integrity consent, or seem to consent, to permit my name to be used as a candidate before this convention. I would not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do or permit to be done that which could even be ground for anyone to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio or my devotion to the chief

of her choice or the chief of mine. I do not request—I demand—that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

The note of sincerity of which I have so often spoken as the characteristic that told in the speeches of McKinley served him on this occasion. That was in the first sound of his voice as he took the floor, and the stillness of the convention was profound. The word "demand" as he made it settled it. He carried the point excellently. There have always been those who thought that he might have been nominated that time if he had consented to be still, but I doubt that. There is no telling. General Benjamin Harrison was nominated and elected, and there was an era of prosperity in his administration, not high as that when McKinley's term came, but it was higher than any preceding wave of good times that rolled over the country.

There was a second occasion on which there was an effort to bring forward McKinley for the Presidency, and if it had not been for certain movements that were more persistent than thoughtful, and more determined than considerate, the nomination of McKinley might have happened when Harrison was renominated. It is vain to indulge in speculations, but the conduct of McKinley on that occasion made him friends, as indeed he always made friends, where there were no jealousies and prejudices to raise a barrier. He was indebted for the position before the country that made his candidacy for the Presidency absolutely foremost and perfectly in order in every respect, invited, supported on all sides, to the fact that he was legislated out of Congress by piling opposed counties in his district, and so he was twice elected governor—the second time by an enormous majority. This gave him a very distinguished position in his own State. He was an admirable governor, with a peculiar method of keeping order when mobs appeared. If there was occasion to send troops and he was advised that a single company of Ohio militia would be sufficient, his way was to order a regiment, because "if there was only one company there might be a fight, and if there was a regiment there would be a picnic."

Mr. Hanna displayed organizing capacity. He had organized more than any other man the great American commerce on the Great Lakes, and when he attended to any line of business he did it vigilantly and formidably, and was in the habit of being successful. He had no idea of being a politician—none whatever—of securing an office for himself.

He refused positions in the Cabinet when McKinley was elected; did not ask to be chosen Senator; made a fight against an insurrection that was personal to himself—and Ohio has the advantage of two men of the highest order of ability in the Senate. They are equally mourners of the irreparable loss the country has sustained in the frightful tragedy that closed a career, that will be far in the future, when the deeds that were done are thoughtfully examined and measured, as of a splendor greater than has yet appeared.

It is to be remarked of the conversations of President McKinley that they did not, as a rule, relate to himself. He was not disposed to introduce affairs of his own. If there was a direct and reasonable question asked concerning himself his answer would be explicit and brief. He did not direct the conversation along the paths that led up to himself. He was always thoughtful about some public question, and yet would throw off the strain of weighty affairs readily, and indulge in references to mutual friends.

Above all things, he never seemed to miss an opportunity to do a kindly thing. He had the same solicitude that his wife had for the happiness of children, treating them with a tenderness that told the story of his own heart, doubtless; and he was like Mrs. McKinley in the respect that little girls could command him for a courtesy, and he was always pleased to be in their company. It gave him a great pleasure—it seemed to comfort him—to take a group of children about the White House. If he knew that they had never been in it he was as pleased to show them the East Room as the children themselves were to be escorted by him. It was touching to know that Mr. and Mrs. McKinley were glad to see, and gratified to hear, the conversation, and notice the smiles and laughter, and the more serious moods of children who happened to be about the age that their children might have been.

In private conversation he was always a peacemaker. A lively young lady from England was the guest of a friend calling at the White House one summer's evening. The moon was shining, and the Washington Monument very distinct as it stood above the trees like a shaft of snow. Against the sky it was like a pillar of soft white light. The young English lady got into conversation about the comparative architecture of public buildings in England and in the United States, and stood up very cleverly for the English side of it, assuming, with some vivacity, that we had little to compare with them as to architectural

effects. Possibly she had not been aware before this debate sprang up that there were two sides to the question. She was asked what she thought of the monument which was in sight, and she, lo! did not fancy it. This seemed a shade unnecessary. She said it "was very tall," and so were chimneys in her country! An American lady, who felt that this was almost speaking disrespectfully of the Washington Monument, asked her what she thought of the White House, and she rejoined, with some polite phrases, of bits of public buildings in England, not celebrated for their beauty. The trend of the conversation was running into controversy. The President had been smoking his cigar and enjoying the unusual amount of information given by the contesting parties, when it seemed to occur to him it had really gone about far enough. He came forward, closing the debate with the statement that these questions of state, especially architectural, belonged to arbitration; that it was not necessary the contesting parties should go to the depths of their knowledge about public monuments. It was a case for arbitrators, and he wanted the ladies to agree upon something of the sort. The English lady was quite in favor of it, and desired the President should arbitrate the question, but his contention was that he might be prejudiced and that he could not venture, but he suggested that the Washington Monument be allowed to pose in the moonlight without the use of any language that expressed asperity; that he acknowledged the value of chimneys, but that the comparison of those lofty smokers was not entirely acceptable in an art lesson. The theme was not revived. The President's manner in coming forward and proposing that the question be arbitrated was what they call in England, in persons of authority, "gracious." Of course there was charming good humor, suggesting amusement in this conference as well as in his words.

The President had a surprisingly accurate memory. He was very good in the remembrance of faces, though not quite the expert that Blaine was, yet he seemed to know a great deal about a great many people, and to know it exactly. He would ask questions indicating knowledge that astonished auditors. Once a politician said (rather congratulating himself upon it) that an opinion he expressed by telegraph one day, and addressed to the President, of an impending but precarious event, was the first that had been stated to that effect, and had forgotten until the President asked the question: "Why did you retract a bit of it in a second telegram?" The President remembered what the

telegrapher of a hit at advance information had forgotten; that he had a few hours later had a lapse in confidence, and had mentioned that, too, over the wire. The President's smile was genial, but had an admonition in it.

All that has been stated of the President's attention to his wife, of his unvarying thoughtfulness in looking to her comfort and her pleasure, is beautifully true. There can be no way of overstating it. We may add that all the ladies of the family received from him ever affable attention; that it was perfectly natural to him to be interested in their occupations; that his mother was near to him as his wife, and he never forgot to inquire about her if she was a few minutes late. There was always a place for her in the carriage, and it was his habit to be honoring her; there were always words for her. He knew all the little things that go so far to make up the pleasure, the peace and sweetness of domestic life. His faithfulness and fondness was ever present. It would appear that impatience with loved ones was impossible, and all his kindness was the expression of his feeling. No one would ever agree that he was or could be weary in caring for all in the family circle. It enhances the estimate that should be put upon his attentiveness to wife and mother and sister and all; that he was a very constant workingman; that his duties were heavy, severe, sometimes exhausting; that his kindness of heart led him continually to be on his feet and to be with people, and to undertake to say "No" in such a way that it would not seem like a blow or a disaster to one who got it. Few men have been as gifted as he in saying "No" without offending, and his pleasure in saying "Yes" made the significance of the affirmation the more pleasing.

One incident was recalled at Washington on the day of the arrival of the body of the President by H. L. Atchison, who for years was one of the officers of the White House. He says the night Vice President Hobart became ill at the White House and insisted on walking to his residence in Lafayette Square, but a few steps from the White House, President McKinley insisted on going home with him. He astonished Atchison by walking out into the night, arm in arm with Mr. Hobart, and wholly unattended.

Atchison was impressed by the danger of the President and Vice-President being involved in a common calamity. The personal attachment between President McKinley and Vice President Hobart was

something more than perfunctory; it was clever, hearty and mutual. The President was glad to have the Vice President with him on eastward excursions, and always introduced the Vice President, and the handshaking on the platform until the train was under way caused many a scramble, so that there were remarks that there must be a conspiracy between the two highest officers of the Government in favor of the promotion of the Secretary of State. President McKinley did not study to produce effects by attitudes. He never posed, but for the purposes of photography took positions easy because natural. He was not picturesque in phrase, and when he became impressive there was nothing artificial. He dressed well; that is, becomingly. He was as serious about his frock coat, buttoned, his necktie, his badge of the Legion of Honor, sometimes replaced by a red carnation, as Daniel Webster was devoted to his blue coat, with cutaway tails and brass buttons.

President McKinley never lost the walk of the soldier who carried a musket. He marched, not stiffly, but, when in haste, to take exercise, with the veteran's swing. His fine old gray horse, driven at Canton very often by himself, was a portly, good-natured, strong but safe gray that replied with a switching of his tail when touched by a whip lash. He was not struck hard enough to hurt, but evidently felt the touch of the lash an indignity. When he was first in the army there were one hundred and five men in his company, and eighty of them were taller than he, but he was every inch a soldier. It was said of him when as a young member of Congress, that he always spoke as though each speech was to be the last he would make. His earnestness was invincible. His sincerities were obvious and were expressed in every movement and in all the tones of his voice. The intensity of his energy as he delivered the paragraphs that culminated in the peroration was so vehement that he was often cautioned that human nature could not endure such wear and tear, but he was never exhausted. His life was one of labor, and the amount of work he achieved was almost incredible.

General Garfield had, before the war, and always, many friends in Cincinnati, and it was one of his early experiences to come down to that city and preach in the Christian Church on Walnut street. He did not regard his talk as preaching or his utterances as eloquent, or his public speaking as anything more than a serious presentation of the Word. It was said that he acquired a good deal of facility in public speaking by his—I believe he called them—lectures in pulpits that aided him in his political discussions, and added to the force of

his oratory. He was perfectly at home, and was a clear thinker when he was on his feet, and one might say that he was so conscious of force, that he was careful of his emphasis.

Mr. Lincoln had relatives in Cincinnati, and was there several times before his memorable call to Washington, to fulfill the duties of the Presidency. He was engaged in a law-suit there associated with Edmond M. Stanton, afterward Secretary of War, and it was said to have been a bitter disappointment to Lincoln that he was not one of those who were selected to make an argument in the case. There were more lawyers engaged on his side than time could be found for them to argue the case. Lincoln had prepared for it, and felt almost despondent over the fact that he had been ruled out. Stanton, of course, was supposed to have been the strong man who had done this.

Another occasion of Lincoln visiting the city was the speech he made in Cincinnati in the Fifth street market space, where now th post-office stands, and a most interesting speech it was, referring a great deal to Kentucky, stating that he never had the privilege of speaking in his native State, but loved it notwithstanding, and he pleased himself with the conjecture that his voice might almost be heard in the old State of his birthplace for it was very near, and at any rate he thought he might assume there were Kentuckians there to hear him, and he addressed himself to them largely.

It turned out some time afterward there had been a neglect to pay his expenses by the committee, and the bill sent from the hotel to him at Springfield, Ill. He forwarded the bill to a relative in the city and inquired about it, not that he proposed to dispute the bill at all, excepting as to two items in it that he had no recollection of, as he quaintly stated. In fact, he had had nothing to do with the bottle of whisky or box of cigars. There was quite a flurry when this strange circumstance brought out the fact that a few gentlemen who believed that Mr. Lincoln was intended for the Presidency, and probably a coming man, had concluded they would organize a little on the occasion of his visit and had hired a room and entertained the friends of Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency with a bottle of whisky and a good many cigars. There had been an odd and it turned out disagreeable neglect to take care of the bill for the refreshments. Those who happened to be responsible for that mistake were likely the more vexed about it, because he was a candidate for the Presidency sure enough at the time the disturbance took place about the bill.

M. H.

CHAPTER XXV.

SCENES, INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

Illustrative of the Life of President McKinley and Its Associations—When McKinley Challenged the Vote of Ohio—A Picture Gallery of His Youth—His Conversion—Courtship—How He Was Attentive to His Wife—His Methodism—The Town in Which He Was a Boy—President McKinley's Will.

We have to go to the Bible or to Shakespeare to find the literature that embodies the tragic elements of such a dreadful deed as that of the wretched young anarchist who, in the ignorance and inherent depravity that made him a forlorn creature at the best, shot down the man who was doing the greater part in the work of the world, and doing it in all honor and beneficence and the goodness of a calm but mighty and fruitful life. How admirable is what Mark Antony said of Brutus, in its application to McKinley:

> "His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixt in him that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world:
> 'This was a man!'"

Or this tribute to Duncan?

> "He has borne his faculties so meek, hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking-off!"

Take the two passages together, and they tell it nearly all.

As a scene in the life of McKinley note this:

Some time before the Republican National Convention of 1892 was held McKinley had expressed himself as in favor of the renomination of President Harrison. He was elected a delegate-at-large as a Harrison man, and the understanding was that Ohio would vote solidly for the President's renomination.

The convention made McKinley its permanent chairman, and the speech he made at the time is viewed as one of the most masterly

representations of the issues before the country ever pronounced. Again at that convention Major McKinley insisted on his name being withdrawn as a candidate and this, notwithstanding the fact that the delegation from his own State had, unknown to him, decided to cast its vote for him. When the vote of Ohio was announced, "Harrison, 2; McKinley, 44 votes," he sprang from his seat shouting, "I challenge the vote of Ohio!"

When Texas was reached on the roll call and the vote of that State announced, Chairman McKinley invited Elliott F. Shepard of New York to preside, and then took the floor and moved that Benjamin Harrison be nominated for President of the United States by acclamation. Mr. Clarkson of Iowa seconded the motion. An objection, however, being made that the roll-call was in progress, McKinley withdrew his motion, but when the roll-call was completed the motion was again put and the nomination was made unanimous.

As an incident in the life of McKinley, take this:

The second gubernatorial campaign (McKinley in Ohio) opened at a time when every State and Territory in the Union was suffering from the effects of a panic. The Republicans met in State convention at Columbus on June 7, 1893, and renominated McKinley for Governor by acclamation. His Democratic opponent was L. T. Neal, but he defeated him by the phenomenal plurality of 80,995, on the largest vote that had ever been cast in Ohio up to that time.

Two observations are to be made by way of annotation. There were many Republicans in Ohio, and not a few of them were men of influence, who had often appeared in representative characters, held fast to the opinion that McKinley was far away ahead of the people in his protectionist views, and that if he was not ruled off the track he would cause a crushing defeat of his party. His tremendous majority presented him to the country as the next President, and he was so introduced whenever he addressed the people, until his friends had the happiness to call him the President of the United States.

There was a serious movement to make McKinley believe it was his duty to stand for a third term, but he ended that as he "demanded" in the Chicago Convention that nominated Harrison that his friends should not vote for him.

An interesting incident occurred the last Sunday Mr. McKinley spent in Canton before going to Washington to be inaugurated Presi-

dent. He requested his pastor some days in advance to preach on that Sunday, as he did not wish to have a stranger indulge in words of eulogy of him. He said: "I want my own pastor to preach the last Sunday before I go to Washington." Once he said: "If you or anyone else should begin to gush over me, I would get up and leave the church." The hymn sung on that occasion was No. 602 in the Methodist hymn-book:

"It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

"Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

"And ours the grateful service whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense;
The hope, the trust, the purpose stayed,
The fountain, and the noonday shade.

"And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dream and slothful ease."

Mr. McKinley was so pleased with the sentiment of the hymn that the next day he asked the board of trustees, as a special favor, to give him the copy of the book from which he sang the day before, saying that he had marked that hymn and that he would like to have that particular book.

When the speeches and addresses of William McKinley are, as they soon will be, edited and arranged, in perhaps as many as ten volumes—the number in the edition of Lincoln's works prepared by Hay and Nicolay—it will be effectually made known that he touched an extraordinary range of subjects, and adorned all he touched. In a speech before the Marquette Club of Chicago in 1896 McKinley told the secret of Lincoln's undoubted great power and he more than once spoke similarly of the wisdom of standing with the people and of thinking with them and thus holding their confidence. He said:

"In all Lincoln did he invited, rather than evaded, examination and criticism. He submitted his plans and purposes, as far as practicable, to public consideration with perfect frankness and sincerity. There was such homely simplicity in his character that it could not be hedged in by pomp of place nor the ceremonials of high official station. He was so accessible to the public that he seemed to take the whole people into his confidence.

"Here, perhaps, was one secret of his power. The people never lost confidence in him, however much they unconsciously added to his personal discomfort and trials."

HOW McKINLEY ENLISTED.

One of the most interesting incidents of the life of McKinley was that of his enlistment in the army.

There is an old tavern in Poland, Ohio, known as the Sparrow House, which was built in 1804. The rafters are tumbling down now and time has almost completed its destruction. But in June, 1861, the old place was one of common resort for the villagers and most of the town meetings were held there. Lincoln, at that time, had just issued his call for troops and Poland was to send a company to the front. A meeting had been called to be held in the Sparrow House. The place was packed. McKinley had come from his school to hear the speeches. When one speaker said, pointing to an American flag which had been displayed: "Our country's flag has been shot at. And for what? That this free government may keep a race in the bondage of slavery. Who will be the first to defend it?" McKinley stepped forward and with him the first young men of Poland. He and they enlisted. They became Company E of the Twenty-third Ohio, one of the foremost regiments sent by that State to do battle with the Confederacy. The company marched from Poland to Youngstown and at Camp Chase, Columbus, joined its regiment and entered on actual service.

Here was a most promising leadership. There is the flag—was the appeal—who will fight for it? And William McKinley was the first boy to step to the front.

McKINLEY'S COURTSHIP.

Mrs. McKinley was the first child of James and Mary Saxton of Canton. As a child and young woman she was vivacious and had friends among all classes. She had then the happy faculty of becoming en-

deared to those who knew her—a trait which is hers still. Her education was obtained in the public schools of Canton, at a school in Cleveland, and later at Brook Hall Seminary, Media, Pa., then under the charge of Miss Eastman, who was a well-known educator of that time. Here Mrs. McKinley, then Ida Saxton, spent three years. After this she spent six months with a party of friends visiting points of interest in Europe.

When she returned to Canton, a young woman, handsome and refined, a career or belleship was open to her. She added to her charming manners a dash of coquetry, just enough to make the young men eager to be a friend of the worthy young woman.

Her father was a man of staid character and pronounced opinions. He was then a banker and he concluded to give his daughter such a training as would fit her to cope with all the duties of woman, new or old. Accordingly Miss Ida was installed as assistant in the bank, and there is a common saying there that her fair face attracted bouquets and bank-notes to the window. "She must be trained," said her father, "to buy her own bread if necessary, and not to sell herself to matrimony."

Mr. Saxton had married happily and he jealously guarded his daughter. His placing her in the bank was a master-stroke. She was having business to think about and was fitting herself for the trials of life and adversity if they should come.

Of suitors Miss Ida Saxton had many. There were among them the best in point of position and wealth the country knew. When Miss Saxton returned from her foreign tour Major McKinley was fairly started in his legal career. His honest face and manly bearing vanquished all rivals, removed the young woman from the cashier's window and won from honest James Saxton these words when the hand of his daughter was gained:

"You are the only man I have ever known to whom I would entrust my daughter."

THE PRESIDENT'S TITLE.

Just after the election which made Mr. McKinley President-elect an old man, one of the oldest friends of the McKinleys, called at the Canton home.

"Why, how do you do, Uncle John?" cordially exclaimed the President-elect to the farmer.

The farmer's face flushed as he replied: "Neighbor, 'tain't all right to call you neighbor any more and I want to know just how to speak to you. You used to be just Major McKinley and then you was Lawyer McKinley, and then after a bit you was Congressman McKinley, and then you got to be Governor McKinley. Now you are elected President McKinley, but you ain't President yet."

The President-elect laughed heartily at the perplexity of his constituent and answered:

"John, I won't have a friend of mine, such as you are, address me by any prouder title than that of major. That rank belongs to me. I am not governor any more and I am not President yet. So you just call me plain major, which I like to be to all my friends."

"WILLIAM AT WASHINGTON" AND HIS MOTHER.

During the entire term of his governorship of Ohio he sent a letter, no matter how brief, to his mother every day. Sometimes, when under some tremendous pressure of work, the daily message would take the form of a telegram, but this resort he avoided as much as possible. At one time, during a serious disturbance in Ohio, when the troops had been called out to prevent an anticipated lynching, Governor McKinley for a period of ten days scarcely slept. Yet every night, the very last thing before he allowed himself to snatch the briefest rest, he wrote a little note to his mother, knowing her great anxiety.

When, after the inauguration of her son as President, Mother McKinley returned to Canton, the daily letters were resumed. Every day there came to the Canton post-office the little White House envelope bearing some tender message from her "William at Washington" to his mother. "William at Washington" was always the way that she referred to her President-son.

THE PRESIDENT PROVES HIS METHODISM.

President McKinley always showed the highest degree of generosity toward his political opponents. While governor of Ohio he was about to appoint to an exalted and lucrative office a man who for many years had been his ardent supporter, but who had deserted him and gone over to the

enemy at a critical period. Later, when that critical period had passed, the deserter slipped back into his party and remained unnoticed until he became a candidate for office. Many of Governor McKinley's loyal friends earnestly protested against his appointment. They argued that the man had been a traitor when he was most needed and that he was not entitled to consideration.

The governor's face lighted up with a smile and he remarked: "Gentlemen, you seem to forget that I am a Methodist and believe in the doctrine of falling from grace."

PRESIDENT McKINLEY'S WILL.

President McKinley's will is as follows:

Executive Mansion, Washington.

I publish the following as my latest will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills:

To my beloved wife, Ida S. McKinley, I bequeath all of my real estate, wherever situated, and the income of any personal property of which I may be possessed at death, during her natural life. I make the following charge upon all my property, both real and personal: To pay my mother during her life one thousand dollars a year, and at her death said sum to be paid to my sister, Helen McKinley.

If the income from property be insufficient to keep my wife in great comfort and pay the annuity above provided, then I direct that such of my property be sold so as to make a sum adequate for both purposes.

Whatever property remains at the death of my wife I give to my brothers and sisters, share and share alike.

My chief concern is that my wife from my estate shall have all she requires for her comfort and pleasure, and that my mother shall be provided with whatever money she requires to make her old age comfortable and happy.

Witness my hand and seal this 22d day of October, 1897, to my last will and testament, made at the City of Washington, District of Columbia. William McKinley.

The foregoing will was witnessed by us this 22d day of October, 1897, at the request of the testator, and his name signed thereto in our presence and our signature hereto in his presence. G. B. Cortelyou,
Charles Loeffler.

There is an estimate probably not far from the truth that the late President's estate amounts to about $250,000. Mrs. McKinley's property inherited from her father was held to be worth near $100,000, and there is $67,000 life insurance.

FOUR HUNDRED MILES OF MOURNERS.

The funeral train left Buffalo at 8:30 Monday morning. It traveled over a route 420 miles in length amid the tolling of bells and through endless lanes of mourning people that at every town, village and hamlet lined the track far out into the fields. At many cities and towns school children and young women had strewn flowers on the track, hiding the rails, and the engine wheels cut their way through the fragrant masses of blooms spread out to show the love felt for the dead President. The whole country seemed to have assembled its population at the sides of the track over which the funeral train passed. Work was suspended in field and mine and city. The schools were dismissed. Everywhere appeared the trappings and tokens of woe.

THE CONVERSION OF McKINLEY.

We have for this the authority of the Methodist Christian Advocate:

William McKinley is the only President of the United States who was a life-long Methodist. He inherited his Methodism from his father and mother and united with the church in boyhood. He grew up in the Sunday-school, and when about fourteen years old, while living in Poland, Ohio, he was converted and joined the Methodist Church during a series of protracted meetings. The pastor who received him, Rev. A. D. Morton, said that during this revival McKinley was an attentive, thoughtful listener. One evening, at a meeting of young people, the boy stood up and calmly said: "I have not done my duty; I have sinned; I want to be a Christian; I believe religion to be the best thing in all the world. I give myself to the Savior who has done so much for me." A few evenings afterward he said: "I have found the pearl of great price. I love God."

Young McKinley began at once to study the doctrines of the Bible and was soon afterward received into the church. Religion was to him a serious matter, and his regard for the consistency of his religious character, even in boyhood, is illustrated in his remark, when asked to hitch

up a horse and buggy for a member of the family to attend a party, that he thought it was not exactly right to ask a Methodist to assist a person to go to a dance.

After his return from the war young McKinley located in Canton and began the study of law. It is said that his mother desired him to be a minister, and expressed the opinion that, if he had done so, he might have become a Methodist bishop. The family, however, united in assisting him to carry out his purpose to become a lawyer.

He was active in church work in Canton, where he began to practice law, and was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-school at the time of his marriage to Miss Ida Saxton, who was herself a teacher at that time in the Presbyterian Sunday-school. He was consistent and uniform in his religious life and regularly attended church, whether at his home in Canton or in Washington.

Without making any display of his religion, he always impressed his associates in public life with his Christian character, his associates in Congress being often attracted by his humming Methodist tunes. The exigencies of public life often made severe drafts upon his time, but very rarely did he allow anything to interfere with his attendance at religious service at least once on Sunday.

Even during the most exciting period of the recent war he missed the Sunday service only two or three times, on which occasions he was detained by special meetings of the Cabinet.

HIS TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT GARFIELD

Mr. McKinley was enabled to pay a beautiful tribute to his great friend, President James A. Garfield, in an address accepting the statue of the martyr President presented by the State of Ohio in the House of Representatives on July 19, 1886:

"He was brave and sagacious. He filled every post with intelligence and fidelity and directed the movement of troops with judgment and skill. Distinguished as was his military career, which in itself would have given him a proud place in history, his most enduring fame, his highest renown, was earned in this House as a representative of the people. Here his marvelous qualities were brought into full activity; here he grew with gradual but ever increasing strength; here he won his richest laurels; here was the scene and center of his greatest glory. Here he was a leader and master, not by combination or scheming, not

by chicane or caucus, but by the force of his cultivated mind, his keen and far-seeing judgment, his unanswerable logic, his strength and power of speech, his thorough comprehension of the subjects of legislation. Always strong, he was strongest on his feet addressing the House, or from the rostrum the assembled people. He was always just to his adversary, an open and manly opponent and free from invective. He convinced the judgment with his searching logic, while he swayed his listeners with brilliant periods and glowing eloquence. He was always an educator of the people. His thoughts were fresh, vigorous and instructive.

'Another place of great honor we fill to-day. Nobly and worthily is it filled. Garfield has joined Winthrop and Adams and the other illustrious ones as 'the elect of the States,' peopling yonder venerable and beautiful hall. He receives his high credentials from the hands of the State which has withheld from him none of her honors, and history will ratify the choice. We add another to the immortal membership. Another enters 'the sacred circle.' In silent eloquence from the 'American Pantheon' another speaks, whose life-work, with its treasures of wisdom, its wealth of achievement and its priceless memories will remain to us and our descendants a precious legacy forever and forever."

THE STRUGGLE FOR AN EDUCATION.

Young McKinley grew to manhood in the village of Poland, Ohio, a town which possessed a seminary for boys and girls of the type of the New England academy. To Poland Seminary came ambitious young men and young women from the neighboring farms, eager for the book-learning of the schools and believing that its possession would open broad highways to success in life. Some engaged rooms and board at the rate of $2.00 a week, and others reduced this very modest cost of living by taking rooms alone and eating the victuals sent in to them weekly by their parents. None of these bright young people felt that they were poor. They were all accustomed to the close economies of the farm life of that period, and were not in the least ashamed of them. The richest man in Poland at that time was not worth ten thousand dollars. A man with five thousand dollars' worth of property and no debts was thought to be well off. Mrs. McKinley helped out the narrow income of the family by taking boarders and herself did the cooking, with the help of her girls. Young McKinley was an ardent student. It

was his mother's ambition as well as his own that he should go through college and then study law, but whether this aim could be accomplished was always rather doubtful. The father was frugal, industrious and self-denying, but he had a large family to provide for and his earnings were small. William did what he could to help out the family income by one sort of work or another in vacation times. At one time it was almost decided that the plan for his education must be abandoned, but his elder sister, Annie, came to the rescue with the money she had saved as a school teacher.

INCIDENTS OF McKINLEY'S TENDERNESS TO HIS WIFE.

At all dinners, even the most formal state affairs, the regulation etiquette was set aside and Mrs. McKinley always sat, not opposite to him at the other end or side of the table, as official custom demanded, but at the President's side, so that he might be close to her. This rule was never departed from and the deviation from the usual custom was accepted by everybody. When Mrs. McKinley was upstairs in the White House and not feeling very well, it was not unusual for the President to excuse himself from some conference, or to callers, and run quickly up-stairs to spend a moment with his wife. He had been known to do this as often as twelve times a day. His tender care of her when traveling won for him the deepest reverence and admiration of all who happened to be near the devoted husband and wife. When affairs of state were urgent the President invariably shielded his wife from the unfavorable side, always presenting to her the most cheerful and brightest view of any question at issue. Again and again during the tenancy of the White House the President himself, in addition to all his other duties, directed, so far as he could, the domestic machinery of the Executive Mansion in order to save his wife from the worry of household cares.

MEETING A CRISIS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

It was at the battle of Opequan, fought near Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864. Captain McKinley was acting as an aide-de-camp on the staff of General Sheridan, and General Deval was commanding the second division. General Crook sent McKinley with a verbal order to General Deval, commanding him to move quickly by a certain road and take his position on the right of the Sixth Corps. In going to General

Deval McKinley took this road, through a ravine, and found it almost blockaded with broken wagons, dead horses and fallen trees. It was with difficulty that he could get through, and, when he reached Deval and delivered his order as given him, he added: "But, General, I have come over that road and it is so obstructed that an army could not move that way quickly enough to be of any service. There is another route by which I am sure you could reach the place assigned to you and I suggest that you take that one."

General Deval was a trained soldier and felt the responsibility of his position too much to disobey an order from his superior officer, even in the letter, but he saw the force of McKinley's suggestion. He hesitated as to what he should do and then said: "Captain, I must obey General Crook's order to the letter. What road did he say I should take?"

It was the captain's time to hesitate. He saw that General Deval's idea of military discipline would compel him to follow the order to the letter, and he knew, from his own experience, that an army could not move along that route and reach his position in time to be of service. He answered: "General Deval, General Crook commands you to move your division along this road (mentioning the one he had suggested) and take up your position on the right of the Sixth Corps." General Deval accepted the order, and, moving his command as directed, was able to reach his new position in time to be of great service in driving the enemy from their fortified position and saving the Union troops from defeat.

When Captain McKinley reported to General Crook what he had done, the general looked at him in amazement as he asked: "Did you fully understand the risk you took in changing the order you were intrusted to deliver to General Deval?"

"I did," was the captain's reply.

"Did you know that you were liable to be court-martialed and dismissed from the service, and, had it led to disaster, shot as a traitor?"

"I did, General, but I was willing to take that risk to save the battle."

General Crook looked the young captain in the eyes for a minute and saw that he was dealing with a man who had the courage to put aside technicalities and do his duty as judgment and conscience and absolute personal knowledge of the situation dictated, without regard to the consequences, and he said:

"Captain, you have saved the battle, and you are a brave man; but I would advise you not to take such risks again, as, in case of failure, even of the officer who received the command, to do his duty in the light of your knowledge, the blame would rest upon you alone."

It may not be generally known that President McKinley owned a farm, but such was the case, and it was a well-kept farm, too. Two miles from Minerva, Ohio, and one mile from Bayard, it stands on a sloping parcel of ground surmounted by the orchards of apples. The Cleveland & Pittsburg Railroad crosses the farm and the Big Sandy Canal courses through the field at one side of the main road.

Along a lane to a point two-thirds of the way up the slope are the farm buildings. To the right, the first one is the sheep barn. This two-story structure was originally a church, attended by the folks of that rural vicinity who worshiped on the Sabbath. Twenty-five years ago, when it ceased to be used for church purposes, it was moved from the corner of the farm next the main road to its present site. When it stood on the corner it was just in front of the old cemetery known as the Plain's Cemetery, which is still there.

McKinley's farm is a profitable one. In any season when crops are good it yields richly. This last year's potato crop will aggregate nearly two thousand bushels. The corn fields have been known to produce as high as 3,500 bushels in one year. Last year the hay crop amounted to one hundred tons. The oats crop this year aggregates seven hundred bushels.

September is apple butter making time in northwestern Ohio. Many of the apples on McKinley's farm are made into apple butter. The large orchard is an important part of the farm. One year 1,700 bushels of Baldwins were gathered and as many more of other kinds, making a total yield of nearly 3,500 bushels. Part of the produce of the farm has been shipped to Canton from time to time, but none has ever been sent to Washington.

Selling milk is another of the industries of the farm. There are about twenty-five head of cattle and nine milch cows. Some of them are blooded stock. Raising calves is also an occupation. Ten fine horses are constantly employed. Two hundred sheep graze on the hills and meadows. One season one hundred and seventy-five sheep were sold from this place. While speaking of animals, the two dogs must not be forgotten. One,

bearing the name of "Shep," has been on the place for years. The other, which is a yellow one, came there as a stray not long ago, and has found a good home. The chickens are numbered by hundreds.

The man who has charge of the McKinley farm is W. J. Adams, who was reared in Pennsylvania. He is a farmer who understands his business, and it is said that there is not a more prosperous farm in all that section. Mr. Adams' family consists of his wife, two boys and two girls. One hired man is kept the year around, and two are employed during the busy season of the year. Mr. Adams works the farm on shares. The fences are all kept up, and there is an appearance of neatness which marks his work.

The residence is a two-story structure built sixty years ago by a man named Hostetter, who was interested in the Big Sandy Canal, and had it succeeded he would have finished and occupied the house. But the railroad came through, and the first boat that was sent down the canal got caught in the tunnel, not very far distant, and it was impossible to get it out. This was the only boat which ever made a trip on the Big Sandy Canal. Mr. Hostetter was never able to complete the house, so to this day a number of the rooms have not been finished off. This house is now getting old in appearance. It contains eleven rooms. The porch is about the size of McKinley's famous front porch at Canton, and then on to the upright part there is a wing which is a story and a half high. The lawn is well kept, and flowers grow along the fences at one side.

Besides the residence, there are six buildings on the farm. There is the main barn, the sheep barn, two large wagon sheds, weighing house and pig pen. One of the sheds shelters an immense wagon which one time made a memorable trip. It was after the first election of McKinley to the presidency. Six teams of horses were hitched to the vehicle and the farmers round about gathered to the number of forty and drove to Mr. McKinley's Canton home, to join in congratulating him.

President McKinley was an adept in the art of shaking hands. A man who stood and watched him for a while thus describes the manner in which the Chief Executive shook hands with people and pleased them greatly in consequence:

"There is something grimly humorous in watching a man shake hands with a multitude at the rate of fifty a minute. Up and down the arm and hand go, like a pump handle or the rhythmic beat of a piston. I

watched the President at Memorial Hall last Tuesday afternoon when he greeted five thousand citizens, and I confess I was amazed. My first feeling was one of amusement. To hear the President mumble constantly, "Glad to see you." "Pleased to see you," in the same monotone, to watch the shake, the mechanical motion of the arm, the sudden jerk with which he half pulled—yanked it was, truly—the person just greeted, and the astonished, semi-stupefied look on the shaked one's face—all this and more was inimitably funny.

"But soon the feeling of amusement gave way to one of wonder, and then of compassion that a Chief Executive should have to submit to such an ordeal, and finally to unbounded admiration and amazement at the extraordinary vitality shown by the President.

"The McKinley grip deserves special description; it is unique in its line. It allures the caller, holds him an instant, and then quietly and deliberately 'shakes' him. Mr. McKinley is not a tall man by any means; indeed he is, if anything, considerably below what I should consider the medium height—five feet ten. Consequently his 'shake' is considerably lower than a handshake you get from the average-sized man. The hand goes out straight for you, there is a good warm pressure of the palm, a quick drop, a jerk forward and the thing is over. There is something besides the extended outstretched palm to allure you, and that is Mr. McKinley's beaming countenance.

"When greeting the public he never ceases to smile. It is not a forced smile; it invites you forward and compels your own smile in spite of yourself. It is so genuinely honest, too, that one can not but conclude that, onerous as these receptions must be to the President's physique, he nevertheless enjoys them thoroughly. Long before the reception was over the President showed unmistakable signs of fatigue; his jaw began to droop and blackish rings formed under his eyes, but the smile—beaming, inviting—remained, and it lasted as long as there was one citizen to greet.

"Such occasions are the best in which to study the real traits of a man. If there is anything better qualified to produce irritability than a public reception with a lightning handshaking on the side, I do not think it has been discovered. I am frank to confess that Mr. McKinley showed traits during that ordeal that were both admirable and lovable. He was particularly kind to the veterans. His heart went with his hand to them.

Several of them, dazed and bewildered, no doubt, would have passed him by unheeded in their excitement.

"His arm halted them, his hand sought theirs, and he never failed to say 'comrade' to them. To the ladies he was gracious, especially so to the feeble, older ones, and to the tots, the toddlers and the growing young Americans he was like a father. I saw him detain a mother who was carrying a tiny mite on her arm. Mr. McKinley fussed with the muslins and the woolens of the mite until he found its chubby little hand, which he pressed tenderly. That mother did not say a word, but tears of joy glistened in her eyes as she passed beyond.

"I'll venture that nobody went away from that reception feeling offended. McKinley's grip is a manly grip; it is a handshake given with genuine pleasure. It is the grip of a man of flesh and blood and of a sympathetic soul."

During the late Western trip, Mrs. McKinley was busy with her fancy work, her crocheted slippers, and even while she turned to bow from her car to the assembled crowd she would occasionally toy with the wool or take a random stitch. When asked about her slippers, she said:

"Why, what am I to do! I must be doing something. I can't bear to be idle, and this is pleasant work which I enjoy. Would you believe it? I have kept count, and I find that I have made no less than four thousand pairs of slippers. At one time my bill for soles was very large, but they don't cost me anything, since the vice-president is in the shoe business; he supplies me with soles for nothing. I keep him in bedroom slippers, and as he is now sick they come in nicely for him. I have no difficulty in disposing of all the slippers I can make. I give them to hospitals and other charities."

Had not politics early attracted President McKinley, he would without doubt have attained eminence as a lawyer. His pursuit of the law was marked with the same fidelity that characterized his every undertaking, and at the bar he won not only success, but popularity as well. An incident in his career as a lawyer is related as follows:

"One of his cases long remembered was when he was pitted against John McSweeney, then considered one of the most brilliant lawyers of the Ohio bar. The case was a suit for damages for malpractice, the plaintiff charging that a surgeon had set his broken leg in such a way as to

make him bow-legged on that side. McKinley defended the surgeon. McSweeney brought his client into court and had the injured limb exposed to the view of the jury. It was very crooked, and the case looked bad for the surgeon. McKinley had both his eyes wide open, however, and fixed them to good purpose on the man's other leg. As soon as the witness was turned over to him, he asked that the other leg should also be bared. The plaintiff and McSweeney vigorously objected, but the judge ordered it done. Then it appeared that his second leg was still more crooked than that which the surgeon had set.

" 'My client seems to have done better by this man than nature itself did,' said McKinley, 'and I move that the suit be dismissed with a recommendation to the plaintiff that he have the other leg broken and then set by the surgeon who set the first one.' "

One of the most tender tributes ever paid to the memory of Abraham Lincoln was contained in the address of Mr. McKinley before the Unconditional Republican Club at Albany, N. Y., on February 12th (Lincoln's birthday), 1895. In the course of his remarks he said:

"A noble manhood, nobly consecrated to man, never dies. The martyr of liberty, the emancipator of a race, the savior of the only free government among men, may be buried from human sight, but his deeds will live in human gratitude forever.

"The story of his simple life is the story of the plain, honest, manly citizen, true patriot and profound statesman who, believing with all the strength of his mighty soul in the institutions of his country, won, because of them, the highest place in its Government—then fell a sacrifice to the Union he held so dear, and which Providence spared his life long enough to save.

"We meet to do honor to one whose achievements have heightened human aspirations and broadened the field of opportunity to the races of men. While the party with which we stand, and for which we stood, can justly claim him, and without dispute can boast the distinction of being the first to honor and trust him, his fame has leaped the bounds of party and country, and now belongs to mankind and the ages."

The remains of President McKinley—and this form of speaking of the man who, when September came, was one of the foremost men in the world; the man who of all living had within the last ten years most in-

fluenced the face of the earth and the conditions of mankind—this form of referring to all that is earthly of McKinley—comes to the paper on which it is written with a shock. It is startling to speak the word. How great a sufferer McKinley was from the moment he was shot there are few who know. The agony of a shot through the stomach is one of the most intense that human nature endures. The wasted face upon which thousands gazed while he was at rest in his coffin—the thinning of the features—was proof of the remorseless horror of his wound, and it was soon a duty to shut down the coffin lid, so that the splendid face that all men knew should be seen, as they say, no more forever.

WILLIAM McKINLEY.

BY GEORGE ALEXANDER KOHUT.

Where Garfield slumbers and where Lincoln sleeps,
  Renowned in patriot story,
Another chieftain dreams his peaceful dream—
  His dream of deathless glory.

There, shrined among the universal brave,
  Whose sacred dust we treasure,
The Lord of Hosts crowns him with martyr palm,
  And fame in fadeless measure.

His has become a rare, illustrious name,
  To shine, till time is hoary,
With Garfield's and with Lincoln's unforgot,
  For this Republic's glory.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

His First Official Act—His Earliest Transactions Gave Universal Confidence—In all Respects He Makes a Good Impression — He has in all His Ways Been Approved and all the People Hopefully and Confidently Wish Him Well—His Great Minneapolis Speech on September 2d.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FIRST OFFICIAL ACT.

Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Secretary Cortelyou gave out to-night the following:

By the President of the United States of America:

A proclamation: First part. A terrible bereavement has befallen our people. The President of the United States has been struck down —a crime committed not only against the chief magistrate, but against every law-abiding and liberty-loving citizen.

President McKinley crowned a life of largest love for his fellow men, of most earnest endeavor for their welfare, by a death of Christian fortitude; and both the way in which he lived his life and the way in which in the supreme hour of trial he met his death WILL REMAIN FOREVER A PRECIOUS HERITAGE of our people.

It is meet that we as a nation express our abiding love and reverence for his life, our deep sorrow over his untimely death.

Now, therefore, I, Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, do appoint Thursday next, September 19, the day in which the body of the dead President will be laid in its last earthly resting place, as a day of mourning and prayer throughout the United States. I earnestly recommend all the people to assemble on that day in their respective places of divine worship there to bow down in submission to the will of Almighty God, and to pay out of full hearts their homage of love and reverence to the great and good President whose death has smitten the nation with bitter grief.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington the 14th day of September, A. D. one thousand nine hundred and one, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-sixth.

[Seal.] THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

By the President: John Hay, Secretary of State.

It was in a dimly lighted private library in Buffalo, surrounded by a small group of friends, that Theodore Roosevelt, on the afternoon of September 14, 1901, raised his right hand and, swearing that he would faithfully preserve and obey the Constitution and execute the laws of the United States, became the President of the United States. And he said: "In this hour of deep and terrible national bereavement I wish to state it shall be my intention and endeavor to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

The declaration of President Roosevelt as soon as he was sworn into the great office according to the Constitution and custom, was, in the best sense of the word, a stroke of state. The effect upon the country was instantly felt to be wholesome. It gave confidence. The next stroke was the formal notification—no waiting, no hesitation, no delay, that McKinley's Cabinet was to be Roosevelt's Cabinet. This was making assurance doubly sure that there was not to be hasty change. The manliness and the gentlemanliness—the same thing—of Roosevelt was again before the country where duty called, and he made no mistakes.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt is the fifth Vice President who has succeeded to the presidential chair by virtue of his office, and like three of his predecessors—John Tyler, Andrew Johnson and Chester A. Arthur—he will have nearly a full presidential term.

Theodore Roosevelt, son of Theodore Roosevelt, of an old New York Dutch family, was born at No. 28 East 20th street, New York, October 20, 1858. His mother's maiden name was Martha Bulloch. He is of the ninth generation of the Roosevelt stock in America. The country residence of the family has long been at Oyster Bay. He has done a good deal of hard reform work in New York City, especially in the Police Board. He was the chairman of the New York delegation to the Republican National Convention of 1884. His far Western life was in Montana on the Little Missouri. His first important book was the "Winning of the West." He has written half a dozen Western books

on hunting and ranch life, etc. He was appointed by Harrison on the United States Civil Service Commission May 12, 1889, and served two years under Cleveland in that capacity. He was appointed Police Commissioner May 5, 1895. His book on the naval war of 1812 is a standard work, and his service in the Navy Department and with the Rough Riders in Cuba is familiar history.

Mr. Roosevelt has the distinction of being the youngest President ever inaugurated. He is but forty-three, while General Grant, hitherto the youngest President, was forty-seven. Roosevelt was not the youngest Vice President, John C. Breckinridge being only thirty-five—the constitutional age—when he was elected.

Colonel Roosevelt, it will be remembered, was anxious to decline the Vice Presidential candidacy, and was hard to convince of the duty to take the place. He made an immense impression in his speeches in the campaign of 1900. No other Republican candidate would have had such potentiality in the West. His war record commends him to all, and he is one of the most accomplished literary men in the country. That Roosevelt was an irresistible candidate in the National Republican Convention of 1900 was clear from the first, and the campaign proved the wisdom of the selection. His speeches in the convention were of extraordinary force. As the presiding officer of the Senate he was a quiet, conservative gentleman and an excellent parliamentarian.

He has a most complimentary unpopularity by those who are of the experience or expectation that he will be hard to manage.

He hastened to Buffalo as soon as he heard the President had been shot, and was rejoiced by the assurances of the surgeons. A Buffalo dispatch September 9th reports him as saying then:

"I came here because I believed my place was near the President, and I will not leave until the situation has entirely cleared up.

"If I were predicting when I shall leave here I would say to-morrow, because I firmly believe that the physicians will announce to-morrow that there is absolutely no doubt that the President will recover.

"I have been twice to the President's temporary home to-day, and I have seen nothing but smiling, happy faces, including a host of physicians. That would not be so if the bulletins did not tell the exact truth."

The Vice President was asked to express an opinion on legislation against anarchy. He said:

"It is not the time or place to discuss such matters. The only thing to be thought of now is the President's complete rapid recovery."

Mr. Roosevelt did not leave the Wilcox house until after the noon hour, and then he walked the mile to the Presidential quarters. Just after he had left the mansion he was accosted by a colored man who was raking a lawn.

"Governor, may I shake hands with you?" he said.

"You certainly may," answered the Vice President, turning quickly and grasping his hand, and then, as two laborers with dinner pails and tools came up, he shook hands with them.

"Ain't you afraid to be stopped?" asked one of the men.

"No, sir," he snapped out, "and I hope no official of this country will ever be afraid. You men are our protection, and the foul deed done the afternoon of Friday will only make you the more vigorous in your protection of the lives of those whom you select to office.

"Such men as you can work with the ballot the salvation of the country without resort to violence."

As he walked on the Vice President discussed the case of the President and his condition. He said in part:

"I believe that the bulletins being issued are none too sanguine. In fact, I know they are not. I am perfectly positive that the President will recover, and, more than that, I believe the illness will be a brief one and the recovery rapid.

"I had two men and a relative shot in the same manner in the Cuban campaign. They lay in the marshes for some time without attendance, and yet both recovered.

"I may say that I have even better information than the bulletins, and I again say with great confidence that the President will recover."

Vice President Roosevelt discredited by action rather than words the story that he was being guarded by Secret Service men.

A newspaper man called for him at the Windsor House and without consulting anybody he put on his hat and accompanied the visitor toward the President's quarters.

No secret service men were about, and the only thing he seemed afraid of were the numerous camera fiends. He returned on foot the way he had come, walking briskly, with few people recognizing him and seemingly without any bodyguard whatever.

President Roosevelt said of his Minneapolis speech that it would be found a statement of his views upon many important domestic and foreign problems now confronting this nation. Therefore, under the circumstances, it becomes of the greatest importance.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S GREAT SPEECH SEPTEMBER 2, 1901—A SPLENDID TALK ABOUT AMERICANISM—HIS MEMORABLE MINNEAPOLIS SPEECH.

In his admirable series of studies of twentieth century problems Dr. Lyman Abbott has pointed out that we are a nation of pioneers; that the first colonists to our shores were pioneers, and that pioneers selected out from among the descendants of these early pioneers, mingled with others selected afresh from the old world, pushed westward into the wilderness and laid the foundations for new commonwealths.

They were men of hope and expectation, of enterprise and energy; for the men of dull content or more dull despair had no part in the great movement into and across the new world.

Our country has been populated by pioneers, and therefore it has in it more energy, more enterprise, more expansive power than any other in the wide world.

You whom I am now addressing stand for the most part but one generation removed from these pioneers. You are typical Americans, for you have done the great, the characteristic, the typical work of our American life. In making homes and carving out careers for yourselves and your children, you have built up this State; throughout our history the success of the home-maker has been but another name for the upbuilding of the nation.

The men who, with ax in the forest and pick in the mountains and plow on the prairies, pushed to completion the dominion of our people over the American wilderness, have given the definite shape to our Nation. They have shown the qualities of daring, endurance and farsightedness, of eager desire for victory and stubborn refusal to accept defeat, which go to make up the essential manliness of the American character. Above all they have recognized in practical form the fundamental law of success in American life—the law of worthy work, the law of high, resolute endeavor.

We have but little room among our people for the timid, the irresolute, and the idle; and it is no less true that there is scant room in the

world at large for the Nation with mighty thews that dares not to be great.

Surely in speaking to the sons of men who actually did the rough and hard, and infinitely glorious work of making the great Northwest what it now is, I need hardly insist upon the righteousness of this doctrine. In your own vigorous lives you show by every act how scant is your patience with those who do not see in the life of effort the life supremely worth living.

Sometimes we hear those who do not work spoken of with envy. Surely the willfully idle need arouse in the breast of a healthy man no emotion stronger than that of contempt—at the outside no emotion stronger than angry contempt. The feeling of envy would have in it an admission of inferiority on our part, to which the men who know not the sterner joys of life are not entitled.

Poverty is a bitter thing, but it is not as bitter as the existence of restless vacuity and physical, moral and intellectual flabbiness to which those doom themselves who elect to spend all their years in that vainest of all vain pursuits, the pursuit of mere pleasure as a sufficient end in itself.

I am in all my feelings national, and neither local nor sectional, and I am happy to add, parenthetically, I am not in the least cosmopolitan, and it is a pleasure for me to speak to you of Chicago, because Chicago is intensely and typically an American city. Of recent years, you have done two things because of which you deserve well of the whole nation. You have put down and punished (even if not altogether adequately) two foul, foreign conspiracies which were hatched in your midst.

You dealt with the anarchist dynamite-throwers as they deserved and you also dealt with, though not as thoroughly as they deserved, the members of a foreign dynamite society who, on account of a factional quarrel, had murdered an American citizen. I have full faith that you will visit any future offenders of the same sort with even prompter and severer punishment, whether they are found in the ranks of the anarchists on one hand or of the Clan-na-Gael or some kindred organization on the other.

From his own standpoint, it is beyond all question a wise thing for the immigrant to become thoroughly Americanized. Moreover, from our standpoint, we have a right to demand it. We freely extend the hand of welcome and good fellowship to every man, no matter what his creed or

birthplace, who comes here honestly intent on becoming a good United States citizen like the rest of us; but we have a right, and it is our duty to demand that he shall indeed be so, and shall not confuse the issues with which we are now struggling by introducing among us old-world quarrels and prejudices.

There are certain ideas which he must give up; as, for instance, he must learn that American life is incompatible with the existence of any form of anarchy or communism, or, indeed, of any secret society having murder as its aim, whether at home or abroad; and he must learn that we exact full religious tolerance and the complete separation of church and state.

It is not enough that those already Americans shall remain such; the immense multitude of newcomers must also become such. The mighty tide of immigration to our shores has brought in its train much of good and much of evil; and whether the good or evil shall predominate depends mainly on whether these newcomers will or will not throw themselves heartily into our national life, cease to be European, and become Americans like the rest of us. To bear the name of American is to bear the most honorable of titles, and whoever does not so believe has no business to bear the name at all; and if he comes from Europe, the sooner he gets back the better.

The willfully idle man, like the willfully barren woman, has no place in a sane, healthy and vigorous community. Moreover, the gross and hideous selfishness for which each stands defeats even its own miserable aims. Exactly as infinitely the happiest woman is she who has borne and brought up many healthy children, so infinitely the happiest man is he who has toiled hard and successfully in his life work.

The work may be done in a thousand different ways; with the brain or the hands, in the study, the field, or the workshop; if it is honest work, honestly done and well worth doing, that is all we have a right to ask.

Every father and mother here, if they are wise, will bring up their children not to shirk difficulties, but to meet and overcome them; not to strive after a life of ignoble ease, but to strive to do their duty, first to themselves and their families, and then to the whole state; and this duty must inevitably take the shape of work in some form or other.

You, the sons of pioneers, if you are true to your ancestry, must make your lives as worthy as they made theirs. They sought for true

success, and, therefore, they did not seek ease. They knew that success comes only to those who lead the life of endeavor.

It seems to me that the simple acceptance of the fundamental fact of American life, this acknowledgment that the law of work is the fundamental law of our being, will help us to start aright in facing not a few of the problems that confront us from without and from within.

As regards internal affairs, it should teach us the prime need of remembering that after all has been said and done, the chief factor in any man's success or failure must be his own character; that is, the sum of his common sense, his courage, his virile energy and capacity. Nothing can take the place of this individual factor.

I do not for a moment mean that much cannot be done to supplement it. Besides each one of us working individually, all of us have got to work together. We cannot possibly do our best work as a Nation unless all of us know how to act in combination as well as know how to act each individually for himself. The acting in combination can take many forms; but, of course, its most effective form must be when it comes in the shape of law; that is, of action by the community as a whole through the law-making body.

But it is not possible ever to insure prosperity merely by law. Something for good can be done by law, and bad laws can do an infinity of mischief; but, after all, the best law can only prevent wrong and injustice and give to the thrifty, the far-seeing and the hard-working a chance to exercise to the best advantage their special and peculiar abilities.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down as to where our legislation shall stop in interfering between man and man, between interest and interest.

All that can be said is that it is highly undesirable on the one hand to weaken individual initiative, and on the other hand that, in a constantly increasing number of cases, we shall find it necessary in the future to shackle cunning as in the past we have shackled force.

It is not only highly desirable, but necessary, that there should be legislation which shall carefully shield the interests of wage-workers, and which shall discriminate in favor of the honest and humane employer by removing the disadvantage under which he stands when compared with unscrupulous competitors who have no conscience, and will do right only under fear of punishment.

Nor can legislation stop only with what are termed labor questions. The vast individual and corporate fortunes, the vast combinations of capital, which have marked the development of our industrial system, create new conditions and necessitate a change from the old attitude of the state and nation toward property.

It is probably true that the large majority of the fortunes that now exist in this country have been amassed, not by injuring our people, but as an incident to the conferring of great benefits upon the community; and this, no matter what may have been the conscious purpose of those amassing them.

There is but the scantiest justification for most of the outcry against the men of wealth as such; and it ought to be unnecessary to state that any appeal which directly or indirectly leads to suspicion and hatred among ourselves, which tends to limit opportunity, and, therefore, to shut the door of success against poor men of talent, and, finally, which entails the possibility of lawlessness and violence, is an attack upon the fundamental properties of American citizenship.

Our interests are at bottom common; in the long run we go up or go down together.

Yet more and more it is evident that the state, and, if necessary, the nation, has got to possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations which are its creatures; particularly as regards the great business combinations which derive a portion of their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendency.

The right should be exercised with caution and self-restraint; but it should exist, so that it may be invoked if the need arises.

So much for our duties, each to himself and each to his neighbor, within the limits of our own country. But our country, as it strides forward with ever increasing rapidity to a foremost place among the world powers, must necessarily find, more and more, that it has world duties also.

There are excellent people who believe that we can shirk these duties and yet retain our self-respect; but these good people are in error. Other good people seek to deter us from treading the path of hard but lofty duty by bidding us remember that all nations that have achieved greatness, that have expanded and played their part as world powers, have in the end passed away. So they have; so have all others. The weak and the stationary have vanished as surely as, and more rapidly

than, those whose citizens felt within them the lift that impels generous souls to great and noble effort.

This is another way of stating the universal law of death, which is itself part of the universal law of life. The man who works, the man who does great deeds, in the end dies as surely as the veriest idler who cumbers the earth's surface; but he leaves behind him the great fact that he has done his work well. So it is with nations. While the nation that has dared to be great, that has had the will and the power to change the destiny of the ages, in the end must die, yet no less surely the nation that has played the part of the weakling must also die; and, whereas the nation that has done nothing leaves nothing behind it, the nation that has done a great work really continues, though in changed form, forevermore. The Roman has passed away, exactly as all nations of antiquity which did not expand when he expanded have passed away; but their very memory has vanished, while he himself is still a living force throughout the wide world in our entire civilization of today, and will so continue through countless generations, through untold ages.

It is because we believe with all our heart and soul in the greatness of this country, because we feel the thrill of hardy life in our veins, and are confident that to us is given the privilege of playing a leading part in the century that has just opened, that we hail with eager delight the opportunity to do whatever task Providence may allot to us.

We admit with all sincerity that our first duty is within our own household; that we must not merely talk, but act, in favor of cleanliness and decency and righteousness, in all political, social and civic matters. No prosperity and no glory can save a nation that is rotten at heart. We must ever keep the core of our national being sound, and see to it that not only our citizens in private life, but above all, our statesmen in public life, practice the old, commonplace virtues which from time immemorial have lain at the root of all true national well-being.

Yet, while this is our first duty, it is not our whole duty. Exactly as each man, while doing first his duty to his wife and the children within his home, must yet, if he hopes to amount to much, strive mightily in the world outside his home; so our nation, while first of all seeing to its own domestic well-being, must not shrink from playing its part among the great nations without.

Our duty may take many forms in the future as it has taken many

forms in the past. Nor is it possible to lay down a hard and fast rule for all cases. We must ever face the fact of our shifting national needs, of the always-changing opportunities that present themselves. But we may be certain of one thing; whether we wish it or not, we cannot avoid hereafter having duties to do in the face of other nations. All that we can do is to settle whether we shall perform these duties well or ill.

Right here let me make as vigorous a plea as I know how in favor of saying nothing that we do not mean, and of acting without hesitation up to whatever we say.

A good many of you are probably acquainted with the old proverb: "Speak softly and carry a big stick—you will go far." If a man continually blusters, if he lacks civility, a big stick will not save him from trouble; and neither will speaking softly avail, if back of the softness there does not lie strength, power. In private life there are few beings more obnoxious than the man who is always loudly boasting, and if the boaster is not prepared to back up his words his position becomes absolutely contemptible.

So it is with the nation. It is both foolish and undignified to indulge in undue self-glorification, and, above all, in loose-tongued denunciation of other peoples. Whenever on any point we may come in contact with a foreign power, I hope that we shall always strive to speak courteously and respectfully of that foreign power.

Let us make it evident that we intend to do justice. Then let us make it equally evident that we will not tolerate injustice being done us in return.

Let us further make it evident that we use no words which we are not prepared to back up with deeds, and that, while our speech is always moderate, we are ready and willing to make it good. Such an attitude will be the surest possible guarantee of that self-respecting peace, the attainment of which is and must ever be the prime aim of a self-governing people.

This is the attitude we should take as regards the Monroe doctrine. There is not the least need of blustering about it. Still less should it be used as a pretext for our own aggrandizement at the expense of any other American state.

But, most emphatically, we must make it evident that we intend on this point ever to maintain the old American position. Indeed, it is

hard to understand how any man can take any other position now that we are all looking forward to the building of the isthmian canal.

The Monroe doctrine is not international law, but there is no necessity that it should be. All that is needful is that it should continue to be a cardinal feature of American policy on this continent; and the Spanish-American states should, in their own interests, champion it as strongly as we do. We do not by this doctrine intend to sanction any policy of aggression by one American commonwealth at the expense of any other, nor any policy of commercial discrimination against any foreign power whatsoever.

Commercially, as far as this doctrine is concerned, all we wish is a fair field and no favor; but if we are wise we shall strenuously insist that under no pretext whatsoever shall there be any territorial aggrandizement on American soil by any European power, and this, no matter what form the territorial aggrandizement may take.

We most earnestly hope and believe that the chance of our having any hostile military complication with any foreign power is very small. But that there will come a strain, a jar, here and there, from commercial and agricultural—that is, from industrial—competition is almost inevitable.

Here again we have got to remember that our first duty is to our own people; and yet that we can get justice by doing justice. We must continue the policy that has been so brilliantly successful in the past, and so shape our economic system as to give every advantage to the skill, energy and intelligence of our farmers, merchants, manufacturers and wage-workers; and yet we must also remember, in dealing with other nations, that benefits must be given when benefits are sought.

It is not possible to dogmatize as to the exact way of attaining this end; for the exact conditions cannot be foretold. In the long run, one of our prime needs is stability and continuity of economic policy; and yet, through treaty or by direct legislation, it may at least in certain cases become advantageous to supplement our present policy by a system of reciprocal benefit and obligation.

Throughout a large part of our national career our history has been one of expansion, the expansion being of different kinds at different times. This expansion is not a matter of regret, but of pride. It is vain to tell a people as masterful as ours that the spirit of enterprise is not

safe. The true American has never feared to run risks when the prize to be won was of sufficient value.

No nation capable of self-government and of developing by its own efforts a sane and orderly civilization, no matter how small it may be, has anything to fear from us. Our dealings with Cuba illustrate this, and should be forever a subject of just national pride.

We speak in no spirit of arrogance when we state as a simple historic fact that never in recent years has any great nation acted with such disinterestedness as we have shown in Cuba. We freed the island from the Spanish yoke. We then earnestly did our best to help the Cubans in the establishment of free education, of law and order, of material prosperity, of the cleanliness necessary to sanitary well-being in their great cities.

We did all this at great expense of treasure, at some expense of life; and now we are establishing them in a free and independent commonwealth, and have asked in return nothing whatever save that at no time shall their independence be prostituted to the advantage of some foreign rival of ours, or so as to menace our well-being. To have failed to ask this would have amounted to national stultification on our part.

In the Philippines we have brought peace, and we are at this moment giving them such freedom and self-government as they could never under any conceivable conditions have obtained had we turned them loose to sink into a welter of blood and confusion, or to become the prey of some strong tyranny without or within. The bare recital of the facts is sufficient to show that we did our duty; and what prouder title to honor can a nation have than to have done its duty? We have done our duty to ourselves, and we have done the higher duty of promoting the civilization of mankind.

The first essential of civilization is law. Anarchy is simply the hand-maiden and forerunner of tyranny and despotism. Law and order enforced by justice and by strength lie at the foundation of civilization. Law must be based upon justice, else it cannot stand, and it must be enforced with resolute firmness, because weakness in enforcing it means in the end that there is no justice and no law, nothing but the rule of disorderly and unscrupulous strength.

Without the habit of orderly obedience to the law, without the stern enforcement of the laws at the expense of those who defiantly resist them, there can be no possible progress, moral or material, in civiliza-

tion. There can be no weakening of the law-abiding spirit at home if we are permanently to succeed; and just as little can we afford to show weakness abroad. Lawlessness and anarchy were put down in the Philippines as a prerequisite to inducing the reign of justice.

Barbarism has and can have no place in a civilized world. It is our duty toward the people living in barbarism to see that they are freed from their chains, and we can only free them by destroying barbarism itself. The missionary, the merchant, and the soldier may each have to play a part in this destruction, and in the consequent uplifting of the people.

Exactly as it is the duty of a civilized power scrupulously to respect the rights of all weaker civilized powers and gladly to help those who are struggling toward civilization, so it is its duty to put down savagery and barbarism.

As in such a work human instruments must be used, and as human instruments are imperfect, this means that at times there will be injustice; that at times merchant, or soldier, or even missionary may do wrong. Let us instantly condemn and rectify such wrong when it occurs, and if possible punish the wrongdoer. But, shame, thrice shame to us, if we are so foolish as to make such occasional wrongdoing an excuse for failing to perform a great and righteous task.

Not only in our own land, but throughout the world, throughout all history, the advance of civilization has been of incalculable benefit to mankind, and those through whom it has advanced deserve the highest honor. All honor to the missionary, all honor to the soldier, all honor to the merchant who now in our day have done so much to bring light into the world's dark places.

Let me insist again, for fear of possible misconstruction, upon the fact that our duty is twofold, and that we must raise others while we are benefiting ourselves. In bringing order to the Philippines, our soldiers added a new page to the honor roll of American history, and they incalculably benefited the islanders themselves. Under the wise administration of Governor Taft the islands now enjoy a peace and liberty of which they had hitherto never even dreamed.

But this peace and liberty under the law must be supplemented by material, by industrial, development. Every encouragement should be given to their commercial development, to the introduction of American industries and products; not merely because this will be a good

thing for our people, but infinitely more because it will be of incalculable benefit to the people of the Philippines.

We shall make mistakes; and if we let these mistakes frighten us from work, we shall show ourselves weaklings. Half a century ago Minnesota and the two Dakotas were Indian hunting grounds. We committed plenty of blunders, and now and then worse than blunders, in our dealings with the Indians. But who does not admit at the present day that we were right in wresting from barbarism and adding to civilization the territory out of which we have made these beautiful states? And now we are civilizing the Indian and putting him on a level to which he could never have attained under the old conditions.

In the Philippines let us remember that the spirit and not the mere form of government is the essential matter. The Tagalogs have a hundredfold the freedom under us that they would have if we had abandoned the islands. We are not trying to subjugate a people; we are trying to develop them and make them a law-abiding, industrious, and educated people, and we hope, ultimately, a self-governing people.

In short, in the work we have done we are but carrying out the true principles of our democracy. We work in a spirit of self-respect for ourselves and of good will toward others; in a spirit of love for and of infinite faith in mankind. We do not blindly refuse to face the evils that exist; or the shortcomings inherent in humanity; but across blundering and shirking, across selfishness and meanness of motive, across short-sightedness and cowardice, we gaze steadfastly toward the far horizon of golden triumph.

If you will study our past history as a nation, you will see we have made many blunders and have been guilty of many short-comings, and yet that we have always in the end come out victorious because we have refused to be daunted by blunders and defeats—have recognized them, but have persevered in spite of them.

So it must be in future. We gird up our loins as a nation, with the stern purpose to play our part manfully in winning the ultimate triumph, and therefore we turn scornfully aside from the paths of mere ease and idleness, and with unfaltering steps tread the rough road of endeavor, smiting down the wrong and battling for the right as Greatheart smote and battled in Bunyan's immortal story.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ASSASSIN'S TRIAL AND SENTENCE TO DEATH.

The Dignity of the Proceedings—The Testimony Taken Under Oath of Great Interest—The Trial Brought Out the Wretched Weakness of the Miscreant Murderer—He Played His Ghastly Part in a Cringing Way, and Made a Most Miserable Show of Himself—His Cowardly Collapse When He Arrived at the Prison and Found the Way He Stood with the People—Scenes of His Trial and Sentence.

The first lesson one has to learn who gets into the hideous clutches of the Blood Societies, and are taught that the ballot by which a free country must be governed, or chaos comes, is "no good," and the murder of the foremost men in governments is the true way to reform abuses and raze out the wrongs of society—the first lesson is, that there must be denial of accomplices, and that the faith of a hero is pledged and proven to stick to it that there was no guilty knowledge of the purpose of assassination. In the case of the assassin of McKinley, the miserable wretch who handled the pistol was well instructed in the primary lie underlying his crime. It is fortunate that this creature was preserved to exhibit how fearful a thing it is to be an anarchical assassin; how feeble his wits; how base his cowardice. The scene on his arrival at Auburn, where the peculiar machinery with which the State of New York metes out punishment is located, is an object lesson that may serve a good purpose until the public opinion now formed appears in law. Up to the time of his arrival at Auburn, where his house of death awaited him, he had not been brought to a realizing sense of the way the people feel toward him. He has been guarded as if he was presumed to be a precious trust of a public character, and he has known about enough to be sure there were dens in which he would be held in high esteem. The bitterness of his soul was centered on the refusal to allow him tobacco. It need not be forgotten that the mortally-wounded President wanted a mild cigar, but it was opposed to the physician's policy, and the murderer was also refused cigars, and, strange to say, there have been no cries around the country yet about this cruel treatment of the young man, moved by his teaching to be pleased that he had succeeded in murdering the President. When he arrived at Auburn

he came into closer contact with the people than at any time since he committed the crime for which he was duly tried, found guilty and sentenced, and the result was when taken to the prison at 3:10 a. m., September 27th, he was dragged from the train which brought him from Buffalo through a crowd of three hundred persons surrounding the prison gate, and fell howling on the floor of the prison.

During his progress from the train to the prison gate, between two deputies to whom he was handcuffed he was mauled by the crowd. One burly fist reached his head and brought instant collapse. His guards had to drag him up the stairs to the prison office. Here he tumbled to his knees in abject terror, frothing at the mouth and uttering the most terrifying cries.

He stumbled to a cane seat and lay there moaning in terror, while the crowd hung on to the iron gates and yelled: "Give him to us! Let us in at the murderer!"

So unexpected was the onslaught of the crowd that the police and deputies had scarcely time to draw their revolvers and clubs. The advance guard made a dash for the crowd. A dozen prison-keepers threw ajar the gates. Then came a short, sharp conflict.

Jailer Mitchell and the guard, Bernhardt, pushed the assassin through the great gates, but not before a dozen fists had landed on them and their prisoner. The officers hustled him over fifty feet of space to the steps leading to the prison office. His legs went back on him on the steps. The top was reached, with Mitchell and Bernhardt dragging him, limp and shrieking, into the office. His cries were terrible—a series of prolonged, agonized howls—"Oh, oh!"

By the time he was thrown on the settee he was drooling at the mouth and every muscle of his body was shaking in the palsy of fear.

But scant ceremony was accorded him. The handcuffs were taken off. He was dragged through the heavy oaken, iron-barred door to the warden's office. As a matter of fact, he was carried, with his feet dangling behind him on the ground. Four husky keepers held his shoulders and arms.

They dumped him into a chair, a limp, disheveled figure, his cries echoing down the long corridors and arousing all the other convicts. He was in a state of absolute collapse, and when left alone rolled over to the floor, where he lay stretched at full length, his eyes rolling in a frenzy and his frothing lips twitching convulsively.

Two keepers seized him and commanded him to stand up. His knees shook and he fell to the floor.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" he shrieked again as the howls from the crowd without came through the windows.

"Shut up! You're faking!" said Dr. Gern, the prison physician. The assassin obeyed the command except that he moaned dismally in a quieter tone and continued to writhe in agony. Two keepers stripped him of his clothing and placed on him a prison suit of clothing. He was not then bathed, nor was his pedigree taken. These formalities were complied with later on.

Five keepers picked him up and dragged him from the office to the condemned cell, from which he will never emerge again except to go to his death. Dr. Gern went with him. He made an examination of the assassin. When he came out of the condemned man's cell he said: "It was just pure fright. He is a miserable coward and collapsed when he saw the crowd and the prison. Now that he is safe in his cell I guess he will brace up. He has partially recovered from his fright."

Much secrecy was observed in the preparations at Buffalo for the assassin's removal to Auburn prison. Sheriff Caldwell, with sixteen picked men, left police headquarters shortly before 10 o'clock the morning before the removal, closely guarding Czolgosz. A special car had been attached to the rear of the second section of the 9:30 New York Central train, and to this the assassin was quickly taken.

Over the door of the prison was a portrait of McKinley heavily draped in black.

Signs of mourning marked the building, grim reminders of the fact that it was in reality the "house of death"—for Leon Czolgosz.

The trial of Czolgosz began at 10 a. m. Monday, September 23d, at Buffalo, in Part 3 of the Supreme Court, Criminal Section, with Justice Truman C. White on the bench. Czolgosz was arraigned, pleaded guilty and a counter plea was ordered by the Court. A jury was secured at 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. Assistant District Attorney Haller presented the case to the jurors, and at 2:45 the first witness for the people was put on the stand. (It will be observed there was no idiotic, driveling delay about this.)

The assassin seemed greatly changed from what he was when he appeared for his formal arraignment. Then he acted as if dazed.

When admonished by the court crier to rise and look at the jurors

when they were sworn in, he rose, but seemed to have no desire to see what manner of men were to sit in judgment upon him. He came out of his lethargy as soon as the first witness, Samuel J. Fields, chief engineer of the Pan-American Exposition, began to testify.

During the afternoon signs of nervousness appeared. Perspiration gathered in drops on his cheeks and forehead and he would remove it with a soiled handkerchief, crushed in the palm of his hand.

This is the jury as completed at 2:45 on the first day of the trial:

Frederick V. Lauer, plumber.
Richard J. Garwood, street railway foreman.
Henry W. Wendt, manufacturer.
Silas Carmer, farmer.
James S. Stygall, plumber.
William Loton, farmer.
Walter E. Everett, blacksmith.
Benjamin J. Ralph, bank cashier.
Samuel P. Waldo, farmer.
Andrew J. Smith, produce dealer.
Joachim H. Mertens, shoe dealer.
Robert J. Adams, contractor.

The remarkable thing about the jury is that every man on it admits that he had formed an opinion regarding the guilt or innocence of the accused, and it goes without saying that the opinion is "Guilty."

The Assistant District Attorney made a simple statement of the facts. He outlined the crime of which Czolgosz stood accused and indicated the purpose of the prosecutor to show that Czolgosz's deed was deliberate and premeditated. Nothing was said to indicate any attempt to prove a conspiracy implicating Emma Goldman or other anarchists.

While the Assistant District Attorney was speaking the court officials were busy nailing upon a blackboard a large map of the Temple of Music, in which the crime occurred.

Samuel J. Fields, a civil engineer, chief engineer of the Pan-American Exposition, was the first witness. He visited the Temple of Music on the day of the crime to take measurements of the positions of articles at the time the tragedy took place.

Percy A. Bliss testified that on the day following the crime he photographed the interior of the Temple of Music at the District Attorney's request. The photographs, which were very large ones, were passed to

the defendant's counsel. The latter made no objection to the admission of these as evidence and they were then passed to the jurors.

Dr. Harvey R. Gaylord, of Buffalo, who was next called, testified that he performed the autopsy on the body of President McKinley. He described the location of the wounds. Back of the stomach, he said, was a "track into which I could insert the tip of my fingers. It was filled with a dark fluid matter." The search for the bullet was not continued after the cause of death was ascertained. The pancreas was seriously involved. The cause of death was a gunshot wound. The other organs of the body, not affected by the wounds, were in a normal condition.

Dr. Herman Mynter was the next witness. District Attorney Penney questioned him closely regarding the operation performed on President McKinley at the Exposition Hospital. The abdomen was opened. The stomach was turned over and a bullethole was found in the back of the organ. They could not follow the further course of the bullet, and as the President's temperature was rising, it was agreed by the physicians present that no further search for it was advisable at that time. The stomach was replaced and the opening closed with sutures.

Dr. Mynter then described the period of favorable symptoms shown by the patient, his relapse and his death. He epitomized the results of the autopsy as proving three things:

First—There was no inflammation of the bowels.

Second—There was no injury to the heart.

Third—There was a gunshot wound in the stomach, and there was a gangrenous spot back of the stomach as large as a silver dollar.

Mr. Penney—What was the cause of death?

A. The cause was blood poisoning from the absorption of poisonous matter caused by the gangrene. Primarily it was the gunshot wound.

Q. You were present at the consultation?

A. Yes. Dr. Gaylord performed it. They tried for four hours to locate the bullet.

Q. Why did you stop then?

A. The family of the President would not allow them to continue any longer or to injure the corpse any more. They would not permit anything to be removed from the body for bacteriological examination.

Dr. Matthew D. Mann, another of the physicians who attended

President McKinley, went over the ground covered by Dr. Mynter and described the operation performed at the Exposition Hospital.

"To find the track of the bullet back of the stomach," Dr. Mann explained, "it would have been necessary to lay open the abdominal cavity. The performance of that operation would probably have resulted fatally, as the President had already grown very weak as a result of the first operation."

Dr. Matthew D. Mann was then called for cross-examination.

"Was the condition which you found at the autopsy to be expected from the nature of the wounds which the President received?" asked Mr. Lewis.

"It was not expected and very unusual. I never saw anything just exactly like it," replied Dr. Mann.

"To what, then, do you attribute the symptoms or indications which you discovered, the gangrenous condition of the wound?"

"It is very difficult to explain it. It may be due to one of several things. I think it would be necessary for further examinations to be made before any definite explanations could be made. That would be the duty of the pathologists."

"The President was not in a very good physical condition, was he?" asked the attorney.

"He was somewhat weakened by hard work and want of air and conditions of that kind," replied the doctor.

"You think that had something to do with the result?"

"Undoubtedly," was the answer.

On re-direct examination by Mr. Penney Dr. Mann was asked if there was anything known to medical science that could have saved the President's life.

"No," was the reply, without hesitation.

Louis L. Babcock, who was in charge of the ceremonies in the Temple of Music on the day of the shooting, followed Dr. Mann. He gave details of the arrangements made for the reception, and described the position of the President and the points of entrance and exit from the Temple of Music and told where he stood when the fatal shots were fired.

"I heard two shots. I immediately turned to the left. I saw the President standing still, and he was deathly pale. In front of him was a group of men, bearing the prisoner to the floor."

Edward R. Rice, chairman of the Committee of Ceremonies in the Temple of Music, was next called.

"Where were you at the time of the shooting?" asked District Attorney Penney.

Mr. Rice indicated the spot on the ground floor plan of the temple, near where the President stood.

"Tell us what you saw?" said District Attorney Penney.

As chairman of the committee he stood close to the President. It was just time to stop the reception, and at that instant he "noticed something white pushed over to the President" and two shots rang out. The white object fell to the floor with the man who had it.

On reaching police headquarters the night of the shooting Mr. Quackenbush, the next witness, said he accompanied District Attorney Penney to the office of Superintendent of Police Bull.

"Tell us what transpired there," said the district attorney.

"Mr. Penney and the assistant district attorney had some conversation, and then the prisoner, in reply to questions, stated that he had killed the President because he believed it to be his duty. He understood the position in which he had placed himself, and was willing to take his chances. Czolgosz said he had gone to the Falls on the previous day with the intention of shooting the President, but was unable to carry out his intention. He came to Buffalo, and got in line with the people at the Temple of Music. The defendant told us how he concealed his weapon; how he kept his hand concealed in his pocket while waiting to reach the President's side. When he reached a point in front of the President he fired. If he had not been stopped, he said, he would have fired more shots."

"Did he say anything about planning to kill the President on any other occasion?" asked District Attorney Penney.

"He said he had been watching the President for three or four days for a favorable opportunity of shooting."

"Did he give any reason for wishing to kill the President?"

"Yes, he said that he did not believe in the present form of government or in any of the institutions of it."

Continuing, Mr. Quackenbush said:

"He (Czolgosz) said he had for several years studied the doctrine of anarchy. He believed in no government, no marriage regulations, and said he attended church for some time, but they talked nonsense and he would not continue there."

"He said he did not believe in the church or state," asked Mr. Penney.

"Yes; he said he believed in free love. He gave the names of several papers he had read—four of them—and mentioned one as Free Society."

"He seemed to be cool and not excited or disturbed?"

"He seemed to be disturbed, but not mentally," was the reply. "He seemed to be suffering some pain, and constantly applied a handkerchief to the side of his face where he was struck, and complained that his eyes hurt him. He had no visible marks on his face."

"What became of the pistol? Do you know?"

"I have it here," interposed the district attorney, as he showed a pasteboard box, but it was not offered as evidence.

Witness said:

"The last time I saw it was at the time of the struggle."

"Did the defendant at this time appear excited?"

"Not at all."

"Was he upbraided by anybody there?"

"Not by anybody."

"Who asked the questions of him?"

"I did myself, and all the other officers. He told us about his place of birth, his bringing up at Alpena, and his movements from the time he got to Cleveland and went to work at the wire mill, his father's farm, etc. It was all told in a conversational way."

"Did he hesitate about answering questions at all?"

"He did at first. He answered with deliberation, but never refused to answer a question. He seemed to take a lively interest in what was going on. I asked him to make a brief statement for publication, and he wrote out the following:

"'I killed President McKinley because I done my duty. I don't believe one man should have so much service and another man should have none.' This statement he signed. Afterward he made a statement of two hours' duration. At times he volunteered information and went beyond a responsive answer."

Francis P. O'Brien, a private in the Seventy-third United States Coast Artillery, was next called. He had been detailed to guard the President at the Temple of Music, and was standing at the right of the President when the shooting occurred. His story follows:

"When I heard the report I was looking at the President and saw the

man. I jumped at this defendant. I saw the smoke coming from his hand. I knocked him over against some one, I don't know whom. I got the revolver and gave it to my commanding officer, Captain Wisser."

"Did you mark it?" asked Mr. Penney.

"I put my initials on it."

Harry F. Henshaw, superintendent of the Temple of Music, was the next witness. He said when the shooting occurred he was just on the right of the President. Mr. Penney questioned him.

"As you stood there were you looking toward the people who approached the President?" he asked.

"I was, very carefully," was the reply, "and I noticed this defendant in the line approaching the President with his hand pressed against his abdomen and incased in something. Then I noticed as he drew near the President he extended his left hand. The President put forward his right hand. Like a flash the assassin pushed the President's right hand out of the way; then I heard two shots and saw the handkerchief smoking. The crowd gathered around the defendant so quickly that he was lost to my view in an instant. I was at the President's side when the President was taken away in the ambulance."

Just before Judge Lewis started his cross-examination he turned to speak to the prisoner, but Czolgosz would pay no attention to him.

Only a few questions were asked by Judge Lewis and Mr. Henshaw was excused.

At the beginning of the afternoon session Judge Lewis held a brief whispered conference with Czolgosz. Mr. Lewis' words were not audible to any but the prisoner, who shook his head emphatically in reply to some question put to him. Judge Lewis spoke again, and again Czolgosz shook his head negatively.

Superintendent of Police Bull of the Buffalo police department was called.

"Were you present at headquarters when the prisoner was brought there on the night of the assassination?" "Yes, sir."

"Tell us what Czolgosz said."

"He said he knew President McKinley. He knew that he was shooting President McKinley when he fired. The reason he gave was that he believed that he was doing his duty. He said that on the day President McKinley spoke at the Exposition grounds, the day previous to the assassination, he stood near the stand, on the esplanade. No

favorable opportunity presented itself. He followed the President to Niagara Falls and back to Buffalo again. He got in line while the reception was in progress, and when he reached the President, fired the fatal shots. Czolgosz told me in detail the plans he alone had worked out, so that there would be no slip in his arrangements. I asked him why he had killed the President, and he replied that he did so because it was his duty."

"Did he say he was an anarchist?"

"Yes."

"Did he say any more on that subject?" asked the district attorney.

"Yes. He said that he had made a study of the beliefs of anarchists, and he was a firm believer in their principles. The prisoner also stated that he had received much information on the subject in the city of Cleveland. He said that he knew a man in Chicago named Isaak. The Free Society was the name of an organ mentioned by the prisoner."

"Did he ever say anything about his motives in committing the murder?" asked the district attorney.

"Yes," was the reply. "He said that he went to the Exposition grounds for the express purpose of murdering President McKinley. He knew he was aiming at President McKinley when the fatal shots were fired. Czolgosz said that all Kings, Emperors and Presidents should die."

Clerk Martin Fisher administered the oath to the prisoner in order that his record might be taken. Czolgosz placed his hand upon the Bible and nodded his head in assent when the words of the oath were finished. He did not speak the usual words, "I do."

"Speak out loud so the court can hear," said Crier Hess.

"What is your name?" began Mr. Penney.

"Leon Czolgosz," came a weak response, scarcely audible to the Judge.

"What is your age?"

"Twenty-eight," after some hesitation.

"Where were you born?"

"Detroit."

"Where did you last reside?"

"In Buffalo," whispered Czolgosz. His voice seemed husky and his mouth dry. He made little effort to speak loudly and moved about nervously while the questions were being asked.

"Where did you live in Buffalo?"

"On Broadway."

"Where on Broadway?" insisted Mr. Penney. No answer.

"At Nowak's?"

"Yes," after a pause.

"What is your occupation? Do you understand the question?"

Czolgosz shook his head. He seemed to hear poorly and not to understand all that was said to him. Mr. Penney repeated his question distinctly and in a loud voice. Then speaking as if half-stupefied, Czolgosz said:

"Yes, sir; I was a laborer."

"Are you married or single?"

"Single," came the ready response.

"Have you attended school?"

"Yes, sir."

"What schools have you attended?"

"The common schools."

"Did you not attend a church school?"

He hesitated, then replied with his polite "Yes, sir."

"Was it a Catholic school?"

"Yes, sir," again.

"What was your religious instruction?" pursued Mr. Penney in the kindly tone of voice he used in questioning the prisoner. "Did you belong to the Catholic church? Were you a Catholic?"

"Yes, sir, I did," came the reply, after the usual pause.

"Now, are your parents living or dead?"

"No, sir," was the answer.

"You don't understand me quite," said Mr. Penney. "Is your father living?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is your mother living?"

"No, sir."

"Have you been temperate or intemperate in the use of intoxicating liquors?"

No reply came.

"You don't understand me?" queried the district attorney.

"No, sir; I don't."

"Do you drink much?"

"No, sir."

"Do you ever get drunk?"

Again there was a pause.

"Do you drink very much?" persisted the attorney.

"Pass on to something else," commanded the Judge.

"Were you ever formally convicted of crime?" asked the attorney, the final question.

"No, sir."

The clerk of the court then asked: "Have you any legal cause to show now why the sentence of the court should not now be pronounced against you?"

"I cannot hear that," replied the prisoner.

Clerk Fisher repeated his question, and Czolgosz replied: "I'd rather have this gentleman here speak." looking toward District Attorney Penney. "I can hear him better." At this point Justice White told those in the courtroom that they must be quiet or they would be excluded from the room. Mr. Penney then said to the prisoner:

"Czolgosz, the court wants to know if you have any reason to give why sentence should not be pronounced against you. Have you anything to say to the Judge? Say yes or no."

The prisoner did not reply, and Justice White, addressing the prisoner, said:

"In that behalf, what you have a right to say relates explicitly to the subject in hand here at this time and which the law provides, why sentence should not be now pronounced against you, and is defined by the statute. The first is that you may claim you are insane. The next is that you have good cause to offer either in arrest of the judgment about to be pronounced against you or for a new trial. Those are the grounds specified by the statute in which you have a right to speak at this time, and you are at perfect liberty to do so if you wish."

"I have nothing to say about that," the prisoner replied.

The court then said, "Are you ready?" addressing the district attorney, and Mr. Penney replied "Yes."

"Have you anything to say?" again asked Justice White of the assassin.

"Yes," replied Czolgosz.

"I think he should be permitted to make a statement in exculpation of his act, if the court please," said Judge Titus.

"That will depend upon what his statement is," the court replied. "Have you (speaking to Judge Titus) anything to say in behalf of the prisoner at this time?"

"I have nothing to say within the definition of what your honor has read," replied the attorney, "but it seems to me in order that the innocent should not suffer by this defendant's crime the court should permit him to exculpate at least his father, brother and sisters."

From the court: "Certainly, if that is the object of any statement he wishes to make. Proceed."

To this the prisoner said: "There was no one else but me. No one else told me to do it, and no one paid me to do it." Judge Titus repeated it as follows owing to the prisoner's feeble voice: "He says no one had anything to do with the commission of his crime but himself; that his father and mother and no one else had anything to do with and knew nothing about it."

The Court—"Anything further, Czolgosz?"

The Defendant—"No, sir."

The Court—"Czolgosz, in taking the life of our beloved President you committed a crime which shocked and outraged the moral sense of the civilized world. You have confessed that guilt, and after learning all that at this time can be learned from the facts and circumstances of the case, twelve good jurors have pronounced you guilty and have found you guilty of murder in the first degree.

"You have said, according to the testimony of credible witnesses and yourself, that no other person aided or abetted you in the commission of this terrible act. God grant it may be so.

"The penalty for the crime for which you stand is fixed by this statute, and it now becomes my duty to pronounce this judgment against you. The sentence of the court is that in the week beginning October 28, 1901, at the place, in the manner and means prescribed by law, you suffer the punishment of death. Remove the prisoner."

Much comment was excited by the fact that the usual phrasing "and may God have mercy upon your soul" was not used by the judge after he had pronounced the fatal word "death." He stopped in the middle of the usual formula, leaving the sentence as harsh in its form as it could be made.

Czolgosz had stood erect while sentence was being pronounced. He

did not tremble. Not a muscle quivered. His cheeks, however, were pale and his eyes dilated and very bright.

The death warrant, signed by Justice White, is addressed to the agent and warden of Auburn State Prison, and directs him to execute the sentence of the court within the walls of the prison on some day during the week beginning October 28th next, by causing "to pass through the body of said Leon F. Czolgosz a current of electricity of sufficient intensity to cause death, and that the application of the said current of electricity be continued until he, the said Leon F. Czolgosz, be dead."

On the way to Auburn the convicted man was talkative.

It was while on the way to Auburn, under the soothing influence of a cigar and while surrounded by a chatty company of officers and correspondents, that Czolgosz threw off his reserve and talked of his crime.

"I am sorry I done it," the malefactor finally blurted out in the course of his chat. "I wouldn't do it again and I would not have done it if I had known what I was doing."

The prisoner did not seem to realize the additional feelings of revulsion he had provoked in the breasts of the listeners. He was absorbed in his cigar and his own thoughts. Presently he rambled ahead:

"It is awful to feel you killed somebody. I wish I had not done it. I would like to live, but I can't now. I made my mistake. I was all stirred up and felt I had to kill him. I never thought of doing it until a couple of days before. I did not tie the handkerchief on my hand. I only dropped it over the gun. I did not think it looked like a sore hand, but did not suppose I would be stopped, because the gun did not show. I did not try to kill him at Niagara Falls. I did not tell nobody and nobody set me on. I did it all myself."

The prisoner lapsed into quiet but replied to questions.

"Did you know Count Malatesta or Madame Brusigloli or Bresci or any other foreign anarchists?"

"No, I heard of them, but I never met them. I knew a lot of them in Cleveland but nowhere else. I did not know any one from Paterson.

"I knew Emma Goldman and some others in Chicago. I heard Emma Goldman speak in Cleveland. None of those people ever told me to kill anybody. Nobody told me that. I done it all myself."

"What do you think of your trial?"

"It was all surprising to me. It was more than I expected. I thought I would be sentenced right off. What I heard there was more than I had heard of before. I hated to hear about the wound and all that. I felt glad I killed him and then I felt sorry he did not live after I shot him."

"Had you thought of Mrs. McKinley?"

"Why, only that she had not ought to be so privileged and get so much."

"Did you know the shock nearly killed her?"

The assassin looked up questioningly, hesitatingly.

"I would be sorry if she died," was all he said.

"Would you like to have a priest before you die, or a minister?"

This question was a poser for the anarchist. For years he had affected to despise the Christian religion. Now he needed comfort. A shade of reminiscent expression passed over his countenance. It seemed to those studying his countenance that he was thinking of childhood days when with innocent untainted faith he sought and obtained comfort from the father confessor.

Finally he broke the spell. "Maybe a priest," he faltered. That was all.

The moment seemed to represent a crisis in the inner life of the assassin. His questioners respected his silence.

There will be no subject of greater interest in this country than the true intention of those who are generalized as anarchists, and charged with the direct responsibility of the assassination of President McKinley. It is necessary to clear away from the calm consideration of the policy of the American people a certain obstructive confusion as to the significance of socialism. Socialists are not to be classed as anarchists, and there are professors of anarchy who do not mean murder.

The assassination of the President has put in motion forces of popular sentiment that must result in a public policy. Many citizens call continuously for more laws, and assume that the prescription of more stringent law is the thing needful and sufficient.

That which is the remedy is probably revealed already in the public opinion that will be discriminating and in many ways punish the disorderly and dangerous malignants, separating them from the theorists whose revolutionary intentions are bubbles.

There is enough anarchy the logic of which is the massacre of the

wisest and best of men, to make the task of extirpation difficult, without including those who are troubled with bad dreams.

We, the people of the United States, have the power to maintain order, to enforce law, to punish criminals, or we have lost the art or the ability of self government. We may regard ourselves as the example before the world, where the people really rule, and have, because it is broadly based, the most powerful government that exists.

Just now "we the people," and we mean the majority of electors, are carrying on an investigation the more formidable because it is not formal. We have had a frightful lesson, and the martyrdom of the President must educate us to ascertain our responsibilities and do our duty.

There is power enough. We can pass the needful laws, but they must not be tinged with fanaticism, for so far as they offend our traditions they will be impracticable.

Public intelligence is shaping public opinion. Whether we are self governing depends upon the composure to construct, and the expertness to apply the power of opinion to the elements of disorder, and eliminate them.

It was the first outcry of those who have been denunciatory of our government, declaring that our "rulers," that is to say, the constituted authorities, are the enemies of the poor, forcing the notion that we are a people of classes, and that class should rise up against class. It was to be observed and regarded that they said the murderer of McKinley was not an anarchist, but a madman. Still he had sympathizers, and there are some unsolved mysteries.

Reasons are noticeable to support the suggestion that we have not found out all about Czolgosz the assassin. He was examined by scientists and found not be to insane, but he has shown surprising weakness. He has not shown a symptom of moral sense. The testimony taken on his trial is curiously instructive but not conclusive. Was he morbid with malignancy and the folly of a fool—or was he an artist? Did he have no accomplices? Was he simply a wild convert of a woman whose occupation has been the utterance of harangues? Was it with his own mind and money that he made journevs, ascertained the location of the President and what his movements were to be? His knowledge of the President's time-table was minute. Did he in a lonesome way pick these things up on his own account, and with absolute secrecy?

His conversation when in the hands of the officers gives some countenance to the statement of the "advanced" radicals who met him that they thought such was his excess in dangerous talk that he was a spy.

In the court there was stupidity in his face and incoherency in his words. He stuck to the one assertion that he alone planned and performed "this crime," as he called it. So obstinate was this persistency that it made the impression of a lesson taught by a stronger person who fancied he might be used as a tool to commit a murder that would be famous.

He seemed to enjoy the ride from Buffalo to Auburn. He talked to the police and the reporters, was almost elated when given a cigar to smoke, and was free in his conversation. He asserted that he had not made up his mind to kill the President more than a day or two. It was a ghastly whim that came to him because the "ballot was no good." That was a sort of pivot around which his mind whirled. It seemed to him that he ought to be sorry for the harm he had inflicted upon Mrs. McKinley, and said, as if he was conscious of making a good point, that he would be willing to die for the widow of his victim. Clearly during this ride he rather desired the companionship of the man to whom he was united by handcuffs.

To such an ignominious end as this comes the slayer of our beloved President. May the time soon come when the people of our great republic will take a warning from such terrible calamities as have befallen Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, and take such action as will in future preserve the lives of the great men of our country.